THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

In This Number

Corra Harris—Will Irwin—Harry Leon Wilson—David Belasco
Norman Duncan—Walter V. Woehlke—Stewart Edward White

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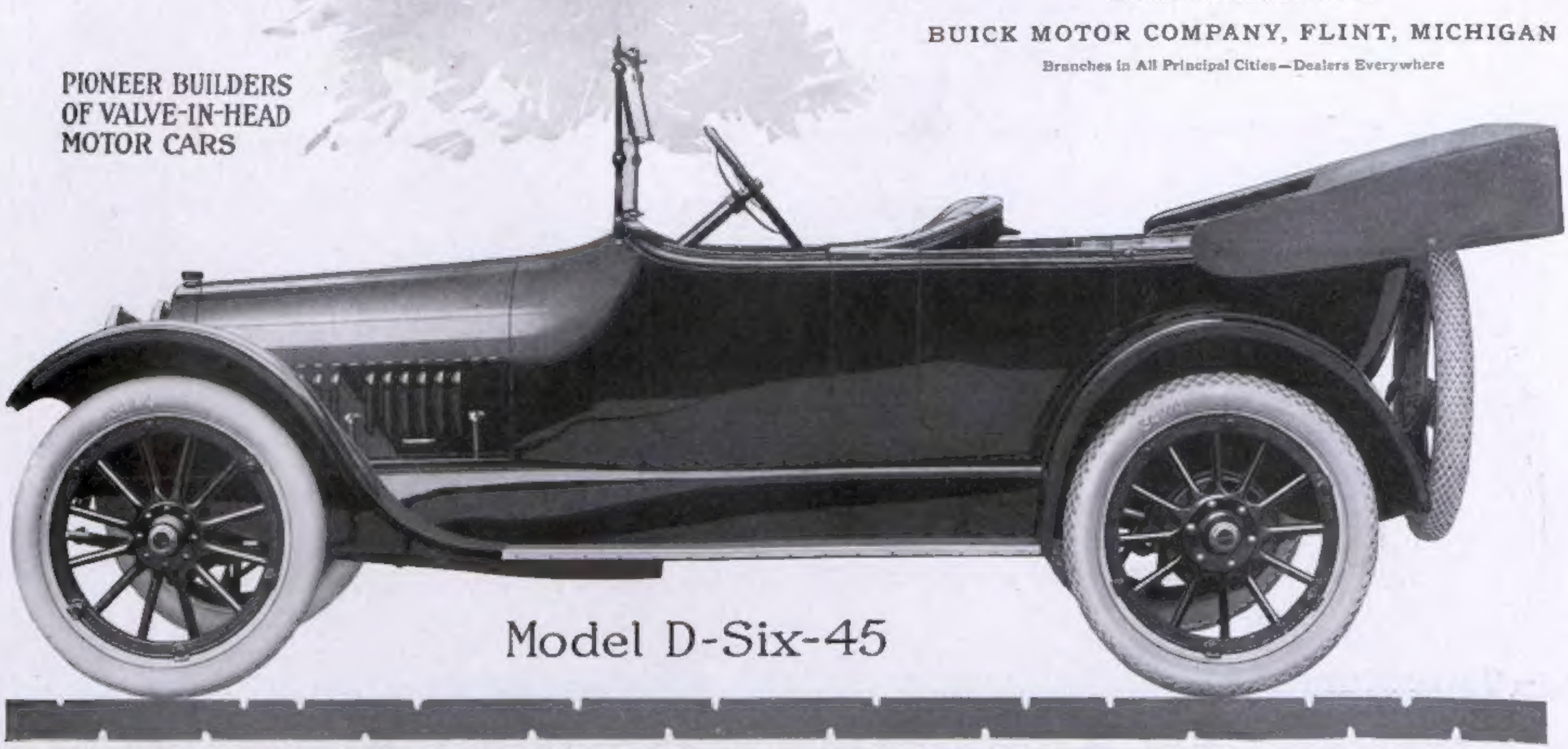

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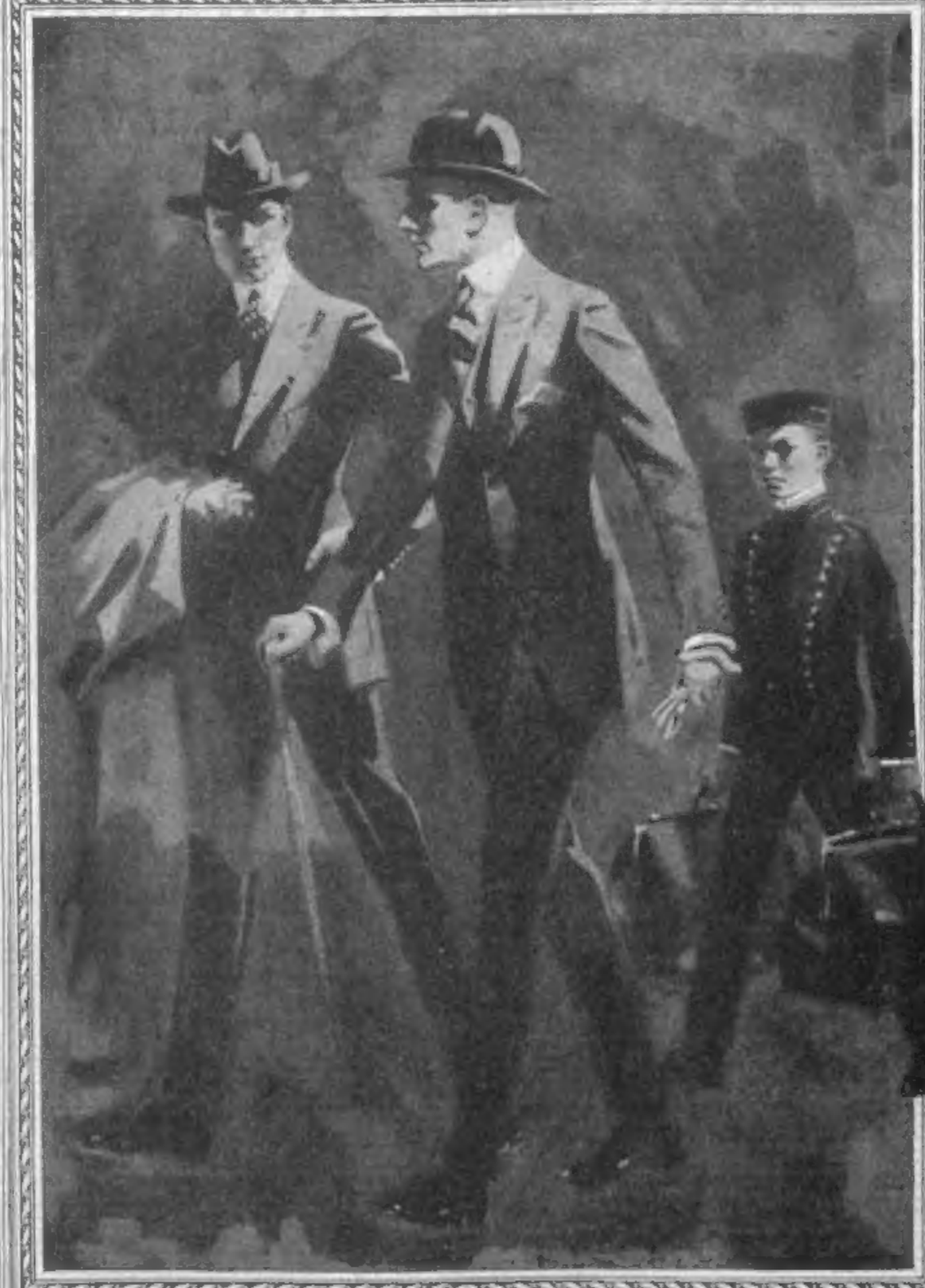

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

I WAS born in Berton. This is an old Middle Georgia town. When I was a child it was a crossroads village at the bottom of a long and very high hill. My earliest recollections are not of this place, nor of my father's house, nor even of myself, but they are of the travelers who came and went upon the road over this hill. When a man appeared on top of it he was a mysterious and glorified figure dividing the horizon, coming out of the unknown. When one disappeared over it he was lost to me; I grieved for him as if I should never see him again. I believed secretly and after the sublime manner of children that the next world lay beyond it and the thunderhead clouds which passed above it as often as men did. They were all of the same company, these travelers and these clouds, bound, for all I knew, upon the same journey. I feared what might be on the other side of that hill as young mortals fear immortality.

There was a wide, white place in the town where the roads crossed. A post with a board nailed near the top stood there. A hand, rudely painted, pointed to the printed sign on the board:

THIS IS THE WAY TO MILL OR FERRY—GO IT, TRAVELER, SAD OR MERRY.

William Went to Call on Brother Beltem That Evening. He Did Not Return Until Near Midnight

I believed in this signpost as if it had life, for I cannot remember when it did not lean kindly sidewise toward the mill and the ferry, as if it had a personal and friendly interest, literally urging the traveler in the right direction.

The only church in Berton then was called Olive-Vine. It belonged to the Primitive Baptists, and stood upon the opposite side of the road from the signpost, very old and brown, with a little chicken-coop belfry on top.

I entertained a violent animosity toward this edifice. Having heard some criticism of Primitive Baptist doctrines I associated the danger of infant damnation with it—also a scourge of frightfully cold water. Being still very young I did not know if I should escape the fate of the unfortunate infants born to be damned. As a small child I remember standing close to the friendly signpost and staring with horror and suspicion at the cavernous doors of Olive-Vine Church, which were always yawning wide open for me.

The only other recollection I have of my early childhood is that I was conscious of having a terrible thing inside me, a soul, that I was dead in my trespasses and sins—which was very hard upon my soul—and that I must be born again. If I was not born again I must burn forever in a very hot place, the name of which I must never pronounce. I feared the long hill because beyond it somewhere were all the dangers of this future state. I watched and suspected the Primitive Baptist Church because it seemed possible that I might be caught in the baleful influence which emanated from it and have to be baptized in the mill pond, which was very cold water. I was a poor little worm of the dust, wriggling in the torments of my own imagination. It is the fate of most children one way or another.

All this was long ago, directly after the Civil War, when the losses and hardships of that terrible struggle drove the people of the South to take the vow of involuntary poverty and look more particularly to God for salvation.

Since those days Berton has climbed the long hill, one house at a time, until now the whole town is up here except Olive-Vine Church and the few people who still belong to it. The membership is smaller than it was, but not less loyal. I think the warm, debilitating climate of Middle Georgia is unfavorable to Primitive Baptists. It is not because their doctrines are narrower than those of other denominations, but I have observed in my long life among church people that the quality of the man often determines the creed by which he chooses to live. The Primitive Baptists all have honest, cold-weather spirits. They take their religion as the earth takes a hard frost. They freeze to Almighty God, and lift their strong hearts like naked boughs to the inclement climate of this present life. This is why the great body of the membership of that church is to be found in the mountains of North Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky. They have the frontiersman's instinct and ask no softness of salvation.

Meanwhile, here in Berton on the hill there are fifteen hundred people, three churches and eight Episcopalians. When the Methodists have a pastor who prays, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," the eight Episcopalians worship in this church. But if we have one who says, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," they attend to their devotions privately and do not come to church at all.

I do not remember whether the old signpost was removed when the mill was washed away in a spring freshet and the ferry was abandoned for a bridge across the little river, or whether it finally fell to the earth and was no more, like a good man whose days of usefulness are passed. And I do not recall whether we were the first or among the last to move in to new Berton. These are annals of a former existence. I have set them down here as an old woman may sometimes show the daguerreotype of the child she was, wondering herself at the face of that child, recalling dimly the thoughts which the child had and which no one else knew.

When I was seventeen years of age I was converted and joined the Methodist Church. I experienced what was called in those days a "sky-blue" conversion. That is to say, I was under conviction for sin. I suffered remorse, and I could not have felt more the pardoning power of grace if I had committed every transgression. I was, in fact, an innocent young girl brought up in the strictest manner by Christian parents. Yet the Old Adam seed of all wickedness was in me. It was not until I was willing to renounce these sins, which I had never committed, give up everything, and consecrate my life absolutely to the service of God, that I received the blessing and literally was conscious of having passed from death into eternal life.

Looking back through the many years which have passed since then, I can still see the girl I was, kneeling in deep contrition before the altar with other penitents. I remember with compassion grown old and gray the anguish of my soul, the awful fears I had of leaving the life I had lived for this new life, so shriven of all my familiar thoughts and desires.

I can hear still the rumble of many prayers about that altar, as the elder Christians put into words the sorrows and terrors we could not name; the shuffling of many feet as the congregation arose from its knees. And then the words of this hymn filling all the darkness of the night with a softened sweetness:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

I am unable to say how or why these words opened for me the casements through which I beheld the right vision of myself. I was neither despised nor forsaken except in some deep spiritual sense. I had no "fond ambition," yet suddenly, as these words passed like invisible wings above me, I was able to renounce the guilt of ambition, of all worldly pleasures, all the doubtful things I had not yet "sought, or hoped, or known."

I am no juggler in spiritual forces. I have never studied psychic phenomena. All I know is that when I arose from the altar as the last words of the hymn died upon the air, I saw the faces of men and women whom I had known all my life—and they were different. I was drawn to them by a strange intelligence. I knew their secret sorrows. I believed in them as I never had believed, with a love and understanding far beyond my years or wisdom in these matters.

No one who has had this experience can doubt that there is such a thing as conversion, by whatever name they may choose to call it. And only those who have accepted this new life and endeavored to live accordingly know of the dangers, the deceits, the cunning hypocrisies which beset it from within and without. We are not delivered who cry "Saved! Saved!" We have only enlisted in a longer, fiercer struggle to live again immortally well. Salvation is not free. It costs every man and every woman all that he has and the whole of his life.

Shortly after my conversion I was married to William Thompson. He was a Methodist preacher in the active ministry. We had the poorest mountain circuits for two years. During that period we must have produced a dozen volumes of unwritten but hard-earned Scriptures, practicing the Beatitudes on saints and sinners and trying to live on two hundred and forty dollars a year.

Then William's health failed, or maybe it was his spirit. I do not know which it was, but something gave way in him that made it impossible for him always to have the "witness of the spirit" even when he was doing the best he could, and that made it still more impossible for him to endure the hardships of the itineracy.

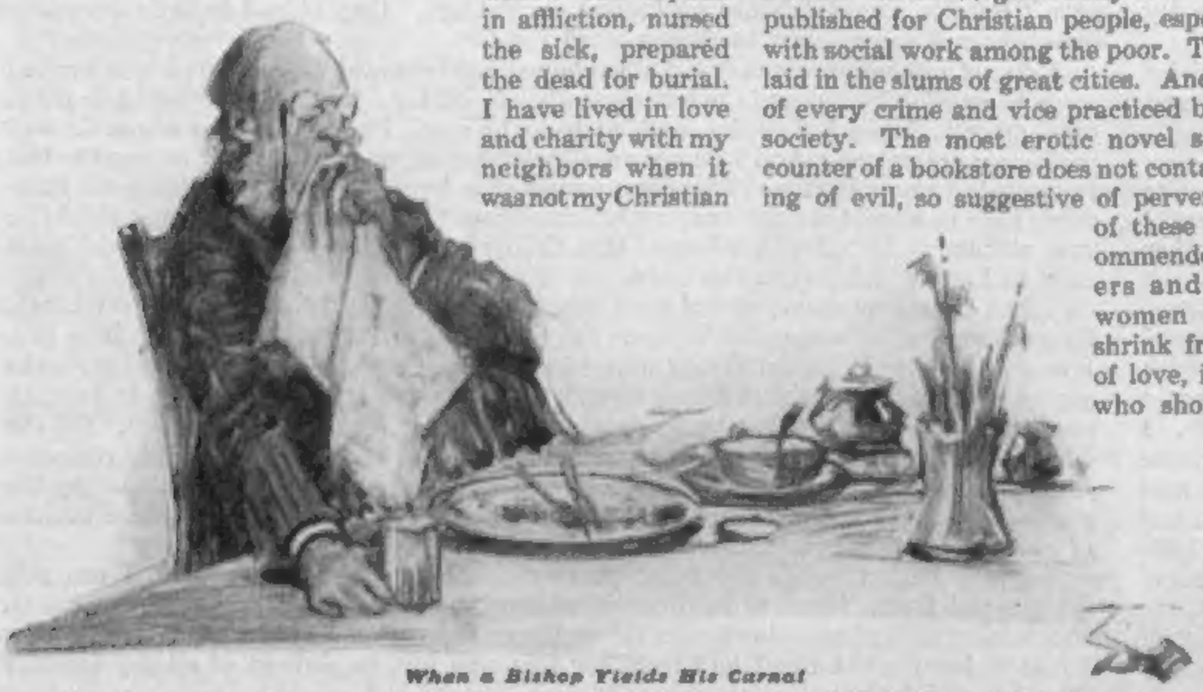
But he never gave up the ministry. He "located," as we say in the Methodist Church. We went back to Berton, where he taught school and preached wherever a sermon was needed, which was nearly every Sunday to the day of his death. A local preacher is the poor kin of the church. He must do everything the other preachers or the bishop or the people demand of him. But he is never paid for his services. If any man deserves more credit than another in heaven for his ministry it must be the local preacher, because this is the only reward he can hope to receive.

We lived together twenty-five years here in Berton. For the last ten years I have been his widow. And during all these thirty-five years I have been what is known as a church worker. I have done everything from urging sinners to forsake the error of their ways to holding the office of president of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. I have conducted vesper services for women. I have led in prayer. I have fed the hungry, visited the widow and orphan in affliction, nursed the sick, prepared the dead for burial. I have lived in love and charity with my neighbors when it was not my Christian duty to make war upon them. And I have forgiven them as often as they have forgiven me. If any one has kissed me on one cheek I have been quick to turn the other—quick being the most descriptive term there is of me. I never had any worldly amusements. But now that I have set myself to tell the truth, I admit I often wished for strictly worldly diversions. I have had a gnawing curiosity all my life to see a play in a theater, to hear great and sinful music. I have wanted to dine with wine on the table. I do not care for intoxicants. The Old Adamess in me just wanted to look upon the wine when it worketh itself aright in the cup. I have permitted myself to wonder if it really would be wrong to play cards, if there were no stakes, the same as the best Christians play croquet. Above all—and I do not know how to account for this depravity—I have always wanted to see a horse race. I have reasoned with myself in vain about this. Why a horse race? Why did not my thoughts choose some transgression more in keeping with my character as a church member, like raffling off a quilt for the benefit of the heathen, or speculating on fifty cents for a month to see how much of the deficit in the preacher's salary I could win. None of these ever appealed to me. I can look my heavenly Father in the face and say that I never gambled for any Christian cause. It was with me a horse race or nothing. And I reckon I have known all my life that soon or late I would yield to this temptation.

"I'm Brain Proud, Brother Wimberly, That's What I Am"

If the people in our church, who have known me since I was young and fair through these many years when I have been growing old and wrinkled and kind and tired into everlasting patience—if they could have seen me, the woman inside, often looking through her strictly Christian life as a prisoner looks through the bars at the green and pleasant world, I do not know what they would have thought. Sometimes I feared that William suspected me, when we were sitting together in the evening after the day's work was done. There would be a bright beam in his eye, gently accusative, like a saint winking at his own human nature, when he'd see me lay aside the paper and sigh. I always read the theatrical news. And I reckon I know the speed of every horse that has run a race in this country since the days of "Maud S." I cannot even yet resist the sporting page of a newspaper. Maybe William knew this. I doubt if there is much between husband and wife which is not known to both. They are continually glozing over each other's sins and denying each other's virtues, though they keep an accurate record of both.

But William had the advantage of me in the gratifying of his Adam instinct for just life minus morals. He was a teacher as well as being a preacher. For his own pleasure he read Latin and Greek literature. I doubt if there was a single vice practiced by the ancient Romans which was unknown to him. I have heard him deliver a sermon on "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," when he had been studying the pagan civilization of Byzantium every night during the previous week. I never doubted his sincerity. I am not accusing him. I merely say that he had the advantage of me when it came to nourishing his human nature with the ins and outs of former human nature. There is a great body of literature of the same kind published for Christian people, especially women, dealing with social work among the poor. The scenes are generally laid in the slums of great cities. And it contains the details of every crime and vice practiced by the lowest classes of society. The most erotic novel sold from beneath the counter of a bookstore does not contain any story so informing of evil, so suggestive of perverted passions, as some of these books, which are recommended to Christian workers and are avidly read by women whose minds would shrink from a limpid romance of love, if some one in the tale who should not, kissed some one who could not help it.



When a Bishop Yields His Carnal Mind to the Consideration of Just Food, He is Literally in the Toils of His Delilah Hostess

I never did any of the things one of me was always wanting to do—not then, afterward; I will tell of it at the proper place in this record. My strength then consisted in the idea that though it might not be wrong to go to the theater it was a sin to break the vow I had taken when I joined the church. And the Methodist vow, which excludes all worldly amusements, is definite and stringent. I have lived according to this creed. I never questioned any of the doctrines of our church, except that of apostasy. I have seen many apostates, but I do not believe apostasy is obligatory or that the Holy Spirit ever forsakes a man.

It has never been any effort for me to accept the miracles recorded in the Bible. If I cannot swallow them literally I turn them inside out and swallow them spiritually. They who have seen a man, capable of any crime, with perverted appetite, with a long and dissolute life behind him, forsake the error of his ways, his evil thoughts, live and die like a saint, have seen the greatest miracle of all. The fact that a lame man walked or a blind man received his sight is tame in comparison with that. I have seen this happen too often to question any easier miracle like Jonah's involuntary triumph over the whale. And it is not that I believe in the doctrine which teaches the divinity of Jesus because it is a doctrine; but when men and women accept Him as the way, the truth, and the life, I believe in His divinity because such people do become divinely good.

I have never read a book on theology or social or political economy. I am only a little old sundown woman living inside one church in a little old sundown town. I do not know why in all this time I have not acquired a wider vision of the world, the institutions and ideals which make the world what it is. I do not know why this town, situated as it is in a fertile section near the limitless water power of a river, and blessed with a good climate, has not become a large and wealthy city with many factories and other industries. But it has not.

Sometimes I think the explanation is that the scenes of our souls are laid in another world, not this one. So Berton with its fifteen hundred people built four churches, and supports them out of its very limited means, instead of building factories and growing rich from the dividends. That looks bad, but after all it may not be so bad as it looks—it depends upon your standard of values. If we really are citizens of a far country, only sojourners here, what is the wisdom of acquiring riches in this present world and subjecting ourselves to the temptations of wealth, which put us through the eye of a needle into the kingdom of heaven—very attenuated, if we squeeze through at all?

As for me, I have studied just two things for more than thirty years—the will of God and the heart of man—with the Bible on my knees and a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles on my nose. A man who has lived in the world can tell me more of what goes on there than I ever dreamed of. But you cannot tell me much that I do not know already about the inside nature of just the one man and the one woman. It matters not whether he is scholar, philosopher, saint or criminal, he is bound to be a man. And when you reduce him to that everlasting formula he is equal to the same temptations, to the same capacities for doing good or evil. He may show or conceal more or less of what is in him, but the very heart of him is the same as that of my neighbor across the street. And if I could tell what I know about him it wouldn't differ much from the truth about the greatest man or the meanest man living.

The biggest, most important thing I have known anything about is the Methodist Church. I can remember when we had "class meetings," and literally told one another what was the matter with our souls, and when we prayed for one another by name. That was long ago, when I was a young woman. Somebody was always on the sick list spiritually then, and strangely candid about his suspicions of himself. I shall never forget Brother Elrod's trouble, which he disclosed with morbid anguish at one of these meetings. I remember it because the point he made caused as much disturbance in this town as would to-day some new theory of socialism. The men discussed it on the streets, grew heated in their arguments and fell out

with one another. Women looked one another in the face and silently put the same question, though it was too delicate and nearly kin to our secret convictions concerning our real state for us openly to embarrass one another with it.

Brother Elrod was a very tall, gable-headed man, narrow through the shoulders and extremely perpendicular up to his long neck, upon which he literally hung his head. This head was fringed, but not covered, with wisps of red hair. He wore a goat-shaped beard upon his chin which was also flaming red. He was astonishingly homely, and always looked at you with a mild, pleasing expression as if he knew something good about you. The trouble with him was that he had more brains than he knew how to use. This is a very common affliction, and is incurable in most people. He had an analytical, ingrowing mind which often backed him into purely imaginary difficulties.

Upon this particular occasion we assembled in the church one night for class meeting, a dozen men and women, sitting in the brown shadows which the lamps in brackets on the wall defined but could not dispel. We began by singing "His Loving Kindness, Oh, How Great." Then some one led in prayer. After that came the "experiences."

In those days the test of Christian character and fortitude was this, that a man should be willing to do anything for Christ's sake. One of the elder members of the class had something to say about that. He put the question to us squarely and bade us search our hearts before we answered.

There was a moment of silence while we sat looking up at him, standing before us like an old prophet in the gloom, with his long white beard flowing down and his eyes fixed upon us. Suddenly there was a shuffling of feet behind us. Brother Elrod arose two seats back, as if he had reasons for a spiritual quarantine against those present.

"Brother Wimberly," he began dolorously, "you've hit the nail on the head so far as I'm concerned. And I ask the prayers of all Christian people that I may have the courage to get through this trial of my faith."

We turned about and stared at him. He stood with both hands resting upon the back of the seat in front of him, head bowed and the bald gable of it glistening at us.

"What is your trouble, Brother Elrod?" asked Brother Wimberly.

"Just what you mentioned awhile ago. There's one thing I ain't willing to do or to be for the Lord," he answered woefully.

We were astonished. Everybody in the church recognized John Elrod as a thoroughly consecrated man. Naturally we wondered what dark temptation had assailed his soul.

"Can you mention it, brother, the thing that's in the way?" asked Wimberly solemnly after a pause.

"I don't know if I can make you understand, but it's mighty near driven me crazy since I first thought of it a week ago," the stricken man began. He hesitated, and then blurted out: "It's this—I ain't willing to be a fool for Christ's sake. I'm—I'm brain proud, Brother Wimberly, that's what I am, and I never knowed a thing about it until the thought struck me when I was searching myself one day just to see if I was all right."

"But the Lord don't require of any man that he should be a fool if he kin help it!" gasped Wimberly.

"I know he don't, but that ain't the p'int. If he was to demand of me that I should appear a fool before my neighbors—well, I just couldn't do it. So it comes to the same thing," he answered.

Brother Wimberly was so taken aback by the shrewdness of this reasoning that he groaned. But William, who was sitting beside me, let out a laugh as he reached back over the benches for Elrod's hand.

"Well, don't let that bother you any more, Brother Elrod," he said, "for you have done it anyhow, even if the Lord doesn't require it of you. You've made a fool of yourself before us all here to-night. Your conscience ought to be satisfied."

Strange to relate, it was. We heard no more of Elrod's "brain pride," although the hairsplitting point he raised furnished the occasion for many arguments. Morbid introspection like this finally led to the abolishment of class meetings, but in those days we had many men and women who were literally consecrated to the Christian life. I remember when a pastor was considered the only fit man to conduct his revival services. And we had revivals, even if it took him six weeks to stir the people up and bring them to the annual realization of their backslidden condition.

I Have Helped Pull Many a Preacher's Baby Through Its Second Summer

Then came a period when we imported a professional evangelist with his own singers and exhorters. I may be narrow and bigoted, but I never prized these outside hired laborers in the Lord's vineyard. They seem to dispense a sort of patent-medicine salvation which fools you, but does not really cure you of your sins. If your own pastor, who knows your downsittings and uprisings, your every-day-in-the-year weaknesses and faults, cannot awaken you to a sense of your lost and undone condition, it is a sign that he lacks courage or faith, or that you just naturally prefer your sins—in which case the professional evangelist may induce you to claim an easy redemption. But we who live with you and deal with you after the singing and shouting are over know you are not really cleansed of your transgressions.

In these latter years there has been a reaction against traveling evangelists. And I have seen the Berton Methodist Church divided by the bitterest feud between members who wanted Bob Somebody to come and revive them, and those who would rather die in their transgressions than be converted by an imported preacher.

It seems that we must be divided by something. There was a time when people quit the church because the stove was put in the left-hand side of the church instead of in the middle, where they wanted it. I have known this town to be like two armed camps after an unusually successful revival held by the Methodists, because most of the converts joined the Baptist Church. I cannot tell how many times I have seen that happen. After we'd struggled through maybe a six weeks' revival, after we'd led them to the altar and wrestled for them night after night in prayer, it did seem ungrateful to call our bluff that way. For Methodists hold that the chief thing is to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it makes no difference what church you join. Still, I have known half the Christian workers among the Methodists here to backslide with righteous indignation when we were put to this test.

When all is said and done, the most varied and exciting life in this world is that of a Christian, provided you keep up with the way your neighbors live it and with the ingenious ways they manage to slip through and rest from living it. I have never been backward in this kind of enterprise. When your world is narrowed down to one town and to one church in that town, you do not study geography or nations; you study your neighbor, and you know him, if you can, even better than he knows you. I reckon I am about as well acquainted with Berton and the people in it as the Recording Angel is.

With the exception of those two years we had in the itineracy, I have always lived here, never been anywhere unless it was to attend a revival or a missionary meeting. The only change of scenes I had for thirty years was just a change of pastors in our church. Every time a new preacher comes he brings a new setting for the same old gospel. One magnifies the glory of God, another His infinite mercies. One cries "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Another founds his ministry upon this: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now and then we get an old cross-grained Isaiah who preaches with the red-hot coals of fire from the bottomless pit and scares some of the worst sinners into the fold literally smoking from their narrow escape. It all comes to the same thing. I never worry as some do about whether they can or cannot agree with what the pastor said in his morning sermon. I know by long experience that all kinds of preachers are needed to win all the different kinds of sinners, and even then the sinners seem to increase faster than the saints.

The thing I am trying to say is this—that the preachers come and go. Some of them have been with us a year, some four years, but they always left me here. And the next one always found me here, doing the same things, praying the same prayers and looking for the same reward. From being the youngest member in this church when I joined I am now the oldest. I have seen these people born, and then born again. I know them better than the pastor does, because I have known them from the beginning. And I reckon I know every one of the preachers better than the bishop does who sends them to us. For a bishop only knows each one as he appears at Conference to read his report which shows that all the collections have been paid in full. But I know how much work there is behind that report and how little of it he did sometimes, because I know him. I have seen him in so many different guises of the Methodist itinerant. If the average pastor on a circuit was left to get up his collections without the help of the stewards, and more particularly of the women, the Conference wouldn't have enough money to pay the bishops or the other connectional officers, or the various deficits which occur year after year in the church's worldly business.

(Continued on Page 57)

GETTING OUT THE WOUNDED

With the American Ambulance Field Service at Verdun

A. Platt Andrew, Director

Section Four, A. A. F. S.

Arthur Gleason, in Field Service Uniform

By WILL IRWIN

WE DID not perceive the camp of Section 3, American Ambulance Field Service, until we were close upon it; there was too much to see in the opposite direction. For as we drove rapidly along a road which might get a shell shower at any moment our military guide, who was also driving the car, pointed and said: "The Mort-Homme is over there," and we became aware of a magnificent day-fireworks display. It was a warm, cloudless afternoon, a great day for aërial activity. And the sky above that distant, peaceful-looking ridge kept spawning lines and groups of little sudden round clouds, which dissipated themselves, only to be succeeded by other groups of little clouds. You would put the glasses upon them and make out, somewhere near the center of this disturbance, an aëroplane going calmly about its business. Sometimes it would suddenly shift its position before it resumed its soaring. These near-by puffs were snow-white against the blue sky—French anti-aëroplane shrapnel shells. But the glasses revealed other and darker puffs in the distance—German shrapnel bombarding French planes. Where it was untouched by man the landscape rolled away as sweet and gentle as anything France knows—grassy ridges, hill forests of soft green underbrush, checker-boarded farms. In places, however, it was horribly creased by grotesque military works; and here and there stained, battered military transports raised white dust along the roads. The guns were going in a lazy afternoon bombardment on three directions of the horizon; and far before us a black geyser spurted up now and then from the fall of a distant shell.

Ambulances Injured at Verdun

"THERE they are!" said Platt Andrew, the Big Boss of the American Ambulance sections at the Verdun front. Andrew had by chance wet his lips a moment before; they shone out red from his dust-caked face, giving the effect of a clown make-up.

We had brought up on the edge of a rolling meadow bordered by a wood. Parked at the edge of the trees were a score of little American jitney automobiles; in the foreground stood all the paraphernalia of a camp. There was a whoop from the tent and half a dozen men in khaki came running toward us. They had the eager American face, contrasting oddly with the keen but sober French face which we had been seeing all day as we ran through the dunnage of the army. Another group detached itself from a knot in the grass. A form which seemed somehow familiar emerged from among them. This man, built body and face like a little battleship, had varied the regulation uniform by a very torn and spattered football jersey and an old pair of golf stockings. I had seen him before in similar clothes—where? It came back—breaking the Yale line. This was Ralph Bluthenthal, the old Princeton All-American center.

"Say, you fellows!" yelled Bluthenthal; "how did the boat race come out?"

It was their hour of ease, at the end of ten days such as no American Ambulance section has endured yet, and I dread to think what a strict inspection officer would have had to say about their uniforms. Pierce wore a very torn old yellow sweater over his khaki shirt. He had removed his puttees—"to give his legs a chance," he said—and pulled up a pair of gray-wool soldier stockings to the edge of his military breeches. Others also had abandoned puttees or leggings, and the unbuttoned fringes of their breeches flapped in the breeze. Potter, who had been taking a nap by himself in the woods, came dodging through the bushes. He was clad simply in a hospital bathrobe over a khaki shirt. And everyone began to talk all at once, while the guns growled on and the smoke puffs continued to blossom and fade along the battle edge of the horizon.

It was ten days or so since our five American sections, as a compliment to their efficiency and quickness, had been shifted to Verdun. The French put them on five different runs; and Section 3, as it turned out, had drawn probably the most difficult detail of all—a road of shell holes and shell showers of constant perplexity and danger. They looked tired, drawn and, for all their native American enthusiasm, a little discouraged.

Will Irwin at Verdun

"If you want to see the marks," said one of them, "come and look at our car hospital!"

Four of the little uniform jitney cars, furnished with covered wooden bodies to carry stretchers, stood on the edge of the camp. The first in line had a gaping hole blown through the body just back of the driver's seat. There was another hole in the side; there were little splashy marks all over the tool chest and running gear. The driver of this car—his name I suppress at his request, lest his people worry—led me round to the back. Within, along the runways which hold the stretchers, was a dark-brown stain; there was a pool of that stain on the floor.

Rescue Work Done in the Dark

"I WAS changing tires when it came," he said. "Lucky I wasn't in the seat there. I heard it whistling, and spread-eagled under the car. Look!" He pointed to a dent in the steel of the tool box. "I was standing right there before I ducked! I had the tire nearly on. I finished pumping and started. Then we got that!" He pointed to the hole in the side of the body. "My *blessé*—wounded man—on the top shelf wasn't badly hurt when we started. This peppered him all over and nearly took off his foot. I drove to the Poste de Secours and we patched him up. Whew!" he concluded. Though none of the three other cars was so badly damaged as this, they were all battered and spattered with shell fragments and shrapnel. "And there's one out there," concluded my guide, "that will stay until the end of the war. It's lying beside the road. It was Barber's. He heard the shell coming and crouched down. It got him in the back."

Of Barber I had already learned news that day from the advanced base hospital where they were keeping him until he could be moved to the care of his countrymen in Paris. He was out of danger; and the French had given him the Military Medal for valor.

Pierce, who had strolled over to point out the damaged spots on the cars, had a battered nose. It looked as though he'd been in a fight.

"Shrapnel just shaved it," he said. "I paid four hundred dollars last year to get that nose fixed up, and it's a dead loss. But that wasn't all. I got a ball in the book in my left breast pocket. It ought to have been a Testament, of course. But it wasn't. It was my passport and military papers!"

The camp cook shouted "*Singe!*" just then. *Singe* means "monkey," and is the slang term in the French Army for beef stew. We adjourned to the shadow of the cook tent for the field rations of a French soldier—hot beef stew, red wine in tin cups and brown soldier bread. As we sat eating, reminiscence began to flow, and the mood of the section became plain. They had been through ten days in the hardest corner of the Verdun sector. They had been working all night and every night at a job that involves, as

I was to learn later, intense concentration and nervous strain. Even by day there was no certain rest. At any time the call "*Blessés* up the road!" might rout them from sleep. Those day excursions, however, never took them far up the road toward the bloody Meuse. You approach the lines with an ambulance only by night, when the aëroplanes and artillery cannot spot you.

So the conversation waxed pessimistic. "There's the blamedest place on that road," said one. "Whew, the dead horses! One of them's lying half across the road on one side, and just past it Barber's car cuts in on the other. There's a shell hole there too. You have to do gymnastics to get by without jouncing your *blessés*. I wonder how many new shell holes they'll have waiting for us to-night?" "I was there when they hit those horses," said another—"should have heard the poor things ramping and squealing!" Then they all came in, strophe and antistrophe. "When I start back from the town I just take a long breath—all right so far. But next it's that corner where they got the horses, and then it's that corner of wood where there's almost always shrapnel and then——" "They landed one before the Poste de Secours just after I passed last night. You ought to have heard it on the cobblestones!" "Shrapnel hit the body of the car. When I could get to shelter I took a look inside. The top *blessé*—he wasn't a bad case—said: 'If you get this all the time I think I'll stay in the trenches.'" "And gas! Two of the fellows were sick for two days with it last week. But I'd rather get the old sophisticatin' than that tear-producing stuff." "And you can't wear a gas mask and run a car. It fogs so you don't see the road."

Now all this time the "aërial activity" was going on above that shoulder of earth which screened from view the Mort-Homme. In the intervals of conversation you would look up to note that the little round clouds were swarming thick here and there. In the foreground French infantrymen, loaded like pack mules, were trudging soberly on their way to the front position; and the skylarks kept rising, and singing their hearts out as they rose.

Suddenly someone called sharply behind me:

"What's that—a signal—no, an aëroplane's down!"

From the sky above the horizon a long black inverted cone of smoke was reaching toward the earth. At its point fell a whirling dark-red flame. It passed out of sight behind the rise of the hill—all was over. Close by the base of the cone was a speck, shooting rapidly and at an acute angle toward the earth. We recognized the sharp volplane of a little fighting *appareil de chasse*. We got the glasses on it; it was a French machine, and the story of this daily war tragedy was complete. The Frenchman had engaged the German in air and brought him down with a machine gun. The bullets had snapped the propeller probably. When that happens the machine breaks instantly into fire.

A Game of Three-Old-Cat Under Fire

NOW a group of us sat down on the grass, smoking and chatting of the close race in the American League—I had fresh news about that—of the chances in the boat race, of summer in Paris, and even of politics. We were waiting for the French lieutenant in charge of the section, who had gone for the night's orders. The section remarked, in passing, that he was the finest officer in the French Army; and the lieutenant afterward told me that he had the finest Ambulance section in the world. Plainly no one anticipated those orders with any joy, and I, billeted to go out with them and infected with their mood, grew pessimistic myself and indulged in old reminiscences of close shaves.

Section Three, After Getting Release Order

Suddenly from the door of the sleeping tent came a lusty American cheer. The rest of the section had gathered about the lieutenant. "We're relieved, fellows," cried someone as we came running up. "The division is going to the rest station to-night, and we go with them!" We cheered too. But the lieutenant had not finished. "A moment, gentlemen," he said, holding up his hand; "the French section which replaces you to-night is somewhat new to the district. They may need two or three of you as guides. Who will volunteer?"

There was an instant, just an instant, of hesitation. Then a hand went up, then every man of them raised his hand. And I, their fellow countryman, was proud.

Someone, in the joy of the rebound, picked up a baseball. The section scrambled for gloves and bats; and before we pulled out three-old-cat was going on merrily, while the shrapnel clouds broke and dissipated themselves on the horizon, while the black puffs of exploding shells shot up on the distant hill, while the guns growled everywhere. And a French regiment, trudging seriously on the road to the shell pits of the forward line, grew suddenly animated as they exchanged speculation on what those curious Americans might be doing.

So we bowled along, through a world of new ruins and shell pits and complicated military transport, toward that next section with which we were sure to see work that night. And here let me break the narrative to tell about our ambulance men at the front.

There is the American Ambulance at Neuilly, just outside of the gates of Paris, the hospital de luxe of the French medical establishment. "Ambulance" is a French word for hospital and an English word for a hospital car; so that the hospital has been somewhat confused in the public mind with the American Ambulance Field Service, which is up by Verdun, bringing back the freshly wounded from the dressing stations to the zone of safety. Though the Field Service uses the hospital grounds at Neuilly for a base, the two organizations are separate. I am requested to announce here—and I do it cheerfully—that the American Ambulance Field Service can use as many good American youths and as many good American checks as our public wants to send.

The work began with one little section, and grew as more men volunteered, as more cars came in, and as the French learned that we meant business. Now there are five sections of twenty-five working cars each, incorporated into the French hospital establishment, attached regularly to corps and divisions. Besides these there are at the front two sections that are being operated by the American Red Cross, taking equal chances and doing equally good work.

Until May the sections were scattered from the Vosges Mountains—where Hall was killed on Christmas Eve—to the Somme. Being Americans, they had gone out for records. Once an American driver found a certain captain of the Medical Staff in a state of great perplexity.

"I can't account for those twenty-five *blessés*," he kept muttering to himself.

"Pardon me, sir," said the American, "aren't they the twenty-five we moved down a few minutes ago?"

"Impossible!" said the officer.

At another point occurred a bomb raid. The section was asleep when an officer telephoned them to report as soon as possible at the scene of trouble. "Well, well, gentlemen!" said the officer when they arrived, "you have happened in most opportunely. As a matter of fact, I had just telephoned to you. What luck!"

"We know it," said the section; "we got your message and here we are."

"You devils of Americans!" said the officer; "you seem to anticipate orders!" Indeed this same section had the honor of being quarreled over—two rival bodies of French troops wanted it, and wanted it badly.

The Pioneer Volunteers From America

I SHALL not let the eagle scream too loudly over all this. All races of men are about equally brave, and there is individual efficiency everywhere. But we do have, above all races, the qualities of individual speed, of initiative, and perhaps of self-reliance. Moreover, these boys are volunteers; and pioneer volunteers are always the cream of any organization.

Characteristically, they are American university men. Harvard is by all odds the most largely represented. Princeton comes second, with Yale a close third. Some of the members are "just out," and some quit college midcourse to come to France. However, there are exceptions. Bartlett admits that he is forty-seven; he left villa life in Italy to help France. So did the mature Emery Pottle. On the other hand, one of them, of whom I shall tell more later, is just out of St. Paul's preparatory school. There are in each corps a director, who runs about in an open car overseeing the job and straightening out tangles, and one or two mechanics, who tinker at the bases or run out to make repairs on the road. Most of these mechanicians knew more about Greek roots, when they enlisted in the Ambulance service, than about the inside of an automobile.

They have grown intimate with the French, whose manners make them easy of approach, and they enjoy immense popularity both with the officers and with the plain *poilu* of the trenches. A general told me with the tears starting in his eyes that no one who had seen them work could help loving America. One night Dodge lost his way. He found himself in the midst of a regiment just away from the trenches after a terribly vicious attack. They crowded round him, chattering. Dodge admits that he is a little weak on French; and they talked so fast, and

Talking Over Experiences While Waiting the Call for Active Service

with so much trench slang, that he did not understand until one stepped forward and addressed him in English.

"Monsieur," he said, "my comrades want to shake your hand. We all know and appreciate what you *ambulanciers* are doing for us!"

So Dodge, a little embarrassed, had to sit there and grasp horny, trigger-calloused hand after horny, powder-marked hand—a reception under the guns on behalf of the nation and the Ambulance. Let me not go too far with all this. The Americans have only a hundred and twenty-five working cars up there, even when the sections are full—which they usually are not, owing to the eccentricities of high-explosive shells. The French hospital service as a whole has thousands of cars. But still our boys are doing their bit.

In early June this work got its recognition. The American service, all five sections, was gathered up and sent to Verdun, where the running is desperately hard, where to get the wounded out of a sector in which a shell may fall at any time on any spot takes not only courage but self-reliance and quick thinking. One and all, the sections admit that any work they ever did before was a vacation beside this.

Now, as we scooted through the long twilight of this northern latitude, the guns were getting more lively. I noticed that we had begun to enter the wreck of a town, and noticed it only casually. During our run into the Verdun sector we had passed so many houses ruined by the old violence of the early German retreat and the new violence of this battle that gaping holes, spattered plaster and outbuildings which rose like hacked stumps seemed the normal state of human habitation. But suddenly Andrew said:

"VERDUN!"

It lay bowled out below us; we were in the suburbs. And for an instant, as we shot past, it seemed to me that the stories of ruin had been exaggerated. For a church on a rise near by had still its steeple; and farther away the twin towers of the cathedral rose intact. Only this revealed it for what it was: dust. Every street was marked, between the houses, by a streak of gray mist. It was that dust of ruins which so plagued San Francisco after the great disaster, here stirred up by such transport as still uses Verdun. We were past the glimpse of the city, we were running down the road, when a bang like a giant firecracker sounded in our ears. That was not in itself so alarming; the guns all about were making far more noise. But a wind seemed to strike us in the face, and at the roadside just ahead a crater of dust and dirt was settling. I never saw a great high-powered car stop so suddenly as we stopped. Our expert at the wheel worked his levers violently and backed out to a crossroads, where he turned into another passage just as a firecracker sound came from behind us. At top speed we dashed away from the city of Verdun by another route than that which we had intended to take.

Leaving Verdun on a Flat Tire

THERE followed, shortly afterward, an episode of which I could make a whole article did I not need the space to tell about the Ambulance sections. All the way up from Paris our left hind wheel had been misbehaving. Near Châlons it had blown out a tire and burned up an inner tube, and now, at a point just behind a very loud and active battery of big guns, the tire went flat again. The guns boomed and blew everywhere as we four, all more or less inexpert mechanics, worked jack and levers and pump. Of course we got it in all wrong and had to begin over again. Piatt Andrew, more learned in the tricks of shells than I—he himself ran an ambulance at the front for six months—listened now and then and remarked that all was well so far; the noises were "departures," not "arrivals."

A Study in Contrast: Not Far From the Battle Line

The "arrival" has a much slighter if sharper sound, and it is preceded, not followed, by a whistle.

We started at last; and we had gone scarcely a kilometer when the tire went flat again. This time there were constant arrivals—in a field to one side. They seemed to be breaking two or three a minute. Under direction of our cool military boss, snapping out orders in crackling French, we toiled on. At any moment, I thought pessimistically, the Germans might take a notion to shift their fire a little and try out our road. We had half finished when we discovered a flaw in our last spare tube—it was as useless as the rest. So we decided to tighten up and run on a flat tire. I remember that I, turning screws with a brace as fast as I could turn, dared suggest at this moment that it was what I wanted to do all the time. But to run on a flat tire you must travel a slow pace. We had intended to make a certain army headquarters that night and report officially. This had now become impossible, and we started for the little village where two of the sections had their quarters.

By now we had leisure to look back and behold a spectacle of which we had been getting glimpses all the evening. It was a black, moonless night. To our rear the Verdun positions were like the edge of a hill bowl. All along that bowl, illuminating now this glen or hill, now that, something like heat lightning was playing flash on flash. At times it lit the whole horizon—a flickering, dancing line of flame. Everywhere, in the nearer distance, lights exactly like the impermanent flashings of near-by fireflies were coming-going-coming-going. The heat lightning was the guns; the fireflies were the bursting shells. Along the horizon line balls of clear white flame would break out and linger for a minute, revealing whole hill crests before they died. In the farther distance these flares seemed to last longer, I thought; and they would float in air a full minute. "The German parachute starlights," explained Andrew. Now and then a colored rocket, red or blue or clear white, would streak the darkness; and always this was followed by a change in the intensity of the guns, or would seem to bring them into action in another quarter. As for the sound, it varied from intermittent booms and whips to a continuous roar. Also, as we crept along, feeling our way on a flat tire and without lights, the big guns would suddenly go off from concealed positions on the roadside, making us, in spite of anything we could do to control ourselves, jump almost out of our seats. Summing it all up, I can find no more dignified comparison than to a Fourth of July celebration on a monstrous scale of light and noise. Yet, as we learned later, this was a rather quiet evening for Verdun.

It was getting toward midnight when we rounded a dark train of baggage *camions* and turned up the black street of a little town. A keen young American face peered out at us from behind a shaded lantern. Yes, the section was going out just before dawn, he said. What we needed now was sleep. He rummaged round among the blankets. "Don't want *blessé* blankets for company," he said. "Sometimes they're infected."

We wrapped ourselves up on stretchers; and the next thing I knew someone was shaking me. There was no light in the heavens yet, and the guns were still popping and growling. White, with whom I was going out for the night's crop of wounded at a far embrasure, gave me a gas mask, warning me not to lose it and not to take off the steel helmet which I had put on as soon as we entered the Verdun sector. We took a swig of coffee and cast off. As we felt our way up the road the guns growled louder and louder. Now we were in full sight of the fireworks display; we were running toward it, into it. Dawn began to struggle on the edge of the sky. It revealed a wooded space before us; here and there the roofs of human habitations showed above the trees; even in that light you could see holes gaping against the sky. All through that wood great steely fireflies were twinkling.

"Shrapnel," said White in his gentle Irish accent. "We always dread that corner."

A sentry stepped out just then from a sentry-box of solid concrete and held his gun horizontally over his head to stop us. He only wanted the password. White whispered it. We shot on, White's neck craned forward, his right hand carefully on the brake. As a matter of fact, I do not know whether we "got" any shrapnel or not. When the departures are making a lot of noise the sound of the dangerous arrivals is nearly drowned. You never know unless you have a very narrow shave.

The Deadly Curtain Fire at Close Range

NEXT we took the rise of a hill; and dawn had really begun to break. Everything came out in quarter-light. As we neared the top of the rise I was aware that a man had stepped out into the road and was holding up his hand in the gesture of a traffic policeman. And another thing happened. Above the hills, quite dimming that edge of dawn on the horizon, a colored rocket had risen and burst.

"I think," said White, "that it's the signal for *tir de barrage*." He stopped, jammed his brakes down hard. "There's the battery—where the man stands." It was no farther away than the width of a city street.

There must have been a further signal of some kind, for suddenly—it burst. A thousand guns, from every hill and glen and meadow about us, went off all together in one great salvo, and continued to go off in one great roar. It was the deadly curtain fire, by which the French draw a line of death between the enemy and one of their own charges.

The big guns merely boom, like a gigantic blast in a quarry. The little soixante-quinze, pride of the French Army, booms too; but its sound has also a vicious whip like that of a rifle. No instrument of destruction in this war gives such an impression of power. Always it pierces the chorus of the heavier guns, as the note of the first violin pierces that of an orchestra. And that battery before us was of soixante-quinzes. Their muzzles, outlined against the dawn sky, belched and shook and belched again as the fire ran from one to another. In the flashes we could see the crew working with monotonous rhythm. The curtain fire had lit the whole horizon; the blaze seemed to flicker and then to run in great waves.

They say it lasted ten minutes. How long I stood it before I plugged my ears I do not know. It was not so much the sound waves bursting against my eardrums that killed my resolution to hear it through as a curious irritation which it brought—a feeling that if it kept on longer I must do something violent, I knew not what. Then with the

(Continued on Page 29)

On to Verdun. French Troops Passing a Park of American Ambulances

A LOVE STORY

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

I HAD for some time been noting a slight theatrical tinge to the periodical literature supported by the big table in the Arrowhead living room. Chiefly the table's burden is composed of trade journals of the sober quality of the Stockbreeder's Gazette or Mine, Quarry & Derrick or the Farmer's Almanac. But if, for example, one really tired of a vivacious column headed "Chats on Fertilizers" one could, by shuffling the litter, come upon a less sordid magazine frankly abandoned to the interests of the screen drama.

The one I best recall has limned upon its cover in acceptable flesh tints a fair young face of flawless beauty, framed in a mass of curling golden ringlets. The dewy eyes, shaded to mystery by lashes of uncommon length, flash a wistful appeal that is faintly belied by the half-smiling lips and the dimpling chin. The contours are delicate yet firm; a face of haunting appeal—a face in which tears can be seldom but the sprightly rain of April, and the smile, when it melts the sensitive lips, will yet warn that hearts are made to ache and here is one not all too merry in its gladness. It is the face of one of our famous screen beauties, and we know, even from this tinted half-tone, that the fame has been deserved.

On one of those tired Arrowhead nights, inwardly debating the possible discourtesy of an early bedding after ten wet miles of trout stream, I came again and again to this compelling face of the sad smile and the glad tears. It recalled an ideal feminine head much looked at in my nonage. It was lithographed mostly in pink and was labeled "Tempest and Sunshine." So I loitered by the big table, dreaming upon the poignant perfections of this idol of a strange new art. I dreamed until awakened by the bustling return of my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, who paused beside me to build an after-dinner cigarette, herself glancing meantime at the flawless face on the magazine cover. I perceived instantly that she also had been caught by its not too elusive charm.

"A beautiful face," I said.

Ma Pettengill took the magazine from me and studied the dainty thing.

"Yes, he's certainly beautiful," she assented. "He's as handsome as a Greek goddess." Thus did the woman ambiguously praise that famous screen star, J. Harold Armytage. "And the money he makes! His salary is one of them you see compared with the President's so as to make the latter seem a mere trifle. That's a funny thing. I bet at least eighteen million grown people in this country never did know how much they was paying their president till they saw it quoted beside some movie star's salary in a piece that tells how he's getting about four times what we pay the man in the White House. Ain't it a great business, though! Here's this horrible male beauty that would have to be mighty careful to escape extermination if he was anything but an actor. Being that, however, he not only eludes the vengeance of a sickened populace, but he can come out and be raw about it. Here, let me show you."

She turned to the page where J. Harold Armytage began to print a choice few of the letters he daily received from admirers of the reputedly frailer sex. She now read me one of these with lamentable efforts of voice to satirize its wooing note: "My darling! I saw that dear face of yours again to-night in All For Love! So noble and manly you were in the sawmill scene where first you turn upon the scoundrelly millionaire father of the girl you love, then save him from the dynamite bomb of the strikers at the risk of your own. Oh, my dearest! Something tells me your heart is as pure and sweet as your acting, that your dear face could not mask an evil thought. Oh, my man of all the world! If only you and I together might ——"

It seemed enough. Ma Pettengill thought so too. The others were not unlike it. The woman then read me a few of the replies of J. Harold Armytage to his unknown worshipers. The famous star was invariably modest and dignified in these. Tactfully, as a gentleman must in any magazine of wide circulation, he deprecated the worship of these adoring ones and kindly sought to persuade them that he was but a man—not a god, even if he did chance to receive one of the largest salaries in the business. The rogue! No god—with the glorious lines of his face there on the cover to controvert this awkward disclaimer! His beauty flaunted to famished hearts, what avail to protest weakly that they should put away his image or even to hint, as now and again he was stern enough to do, that their frankness bordered on the unmaidenly?

I called Ma Pettengill's attention to this engaging modesty. I said it must be an affair of some delicacy to rebuff ardent and not too reticent fair ones in a public

She Was the Happiest Young Woman I Ever Did See

print, and that I considered J. Harold Armytage to have come out of it with a display of taste that could be called unusual. The woman replied, with her occasional irrelevance, that if the parties that hired him should read this stuff they probably wouldn't even then take him out on the lot and have him bitterly kicked by a succession of ten large laboring men who would take kindly to the task. She then once more said that the movies was sure one great business, and turned in the magazine to pleasanter pages on which one Vida Sommers, also a screen idol, it seemed, gave warning and advice to young girls who contemplated a moving-picture career.

Portraits of Vida Sommers in her best-known rôles embellished these pages. In all of the portraits she wept. In some the tears were visible; in others they had to be guessed, the face being drawn by anguish. Her feminine correspondents wished particularly to be told of the snares and temptations besetting the path of the young girl who enters this perilous career. Many of them seemed rather vague except upon this point. They all seemed to be sure that snares and temptations would await them, and would Vida Sommers please say how these could be avoided by young and impressionable girls of good figure and appearance who were now waiting on table at the American House in Centralia, Illinois, or accepting temporary employment in mercantile establishments in Chicago, or merely living at home in Zanesville, Ohio, amid conditions unbearably cramping to their aspirations?

And Vida Sommers told every one of them not to consider the pictures but as a final refuge from penury. She warned them that they would find the life one of hard work and full of disappointments. It seemed that even the snares and temptations were disappointing, being more easily evaded than many of her correspondents appeared to suspect. She advised them all to marry some good, true man and make a home for him. And surely none of them could have believed the life to be a joyous one after studying these sorrowful portraits of Vida Sommers.

"That's my little actress friend," said Ma Pettengill. "Doesn't she cry something grand!"

"You've been cheating me," I answered. "I never knew you had a little actress friend. How did you get her? And doesn't she ever play anything cheerful?"

"Of course not! She only plays mothers, and you know what that means in moving pictures. Ever see a moving-picture mother that had a chance to be happy for more than the first ten feet of film? You certainly got to cry to hold down that job. Ain't she always jolted quick in the first reel by the husband getting all ruined up in Wall Street, or the child getting stole, or the daughter that's just budding into womanhood running off with a polished shoe-drummer with city ways, or the only son robbing a bank, or husband taking up with a lady adventuress that lives across the hall in the same flat and outdresses mother?

"Then it's one jolt after another for her till the last ten feet of the last reel, when everything comes right somewhere on a ranch out in the great clean West where husband or son has got to be a man again by mingling with the honest-hearted drunken cowboys in their barroom frolics, or where daughter has won back her womanhood and made a name for herself by dancing the Nature dance in the Red Eye saloon for rough but tender-hearted miners that shower their gold on her when stewed. Only, in this glad time of the last ten feet she still has to cry a-plenty because the clouds have passed and she's Oh, so happy at last! Yes, sir; they get mother going and coming. And when she ain't weeping she has to be scared or mad or something that keeps her face busy. Here—I got some programs of new pieces Vida just sent me. You can see she's a great actress; look at that one: 'Why Did You Make My Mamma Cry?' And these other two."

I looked and believed. The dramas were variously and pithily described as The Picture with the Punch Powerful—The Smashing Five-Reel Masterpiece—A Play of Peculiar Problems and Tense Situations—Six Gripping Reels, 7000 Feet and Every Foot a Punch! Vida Sommers, in the scenes reproduced from these plays, had indeed a busy face. In the picture captioned "Why Did You Make My Mamma Cry?" the tiny golden-haired girl is reproaching her father in evening dress. I read the opening lines of the synopsis: "A young business man, who has been made successful through his wife's money, is led to neglect her through pressure of affairs, falls into the toils of a dancer in a public place and becomes a victim of her habit, that of drinking perfume in her tea ——"

But I had not the heart to follow this tragedy. In another, "The Woman Pays—Powerful and Picturesque, a Virile Masterpiece of Red-Blooded Hearts," Vida Sommers is powerfully hating her husband whom she has confronted in the den of a sneering and superbly gowned adventuress who declares that the husband must choose between them. Of course there can be no doubt about the husband's choice. No sane movie actor would hesitate a second. The caption says of Vida Sommers: "Her Love Has Turned to Hate." It may be good acting, but it would never get her chosen by the male of her species—the adventuress being what is known in some circles as a pippin.

I studied still another of these documents—"Hearts Asunder." Vida Sommers has sent her beautiful daughter to the spring for a pail of water, though everyone in the audience must know that Gordon Balch, the detestable villain, is lurking outside for precisely this to occur. The synopsis beautifully says: "The mother now goes in search of her darling, only to find her struggling in the grasp of Gordon Balch, who is trying to force his attentions on her." This is where Vida Sommers has to look frightened, though in a later picture one sees that her fright changed to "A Mother's Honest Rage." The result is that Gordon Balch gets his, and gets it good. The line under his last appearance is "The End of a Misspent Life." Vida Sommers here registers pity. As Ma Pettengill had said her face seemed never to have a moment's rest.

While I studied these exhibits my hostess had not been silent upon the merits of her little actress friend. Slowly she made me curious as to the origin and inner life of this valued member of an exalted profession.

"Yes, sir; there she is at the top, drawing down big money, with a nice vine-clad home in this film town, furnished from a page in a woman's magazine, with a big black limousine like a hearse—all but the plumes—and a husband that she worships the ground he walks on. Everything the heart can desire, even to being mother to some of the very saddest persons ever seen on a screen. It shows what genius will do for a woman when she finds out what kind of genius she's got and is further goaded by the necessity of supporting a husband in the style to which he has been accustomed by a doting father. She's some person now, let me tell you.

"She spent a week with me in Red Gap last fall, and you'd ought to seen how certain parties kowtowed to me so they'd get to meet her. I found that about every woman under fifty in our town is sure she was born for this here picture work, from Henrietta Templeton Price to Beryl Mae Macomber, who's expecting any day to be snapped up by some shrewd manager that her type is bound to appeal to, she being a fair young thing with

big eyes and lots of teeth, like all film actresses. Metta Bigler, that teaches oil painting and burnt wood, give Vida a reception in her Bohemian studio in Red Gap's Latin Quarter—the studio having a chain of Chianti bottles on the wall and an ash tray with five burnt cigarette ends on a taboret to make it look Bohemian—and that was sure the biggest thrill our town has had since the Gus Levy All Star Shamrock Vaudeville Company stranded there five years ago. It just shows how important my little actress friend is—and look what she come up from!"

I said I wouldn't mind looking what she come up from if she had started low enough to make it exciting.

Ma Pettengill said she had that! She had come up from the gutter. She said that Vida Sommers, the idol of thousands, had been "a mere daughter of the people." Her eyes crinkled as she uttered this phrase. So I chose a chair in the shadow while she built a second cigarette.

Ten years ago I'm taking a vacation down in New York City. Along comes a letter from Aunt Esther Colborn, of Fredonia, who is a kind of a third cousin of mine about twice removed. Says her niece, Vida, has had a good city job as cashier of a dairy lunch in Boston, which is across the river from some college, but has thrown this job to the winds to marry the only college son of a rich New York magnate or Wall Street crook who has cast the boy off for contracting this low alliance with a daughter of the people. Aunt Esther is now afraid Vida isn't right happy and wants I should look her up and find out. It didn't sound too good, but I obliged.

I go to the address in Sixty-seventh Street on the West Side and find that Vida is keeping a boarding house. But I was ready to cheer Aunt Esther with a telegram one second after she opened the door on me—in a big blue apron and a dustcap on her hair. She was the happiest young woman I ever did see—shining it out every which way. A very attractive girl about twenty-five, with a slim figure and one of these faces that ain't exactly of howling beauty in any one feature, but that sure get you when they're sunned up with joy like this one was.

She was pleased to death when I told her my name, and of course I must come in and stay for dinner so I could see all her boarders that was like one big family and, above all, meet her darling husband Clyde when he got home from business. The cheeriest thing she was, and I adore to meet people that are cheery, so I said nothing would please me better. She took me up to her little bedroom to lay my things off and then down to the parlor where she said I must rest and excuse her because she still had a few little things to supervise. She did have too. In the next hour and a half she run up and down two flights of stairs at least ten times. I could hear her sweeping overhead and jamming things round on the stove when she raced down to the kitchen. Yes, she had several little things to supervise and one girl to help her. I peeked into the kitchen once while I was wandering through the lower rooms, and she seemed to be showing this girl how to boil potatoes. I wondered if she never run down and if her happy look was really chronic or mebbe put on for my benefit. Still, I could hear her singing to herself and she moved like a happy person.

In looking round the parlor I was greeted on every wall by pictures of a charming youth I guessed was darling Clyde. A fine young face he had, and looked as happy as Vida herself. There was pictures of him with a tennis racket and on a sailboat and with a mandolin and standing up with his college glee club and setting on a high-powered horse and so forth, all showing he must be a great social favorite and one born to have a good time. I wondered how he'd come to confer himself on the cashier of a quick-lunch place. I thought it must be one of these romances. Then—I'm always remembering the foolishest things—I recalled a funny little absent look in Vida's eyes when she spoke of her darling coming home from business. I thought now it must of been pride; that he was performing some low job in a factory or store while she run the boarding house, and she didn't want me to know it. I thought he must be a pretty fine rich man's son to stand the gaff this way when cast off by his father for mixing up with a daughter of the people.

It come dinnertime; about a dozen boarders straggling in, with Vida in a pretty frock anxious because darling Clyde was ten minutes late and of course something fatal must of happened to him in crossing a crowded street. But nothing had. He showed up safe and sound and whistling in another ten minutes, and became the life of the party. He looked near as happy as Vida did when she embraced him out in the hall, a fine handsome young fellow, the best-natured in the world, jollying the boarders and jollying me and jollying Vida that he called Baby Girl, or Babe. I saw, too, that I must of been mistaken about the job he was holding down. He was dressed in a very expensive manner, with neat little gold trinkets half concealed about him, the shirt and collar exactly right and the silk socks carefully matching the lavender tie.

He kept the table lively all through dinner with jokes and quips from the latest musical comedies and anecdotes of his dear old college days, and how that very afternoon he had won a silver cup and the pool championship of his college club—and against a lot of corking good players, too, he didn't mind saying. Also I noticed we was eating a mighty good dinner; so darned good you didn't see how Vida could set it up at the price boarders usually pay.

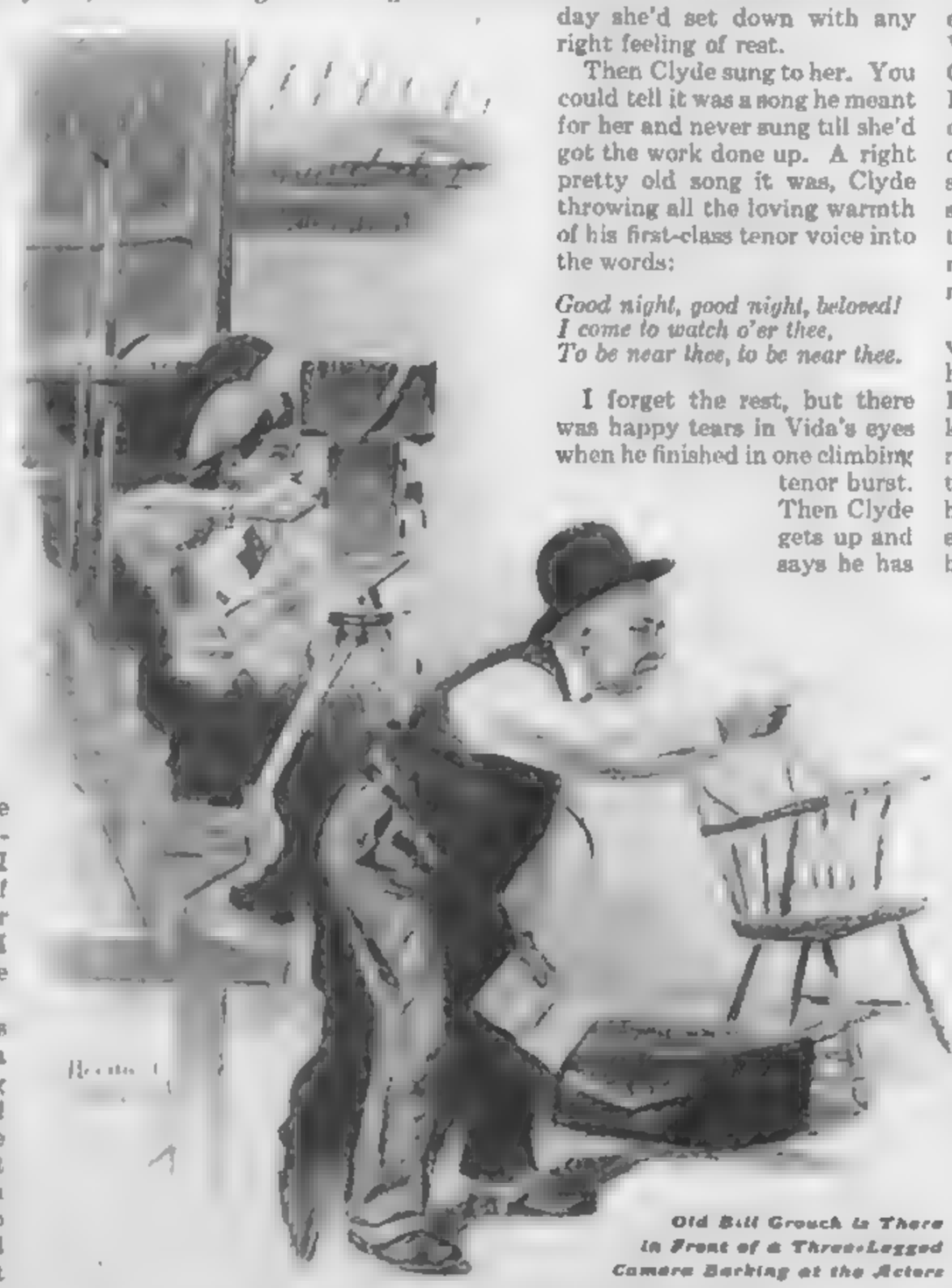
After dinner Clyde sat down to the piano in the parlor and entertained one and all with songs of a comic or sentimental character. He knew a piano intimately, and his voice was one of these here melting tenors that get right inside of you and nestle. He was about the most ingratiating young man I'd ever met, and I didn't wonder any more about Vida's look of joy being permanent. She'd look in on the party every once in a while from the kitchen or the dining room where she was helping her Swede do the dishes for fifteen people and set the table for breakfast.

She was about an hour at this, and when at last she'd slipped out of her big apron and joined us she was looking right tuckered but still joyous. Clyde patted his Baby Girl's hand when she come in, and she let herself go into an easy-chair near him that one of the boarders got up to give her. I got the swift idea that this was the first time all day she'd set down with any right feeling of rest.

Then Clyde sung to her. You could tell it was a song he meant for her and never sung till she'd got the work done up. A right pretty old song it was, Clyde throwing all the loving warmth of his first-class tenor voice into the words:

Good night, good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee,
To be near thee, to be near thee.

I forget the rest, but there was happy tears in Vida's eyes when he finished in one climbing tenor burst. Then Clyde gets up and says he has an engagement down to his college club because some of his dear old classmates has gathered there for a quiet little evening of reminiscence and the jolly old rascals pretend they can't get along without him. Vida beams on him brighter than ever and tells him to be sure and have a good time, which I'd of bet money he'd be sure to.



Old Bill Grouch Is There in Front of a Three-Legged Camera Barking at the Actors

It was a very pretty scene when they said good night. Vida pretended that Clyde's voice was falling off from smoking too many cigarettes at this club. "I wouldn't mind you're going there, but I just know you spend most of the time in the club's horrid old smoking room!" She tells him this with a pout. Smoking room of a club! The knowing little minx! And Clyde chided her right back in a merry fashion. He lifted one of her hands and said his Baby Girl would have to take better care of them because the cunnin' little handies was getting all rough. Then they both laughed and went out for a long embrace in the hall.

Vida come back with a glowing countenance, and the boarders having dropped off to their rooms when the life of the party went to his club we had a nice chat. All about Clyde. She hoped I did like him, and I frankly said he was about the most taking young brat I'd ever been close to. She explained how their union had been a dream; that during their entire married life of a year and a half he had never spoken one cross word to her. She said I couldn't imagine his goodness of heart nor his sunny disposition nor how much everyone admired him. But the tired thing got so sleepy in ten minutes, even talking about her husband, that she couldn't keep back the yawns, so I said I'd had a wonderful evening and would have to go now.

But up in the bedroom, while I'm putting my things on, she gets waked up and goes more into detail about her happiness. I've never been able to figure out why, but women will tell each other things in a bedroom that they wouldn't dream of telling in any other room. Not that Vida went very far. Just a few little points. Like how Clyde's father had cast him off when they married, and how she had felt herself that she was nothing but a bad woman taking advantage of his youth, she being a whole year older than he was; but Clyde had acted stunning in the matter, telling his father he had chosen the better part. Also it turned out this father hadn't cast him off from so much after all, because the old man went flat broke in Wall Street a couple of months later, perishing of heart failure right afterward, and about the only thing Clyde would of drawn from the estate anyway was an old-fashioned watch of his grandfather's with a chain made from his grandmother's hair when she was a bride.

I gathered they had been right up against it at this time, except for the two thousand dollars that had been left Vida by her Uncle Gideon in the savings bank at Fredonia. Clyde, when she drew this out, wanted they should go to Newport with it where they could lead a quiet life for a couple of months while he looked about for a suitable opening for himself. But Vida had been firm, even ugly, she said, on this point. She'd took the two thousand and started a boarding house that would be more like a home than a boarding house, though Clyde kept saying he'd never be able to endure seeing the woman bearing his name reduced to such ignoble straits.

Still he had swallowed his foolish pride and been really very nice about it after she got the business started. Now he was always telling her to be sure and set a good table. He said if you were going to do a thing, even if it was only keeping a boarding house, to do it well. That was his motto—do it well or don't do it at all! So she was buying the best cuts of meats and all fresh vegetables because of his strict ideas in this matter, and it didn't look as if they'd ever really make a fortune at it—to say nothing of there being more persons than I'd believe that had hard luck and got behind in their payments, and of course one couldn't be stern to the poor unfortunates.

I listened to this chatter till it seemed about time to ask what business Clyde had took up. It seemed that right at the moment he was disengaged. It further seemed that he had been disengaged at most other moments since he had stooped to this marriage with a daughter of the people. I mustn't think it was the poor boy's fault, though. He was willing at all times to accept a situation and sometimes would get so depressed that he'd actually look for work. Twice he had found it, but it proved to be something confining in an office where the hours were long and conditions far from satisfactory.

That's how she put it, with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks: "It proved to be mere dull routine work not in the least suited to darling Clyde's talents and the conditions were far from satisfactory. I had the hardest time prevailing on him to give the nasty old places up and wait patiently for a suitable opening. He was quite impatient with me when he consented—but, of course, he's only a boy of twenty-four, a whole year younger than I am. I tell him every day a suitable opening is bound to occur very soon. You see, he has so many grand friends, people of the right sort that are wealthy. I insist on his meeting them constantly. Just think; only last week he spent Saturday and Sunday at one of the biggest country houses on Long Island, and had such a good time. He's a prime favorite with a lot of people like that and they're always having him to dine or to the opera or to their balls and parties. I miss him horribly, of course, and the poor dear misses me, but I tell him it will surely lead to something. His old college chums all love him too—a boy makes so many valuable friends in college, don't you think? A lot of them try to put things in his way. I couldn't bear to have him accept a situation unworthy of him—I know it would kill him. Why, he wilts like a flower under the least depression."

Well, I set and listened to a long string of this—and not a word for me to say. What could anyone of said? Wasn't it

being told to me by the happiest woman I ever set eyes on? Yes, sir; I'd never believe how gentle natured the boy was. Why, that very morning, being worried about something that went wrong with breakfast, which she had to turn out at five A. M. to get started, hadn't she clean forgot to change his studs to a fresh shirt? And, to make it worse, hadn't she laid out a wrong color of socks with his lavender tie? But had he been cross to her, as most men would of been? Not for one second! He'd simply joked her about it when she brought up his breakfast tray, just as he'd joked her to-night about her hands getting rough from the kitchen work. And so forth and so forth!

The poor thing had got so dead for sleep by this time that she was merely babbling. She'd probably of fallen over in her clothes if I hadn't been there. Anyway, I got her undressed and into bed. She said Clyde's good-night song always rung in her ears till she slept. It didn't ring long this night. She was off before I got out the door. Darned if I hadn't been kind of embarrassed by her talk, knowing it would never do for me to bust in with anything bordering on the vicious, such as suggesting that if Clyde now and then went into the kitchen and helped Baby Girl with the dishes it would make a very attractive difference in him. I took another good look at his pictures in the parlor before I let myself out of the house. He still looked good—but hell!

I wrote Aunt Esther the same evening not to worry one minute about Vida's happiness, because I wished we could all be as happy as she was. All the same I took pains to go round to that boarding house a couple times more, because it seemed like the girl's happiness might have a bum foundation. Darling Clyde was as merry and attentive as ever and Vida was still joyous. I guess she kept joyous at her work all day by looking forward to that golden moment after dinner when her boy would sing Good night, good night, beloved—he'd come to watch o'er her! How that song did light her face up!

She confided to me one of these times that the funny men are always making jokes about how much it costs a woman for clothes, and she wondered why they didn't make some of their old jokes about how much it costs for men's clothes too. She said I wouldn't believe how much they had to lay out on Clyde's clothes so he'd be sure to look right when a suitable opening occurred. I could take the item of shirts alone that had to be made to order and cost seven-fifty each, to say nothing of collars and ties and suits from what Clyde said was the only tailor in New York that could dress a gentleman so he looked like one. She said if these funny humorists could see what they spent on her clothes and what they had to spend on Clyde's, she bet they'd feel mighty cheap. She laughed like she had a bully joke on the poor things.

She was glad, too, for Clyde's sake that a suitable opening was just about to occur any moment, because the poor chap said himself it was a dog's life he was leading, with nothing much to do every day but go to the club and set round. And how thankful she'd ought to be that he never drank—the least bit of liquor made him ill—and so many young men of his class nowadays drank to excess.

No; nothing for me to say and nothing to do. Here was one happy love match. So I come home, making Vida promise to write often.

She did write about six times in the next three years. The chief fact standing out was that the right opening for Clyde hadn't opened yet—and he was getting more impatient every day. He always had something in view. But I judged he was far-sighted. And some way when he had got his rope over a job the hondoo wouldn't seem to render. He couldn't cinch anything. He was as full of blandishment as ever, though, and not a one of his staunch old friends had dropped him on account of his unfortunate marriage. He was a great diner-out and spent lots of week-ends, and just now was on a jolly houseboat in Florida for three months with an old college mate worth nine million dollars, and wasn't that nice! She could just see him keeping the whole party gay with his mandolin and his songs. The summer before that this same friend had let Clyde have an elegant motor car for his own use, and the foolish boy had actually took her out in it one Sunday, there being a pongee motor coat in the car that fit her beautifully so that none of his rich friends could have told she wasn't dressed as smartly as they was. He not only kept her out all afternoon, but would have took her to dinner some place only she had to get back to the boarding house because you couldn't trust these raw Swedes.

And there was one thing she was going to bring herself to confess to me, no matter if it did sound disloyal—a dreadful thing about Clyde. It was ugly of her to breathe a word against him, but she was greatly worried and mebbe I could help her. The horrible truth was that her boy was betraying an inclination to get fat, and he'd only laugh at her when she warned him. Many a night her pillow had been wet with tears on this account, and did I believe in any of these remedies for reducing? Wasn't there something she could slip into his pudding that would keep him down without his knowing it, because otherwise, though it was a thing no true wife ought to say, her beloved would dig his grave with his teeth.

I thought that was about enough and even ample. I started a hot answer to this letter, saying that if darling

"He Suddenly Declared in Terrible Tones: 'There's Always the River!'"

Clyde was digging his grave with his teeth it was her own fault because she was providing the spade and the burial plot, and the quickest way to thin her darling down would be for her to quit work. But shucks! Why insult the poor thing? I got back my composure and wrote her a nice letter of sympathy in her hour of great trouble. I didn't say at all that if I had been in her place Mr. Clyde would of long since had my permission to go to the devil. Yes, sir; I'd have had that lad going south early in the second year. Mebbe not, at that! A woman never really knows how some other man might of made a fool of her.

Two more years drug on, with about two letters from Vida, and then I get a terrible one announcing the grand crash. First, the boarding house had died a lingering death, what from Vida buying the best the market afforded and not having learned to say "No!" to parties that got behind, and Clyde having had to lend a couple hundred dollars to a fraternity brother that was having a little hard luck. She'd run the business on a narrow trail for the last two months, trying to guard every penny, but it got so she and Clyde actually had to worry over his next club dues, to say nothing of a new dress suit he was badly needing. Then some parties she owed bills to come along and pushed her over the cliff by taking her furniture. She was at first dreadfully worried about how her boy would stand the blow, but he'd took it like the brave, staunch man he was, being such a help to her when they had to move to a furnished room near the old home where they both had been so happy. He'd fairly made the place ring with his musical laughter and his merry jesting about their hardships.

Then she'd got a good job as cashier in a big grocery she'd dealt with, not getting a million dollars a year, to be sure, but they were doing nicely, because Clyde took most of his meals with his thoughtful friends—and then crash out of a clear sky a horrible tragedy happened that for a minute darkened the whole world.

Yes, it was a bitter tragedy. Clyde's two-year-old dress suit, that he was bravely wearing without a murmur, had needed pressing and she promised to do it; but she overslept herself till seven-thirty that morning, which made her late at the store, so she'd asked the girl in this rooming house to do it down in the kitchen. The girl had been willing but weak-minded. She started with too hot an iron and didn't put a damp cloth between the iron and the goods. In the midst of the job something boiled over on the stove. She got rattled and jumped for that, and when she come back the dress coat of darling Clyde was branded for fair in the middle of the back—a nifty flatiron brand that you could of picked him out of a bunch of animals by in one second. The girl was scared stiff and hung the clothes back in the closet without a word. And poor Clyde discovered the outrage that night when he was dressing for a class reunion of his dear old Alvah Mater.

I had to read between the lines some, but I gathered that he now broke down completely at this betrayal of his trusting nature. Vida must of been suffering too keenly herself to write me all the pitiful details. And right on top of this blow comes the horrible discovery, when he takes his mandolin out of the case, that it has been fatally injured in the moving. One blow right on another. How little we realize the suffering that goes on all about us in this hard world. Imagine the agony in that furnished room this night!

Clyde wasn't made of iron. When the first flood of grief subsided he seems to of got cold and desperate. Said Vida in this letter: "My heart stopped when he suddenly declared in cool, terrible tones: 'There's always the river!' I could see that he had resolved to end it all, and through the night I pleaded with my boy."

I bet she made mistakes as a grocer's cashier next day, but it was worth it because her appeals to Clyde's better nature had prevailed. He did disappear that day, getting his trunks from the house while she was at the store and not being able to say good-by because he couldn't remember which store she was accepting a situation at. But he left her a nice note. He wasn't going to end it all in the river. He was going off on the private steamboat of one of his dearest friends for a trip round the world that might last a year—and she mustn't worry about the silly old dress coat, because his new dinner-jacket suit would be ample for a boat trip. Also she'd be glad to know that he had a new mandolin, though she wasn't to worry about the bill for it, because the man didn't expect his pay on time and, anyway, he could wait, so with fondest love!

And Vida was so relieved at this good fortune. To think that her despondent boy was once more assured of his rightful position for a whole year, while she was saving her princely wages till she got enough to start another boarding house that would be more like a home. Wasn't it all simply too good to be true—wasn't it always darkest just before dawn!

I didn't trust myself to answer that letter, beyond wiring her that if she ever felt she was having any really hard luck to be sure and call on me. And she went on working and putting her money by. It was two years later when I next saw her. I looked her up the first thing when I got to New York.

She was still accepting a position in this grocery, but of course had changed to a much smaller furnished room where she could be cozy and feed herself from a gas stove on the simple plain foods that one just can't seem to get at high-priced restaurants.

She'd changed a lot. Lines in her face now, and streaks in her brown hair, and she barely thirty. I made up my mind to do something harsh, but couldn't just tell how to start. She'd had a picture card from her boy the first year, showing the Bay of Naples and telling how he longed for her; but six months later had come a despondent letter from Japan speaking again of the river and saying he often felt like ending it all. Only, he might drag out his existence a bit longer because another wealthy old chum was in port

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The Evolution of a Belasco Play

Directing the Rehearsal of a New Play

By DAVID BELASCO

IN A TIME like the present, when the stage appeals so intimately to the interest of a great majority of all classes of the public, the tendency is natural to regard its art lightly. The observation and experience of us who are within the theater lead to the conclusion that nearly everyone is not only a playgoer but, at one time or another, aspires to write, or even tries to write, a play.

These aspirants who attempt to express their impressions of life and character in action and the spoken word are, of course, seldom qualified for what is, I believe, the most difficult of all tasks in the domain of the arts. They do not realize that no matter how valuable or interesting the idea they seek to present may be, it can be accomplished only with a thorough technical knowledge, which is very hard to acquire, of so complicated and treacherous an instrument of artistic expression as the stage. People who have proved failures in the various professions and scientific pursuits turn confidently, as a last resort, to the much more baffling vocation of playwriting. Propagandists attempt to appropriate the theater as a convenient means of ventilating their theories, forgetting that however attractive the theories themselves may be, an interesting presentation of them in terms of drama is an entirely different matter. It is a common impulse of sentimental women to want to write plays, and thousands of them try. So, also, do numerous others, as alien to the profession of letters as the business man, the society woman, the housemaid or even the cook. I sometimes wonder if the true explanation for this very general passion to write for the theater is not that the really well-made play seems so spontaneous. Since all people talk and act constantly in everyday life, why, they reason, should it be hard to make characters talk and act on the stage?

With such a large part of the population trying to write plays which they expect the other part will applaud, it is no wonder the constant complaint of all dramatic producers that they cannot find suitable material for their stages is generally heard with skepticism. It is never impossible for the producer to obtain plays—they pour down upon him in avalanches; but to find in this mass of unsolicited contributions even an occasional manuscript which meets the requirements of what a play ought to be is a quite different thing. In every profession one must catch his hare before he can cook it; the difficulty in the profession of the dramatic producer is that hares worth cooking are so few and far between.

Hitching Your Play to a Star

EVERY manager of established reputation follows his own method of obtaining plays and preparing them for public performance. In this respect the art of the stage differs from all the other arts since, having to meet so many varying conditions and contingencies, it cannot be regulated by hard and fast rules of procedure. To a certain extent, also, a producer cannot restrict himself to a single process in all the plays he himself presents. But there should be, nevertheless, a common denominator which establishes the individuality of his work and determines the artistic value of the results which he accomplishes.

In my own experience I have always found it very difficult to obtain the kind of dramas I have wanted to produce. Compared with this constant search for plays, which I have kept up with all my energy for more than thirty years, the actual work of making my productions, complicated and difficult as it is, once the play which is suitable to my purpose has been found, becomes relatively easy, for it does not involve to nearly so great a degree the element of chance.

I have always endeavored to be first in the field with plays that are out of the stage's conventional groove and that, at the same time, appeal to the public's constantly changing taste. When I established the theaters in New York which bear my name manuscripts poured in on me in such numbers that I could not possibly find time so much as to glance over them. It occurred to me that if I established a play bureau and placed it in charge of competent readers it would be a courtesy and encouragement to ambitious writers, and at the same time might prove of great advantage to me.

I gave my idea a thorough test. At much expense I organized my bureau, at first with one reader, but soon I had to increase the number to three. Before long we were receiving from four thousand to five thousand manuscripts a season. All were carefully read and, if any seemed especially inviting, they were turned over to me to examine, while the others were returned to the authors with comments pointing out their defects. But during the whole period that the play bureau was continued, and in spite of the thousands of manuscripts sent to it, I never found even one which I dared to produce. This disappointment of my expectations is not so remarkable as it may seem. It agrees with the experiences of other managers. The late Charles Frohman once told me that, among all the thousands of unsolicited plays sent to him during more than twenty years, he had never found even one which he could accept. Later, I believe, this record was broken, for Mr. Frohman, just before his death when the Lusitania was torpedoed, took The Hyphen, a war play which had dropped in on him out of the nowhere. It failed completely in two weeks.

The play bureau not only proved of no advantage to me, but it became a source of endless complaints and lawsuits. It was inevitable that manuscripts which I had never seen should contain plots and incidents somewhat similar to other plays I afterward produced. So, after every success in my theater, I found myself being sued by unknown writers. I had no difficulty in contesting these claims when they were carried into the courts, but they cost me much time and money. When, finally, a Coney-Island barber charged me with stealing the plot of The Woman from a play by him which I had never heard of, I abolished the play bureau in disgust.

Play brokers constantly submit to me dramas which they think suitable to my purposes or to the needs of my stars. I keep in close touch with foreign authors and with the stages of England, France, Germany and Hungary, and I obtain the refusal of their original plays or of the American rights. I am generally engaged in writing a play of my own. I also assist by advice a number of young writers who submit ideas or plots which impress me as capable of development into good plays. This process is slow, of course, but as a rule it has brought me excellent results.

It is much easier for a producer to select a play and then cast it effectively than to find a suitable vehicle for a star. I can look with confidence to established native and foreign playwrights for dramas to be acted by special companies, but almost always I have found it necessary to write the plays for my stars, or, if I have happened to find a play reasonably suited to the needs of a certain star, I have been obliged either to rewrite it or to have it rewritten by the author. In a star's play there must be a perfect adjustment of the principal character to the temperament and ability of its interpreter, or else it is better not to produce it at all.

Almost invariably the exceptionally successful play is not written, but rewritten. However attractive it may seem in the form in which it comes to the producer, it is capable of improvement. This axiom of the theater, which is as old as the theater itself, has been verified again and again in my own experience. A few years ago I had written a play for one of my stars. The scenery was already painted and the cast had been partly engaged when, with a new season only six months distant, I found my plans suddenly changed. In my dilemma I thought over the plays I had read or seen and I happened to remember a piece called Juanita, which I had run across in a stock theater in Los Angeles. It was a story of Southern California and, being a Californian myself, it naturally had appealed strongly to me. But aside from the pretty romance it contained, it had impressed me as very crude. I sent for its author, Richard Walton Tully, and together we spent five months revising it. At the end of that time the romance of the story had been expanded, its crudeness had disappeared, and the play had been renamed The Rose of the Rancho.

Creating The Darling of the Gods

IN THE previous season I had noticed in a popular-priced stock company a little girl who seemed capable of great development. I afterward saw her in a comedy called Gallops. Her acting so justified my first impression that I had engaged her to follow Minnie Dupree in The Music Master, in which David Warfield was then appearing. She was Frances Starr. As often as I took up the manuscript of the rewritten Rose of the Rancho, my mind's eye would see her in its heroine character of Juanita, but the play did not seem perfectly adapted to her. So Mr. Tully and I went at it again. We changed it not once but a dozen times. At last we whipped it into the form I desired. This play not only became one of my great successes but it safely launched Miss Starr on a notable career.

I have followed this same process with every play I have produced except The Easiest Way and The Secret. Having been successful with two short Oriental plays, The First Born and Madame Butterfly, I was anxious to present a sustained drama of Japanese life. A great many years ago I had written a play dealing with Italian character, containing certain situations which, it seemed to me, might be adapted to a Japanese locale. John Luther Long was the author of the story from which Madame Butterfly has been taken, so I invited him to collaborate with me on the new play I had in mind, as he possessed an intimate knowledge of the traits of character of the Japanese.

The play we wrote together was The Darling of the Gods. We did the work with a great deal of facility and were much pleased with it when the first draft was completed; nevertheless, before it finally reached the stage, we had taken it apart and entirely rewritten it, not once but several times. The exceptional popularity of one of my very recent comedy productions, The Boomerang, has caused a good deal of comment. Theatergoers who have been impressed by the spontaneity and ease with which it seemed to have been written may be surprised to know

that, having submitted it to me in a form which they thought complete, Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, its authors, worked on it for nearly two more years, and at my suggestion rewrote it completely three times. Their task grew very irksome and sometimes they became greatly discouraged, but surely the results have justified the energy and time which the revisions required.

I have always made it a practice to be not less critical of my own plays. When The Girl of the Golden West left my desk the manuscript was decked out with blue ribbons, and I regarded it with the natural pride of an author who had lavished his best effort upon it. I then put it aside for a time and when I took it up again I determined to attack it impersonally. I said to myself:

"I shall pretend that this play was written by Smith, and that some producer has paid me a thousand dollars to adapt it for him. I shall try to forget that I have ever had anything to do with its original script and shall revise it from the point of view of an experienced stage manager. Moreover, I shall do the work as deliberately as if I had no interest in its immediate production."

So I began rewriting, changing and adapting. Speeches that merely read well, without advancing the action or elaborating the characters, I cut out altogether. Scenes that were effective but unnecessary to the story I ruthlessly slaughtered. By the time I had finished, I, as Belasco, had several times broken Smith's heart. But I think I also greatly improved my own play.

I follow this system with every author who works for or with me. Every detail of a play which I intend to produce I analyze and debate pro and con with him. But I try never to force my own convictions upon a writer. I ask him to listen to whatever criticisms I may make and then, if I succeed in impressing him that I am right, we have a basis to work on. The first law of the stage, whether in writing a play or playing a part, is to convince the audience of the truth and logic of the work. Let this supreme quality be absent and the play, however great may be the care lavished on its literary execution or production, will be a failure.

The Problem of Introducing a Ghost

HOW complete should be the equipment of the dramatist, and also of the producer who brings his play into life, is best expressed by saying that playwriting is the most complex of all the arts. The dramatist must furnish a complete foundation for every detail of the work which falls upon the producer or stage director. The play once in hand, the producer must possess an artist's sense of colors. He must be a close student of Nature. He must be familiar with geography and the manners and customs of peoples. He should be a dancer—at least rhythm must be a part of his soul, for action is the poetry of motion. He should be careful to inform himself on any special subject that may enter the work he is preparing for the stage. When the play fails in its intent the producer, not the author or the actors, is usually to blame. The impression which the completed work is destined to make rests with him.

In preparing the production of The Return of Peter Grimm I studied with diligence such standard books on psychic phenomena as Prof. James H. Hyslop's Psychical Research and the Resurrection and Fremont Rider's Are the Dead Alive? and I had several long talks with Professor James. I did not undertake The Case of Becky, which dealt with the phenomenon of dual personality, until I was thoroughly familiar with Prof. Morton Price's work, The Dissociation of a Personality; and I had as my guest Professor Allen, of Philadelphia, who was present three days at the final rehearsals. When art intrudes upon the domain of science it must have authority for everything it appropriates. I recall that when I produced Men and Women twenty years ago, I obtained the atmosphere of the directors'-meeting scene which it contained by going to a real directors' meeting in a Wall-Street bank, where I sat in a corner and watched

The Electrical Switchboard at the Belasco Theater

the proceedings. To get the right feeling for The Man Inside I engaged Chuck Connor, a Bowery denizen now dead, to take me on a slumming tour among Chinese opium joints, and I even went down near the Tombs Prison at two A. M. to listen to the sounds in the vicinity, such as the bells striking the hours

Both as playwright and as producer I am a realist, but I do not believe in harrowing audiences unnecessarily. It was very hard to avoid one distressing scene in my own play, The Return of Peter Grimm, but I overcame the defect after experimenting with it several weeks. The play dealt with the persistent survival, after death, of a personality, or, as some people would have it, with a ghost. For the dénouement of the story it was necessary that the returned spirit of old Peter should become visible to one of the characters. I first invented a séance scene with a woman medium, but in rehearsal it impressed me as ridiculous. Then, after various experiments which did not quite satisfy me, I hit upon the idea of writing into the play the character of a little child and having him, in his dying delirium, see old Peter in his spirit presence. I was aware that the scene would be painful to the audience if I did not soften it, so I introduced into the opening act the effect of a circus passing the house, with bands playing and clowns singing, to the delight of the child as he stood at the window. Then, when the death scene was reached at the end of the play, I reproduced all these circus sounds, but softly and from far away, as if they were passing through the little child's disordered mind, and he died smiling and happy. So the effect upon the audience, though deeply pathetic, was neither harsh nor cruel.

Let us assume that the play has been brought into accepted form in its manuscript and I have made up my mind to produce it. My first step in the practical work of production is to study out the scenes, which must be constructed as carefully as the play itself, for a skillfully devised scene is of vital assistance to an episode. In this preliminary work I seldom follow the stage directions on the printed page either of my own plays or of those of other dramatists. I prefer to plan the scenes myself with reference to stage values. I consider where a window, a door, a balcony or a fireplace will be most effective. The feeling of the scene is always a great factor in determining its arrangement, for symbolism to a certain extent enters the production of every play. For instance, sunlit scenes imply happiness, moonlit scenes give a suggestion of romance, while tragedy or sorrow should be played in gloom. It is never advisable to stage comedy scenes, which depend for their interest upon the wittiness of the dialogue, in exterior settings, for the surroundings suggest too great an expanse; if acted in an interior setting the lines become immeasurably more effective.

Such details as these must be carefully thought out, and as I become more familiar with the lines and episodes the scenes gradually form themselves. Then I make a rough sketch, taking into account the necessary arrangement of furniture or other properties and considering how the characters can be maneuvered to best advantage.

When I have settled these matters approximately I send for Ernest Gros, the artist who has painted the scenery for all my productions during nearly twenty years. With him seated in front I take the empty stage and, as far as possible, try to act the whole play, making every entrance and exit and indicating my ideas of the groupings of characters and their surroundings.

This process, which would probably seem farcical to a casual onlooker, will consume perhaps four or five evenings, for not one detail can be left to chance or put aside until I am satisfied that it cannot be improved. During the process one must treat the play as a human being: it must laugh at certain points, at others it must be sad, lovers must come together in certain lights, and all its changing moods must be blended harmoniously. For the completed play is impressive and fulfills its purpose only to the extent that it carries an audience back to its own experiences. If my productions have had an appealing quality it is because I have kept this important fact constantly in mind and have tried, while concealing the mechanism of my scenes, to tug at the hearts of my audiences.

Experiments With a Miniature Theater

HAVING listened to my ideas in detail and received my manuscript, Mr. Gros will make a drawing of the scenes, following my crude sketches, and thus we reach a definite starting point. In due course of time—it may be a week or a month—he will have constructed the actual-scene models, which are set up in the perfectly equipped miniature theater in my studio. But changes are always suggesting themselves, and often these models, which are about four feet long, have to be taken apart and reconstructed several times

It is time now to begin to consider what to me is the all-important factor in a dramatic production—the lighting of the scenes. With my electrician, Louis Hartman, who has made the practical lighting appliances in my theaters for the last fifteen years, I again go over the play in detail, very much according to the method I have previously followed with my scenic artist. When he has thoroughly grasped my ideas and become quite familiar with the play itself we begin our experiments, using the miniature theater and evolving our colors by transmitting white light through gelatin or silk of various hues. Night after night we experiment together to obtain color or atmospheric effects, aiming always to make them aid the interpretation of the scenes.

Lights are to drama what music is to the lyrics of a song. No other factor which enters into the production of a play is so effective in conveying its moods and feeling. They are as essential to every work of dramatic art as blood is to life. The greatest part of my success in the theater

The First Reading of the Play

I attribute to my feeling for colors, translated into effects of light. Sometimes these effects have been imitated by other producers with considerable success, but I do not fear such encroachments. It may be possible for others to copy my colors, but no one can get my feeling for them.

The lighting effects on my stages have been secured only after years of experiment and at an expense which many other producers would consider ridiculous. Sometimes I have spent five thousand dollars attempting to reproduce the delicate hues of a sunset and then have thrown the scene away altogether. I recall that when I produced The Girl of the Golden West, I experimented three months to secure exactly the soft, changing colors of a California sunset over the Sierra Nevadas, and then turned to another method. It was a good sunset but it was not Californian. Afterward it was sold to the producers of Salomy Jane, and it proved very effective and perfectly adjusted to the needs of that play.

These experiments have always been the most interesting part of my work as a producer, although they have also been the most perplexing and sometimes the most baffling. It is no easy matter, for instance, to indicate the difference between the moon and stars of a Japanese night and the fanciful moon and stars of fairyland. But there is, nevertheless, a difference which an audience must be made to feel, without detecting the mechanism, just as one is conscious of heat, yet does not see it, on entering a warm room.

Mr. Belasco at Work in His Studio

Staging the River of Souls

THE problem of lighting was especially difficult in my production of The Return of Peter Grimm, since in that play it was necessary to indicate the contrast between life and death. Doing away with footlights helped me considerably, but it took five months of experiments to accomplish the results I sought. I invented special reflectors to produce the ashen hue of death, but something always seemed lacking. I kept David Warfield in New York all summer, standing alone on the stage for hours at a stretch, while I threw various lights upon him. Then it occurred to me that the trouble lay in the kind of clothes he wore. I sent for fifty bolts of cloth and wrapped him in the different fabrics and colors, until I found one which made him look mysterious and far away. Even then his appearance was not quite right. When other characters came on the stage things went wrong. Finally I tried the expedient of casting a cold gray light upon his features from above while at the same time I illuminated the faces of the other characters in the play with a faint rosy glow. It was necessary to have many of these lights of differing quality, which, one after the other, "picked up" the people as they moved from place to place on the stage. The effect was exactly what I desired, and it proved to be one of the most important factors in the success of the play.

In my production of The Darling of the Gods in 1902, it was comparatively easy to indicate by lights the tragic feeling of the scene in which the band of samurai commit suicide by hara-kiri. I set the stage in the picture of a gaunt bamboo forest, behind which was a great blood-red setting sun to symbolize ebbing life. In the shadows Kara's followers could be faintly seen and the audience could hear the clatter of their lacquered armor as they went to their self-inflicted deaths.

But when it came to the scene of the River of Souls, in which the dead were to swim to the lower depths, or purgatory, in preparation to entering the celestial hereafter, a most troublesome problem arose. I had built the translucent scene of the river at a cost of sixty-five hundred dollars and had devised a kind of harness in which fifteen girls were suspended to represent the passage of the souls. When I tested the scene with mannikins in my miniature theater it invariably worked perfectly; but when I tried it on the regular stage something was sure to go wrong. Some of the girls swam well while others swam badly, and almost always one or two got tangled in their harnesses. Such accidents in a performance before an audience would have caused laughter, which would have been fatal to the production that had cost eighty thousand dollars.

For two days and two nights, barring short recesses, we worked over that stubborn scene, and at last I decided to give it up. Blanche Bates, who was to play the character of the heroine, Yo-San, was almost in despair, George Arliss lay asleep on a lounge at the side of the stage, and everyone else was vexed, discouraged and completely fagged out. The opening performance had already been twice postponed, but reluctantly I made up my mind to put it off again.

I ordered the scene struck and my carpenters hoisted all the opaque setting which had been made at great cost, leaving a single gauze curtain suspended in irregular folds at the front of the stage. Just at this moment one of the workmen happened to pass between the curtain and the light at the back. Seen through the folds of the curtain his movements were almost ghostly. I saw at once that the effect for which I had been striving had come to me ready-made. Each of the fifteen girls was told to count ten and then cross the stage, using her arms to suggest a kind of swimming motion. The effect was remarkable, for the number of figures seemed multiplied a thousandfold. Having already thrown away sixty-five hundred dollars, I built the scene in a day for ninety dollars, and it is being imitated yet.

In Du Barry one of the problems which arose was how to change from a brilliantly lighted scene to a dark scene without abruptly turning out the lights, and also how to invent an excuse for the ensuing darkness. I thought of midnight bathing and other pastimes of the court of Louis XV, but I could not put them on the stage. While looking over some books on the customs of the period I ran across descriptions of the lighted balls which were tossed about by the courtiers and ladies in court games. Thus I found the excuse I needed for turning out my stage lights, and the brilliantly illuminated balls did away with the abruptness of the change, while the novelty of it appealed strongly to the audience at a point in the play where a surprise was needed to stimulate its interest.

The scene models having been approved and the very important matter of the lighting being well under way, it is time now to begin the building of the actual scenes. I turn my carpenters over to my scenic artist, who furnishes to them the plans. They then construct the scenery in my own shops, for I never have such work done by contract. I will allow nothing to be built out of canvas stretched on frames. Everything must be real. I have seen plays in which thrones creaked on which monarchs sat, and palace walls flapped when persons touched them. Nothing so destructive to illusion nor so ludicrous can happen on my stage.

How to Select Stars and Supers

MEANWHILE, if the play has a musical accompaniment I read it to the composer I have engaged, indicating its mood and feeling. He must interpret every scene and speech, as if he were writing the score for a song. I always aim to avoid fitting old or familiar music to a new play.

I generally prefer to leave the costuming until after the first week of rehearsals, when I am reasonably sure of my actors, unless it happens to be a costume play which I am producing. If it demands other than modern clothes I write a full description for the characters, deciding whether their hair shall be smooth or shaggy, and whether they shall or shall not wear beards, and then call a costume designer into consultation. All this is very necessary in a costume play, in order to preserve the color harmonies of my scenes. On the other hand, if it be a modern play that I am producing, I send my actors, when the proper time comes, to the various shops to be fitted for their clothing. I try not to dictate too much in the matter of dresses for my actresses, except to preserve the color harmonies, but I insist that they must take heed of the temperament of the characters they are to represent and the stations in life to which the characters belong. As for the male characters, if one would be likely to purchase his clothes of a fashionable Fifth-Avenue tailor, I send the actor to just such a shop; if another would be likely to wear cheap ready-made stuff, he must seek it in a store that sells such clothes. Clothes, to be sure, do not make the man, but generally they are a safe index to his character and temperament.

While all these various details of the production are moving along, except the costuming, to which I have referred incidentally, I am hunting everywhere for my cast. In fact I have been on the lookout for actors

(Continued on Page 46

Dinner for the Company in the Rehearsal Room

THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS

By NORMAN DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

It Was the Only Door Between the Cluster of Cottages at Walk Harbor and the Hudson Bay Company Post at Pepper Tickle

AT THAT hour of a midwinter Labrador night, with the moon obscured and half a gale of wind blowing in from the frozen reaches of the sea, a knock at the door was a shocking incident, like an alarm of disaster sounding sudden and loud. There was a knock at the door at Peep Cove, of Smokestack Arm, near by Bare Cape and the Hen-an'-Chickens—Trapper Thomas Cuff's tilt: a tight log shanty calked with caribou moss, the roof of turf, the whole buried in a great drift of snow.

It was the only door between the cluster of cottages at Walk Harbor and the Hudson Bay Company Post at Pepper Tickle; and Walk Harbor lay seventy white miles to the south as a man might travel the coast, skirting the rugged shore of Smokestack Arm; and Pepper Tickle was distant forty miles of deep, bleak trail to the north. It was an honest coast; there was no law in visible operation small need of the law on a coast so simple-lived and amiable; but Trapper Tom's youngsters, their game of ticktacktoo interrupted by a rapid, violent knocking at the door, were nevertheless brought up all standing, as the sea phrase goes, and were too completely convulsed with amazement and fright to bid the stranger come in from the frosty misery of that blustering night.

"Hark!"

"What's that?"

"Hist!"

The stranger stamped in without waiting to be bidden. He was clad in deerskin, white with frost, and dusted to his middle with the dry snow of the trail; his breath had frozen in his beard and eyebrows and the sweat of his labor and haste had run from beneath his hood, so that a fringe of icicles depended from brows and hood, and his beard was a vast icicle of itself. As he opened the door the snarling of his dogs, which he had already released from the traces and fed, intruded the length of the tunnel with him, having been previously swept away with the wind; and the growl and yelp of the pack was mixed with the uneasy howls of Trapper Tom's dogs, shut up in the shed.

He was a formidable man—not so much his brusque speech in salutation and scowling habit of countenance as his sullen abstraction from the incidents of his welcome. When, however, he had brushed himself clean, which he did without saying another word, and when he had picked the icicles from his brows and thawed out his beard, his grim, anxious manner lightened; and the little Cuffs—David and Jonathan and Mary—were reassured by the ghost of a twinkle in his eye and the thin semblance of a heartier note in his voice. By the time they had spread the table their timidity had vanished altogether and they were glowing with interest and delight.

"Where's your ma?" said the stranger.

Thus directly addressed by a stranger for the first time since the fall of the year, little Mary Cuff flushed and smiled.

"Ma'th dead," she lisped.

"Where's your pa?"

It was David, the elder brother, who replied.

"Pa's trappin'," said he.

The stranger was interested.

"You don't mean to tell me," he protested, "that you three kiddies are all alone here!"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been alone?"

"Pa's been in the timber back o' Ribbon Hills for more'n a month. He's lookin' for another silver fox, sir, an' we're livin' in hope that he traps it."

"Another silver fox!" the stranger exclaimed. "Then he's trapped one already?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it here?"

"He fetched it out, sir, for safe-keepin'. I'll show it to you, sir, when you've fed your fill. 'Tis the best furred skin my father ever seed in his life. 'Tis the only one that ever he trapped. We're 'lowin' t' make our fortune out of it an' move back t' my father's home harbor in Newf'un'land. My father 'lows t' buy a schooner an' come down the Labrador in summer weather. Me an' Jonathan an' Mary is all goin' t' school. My father holds that Jonathan haves enough cunnin' an' spirit t' make a scholar if he sticks at it. An' I 'low my father's right. There isn't nobody in this world can down Jonathan when he've the will t' triumph. An' he'll stick at nothin' t' gain his ends, the spunky little beggar! 'Tis a hard fate, now, sir, that any man has who crosses his will or balks his purpose."

Jonathan grinned.

"How old are you?" the stranger inquired.

"I'm 'leven, I'm told," Jonathan answered; "an' I've no cause t' doubt it."

"Then," said the stranger to Mary, "you're thirteen?"

"Twelve, sir."

"As for me," David put in, "I'm fourteen, an' an able lad for my years. We're not so very old," he added confidently, "but we're able t' fend ourselves in any sort of weather."

"Ay," agreed the stranger genially, "you look it."

"We got plenty o' grub an' firewood," said David, "an' we've nothin' but sickness t' fear."

"You're safe enough."

"That's what pa says. Pa says there's no evil abroad on the coast t' make a man alarmed. 'Tis not like some lands that he've sailed to in his time. There's places in this world, sir, where a man needs a gun by his side t' fend off evil men that would rob him of all he has an' think nothin' whatsoever o' the wicked deed. My father has been in such places."

"I'd kill any man that tried t' rob me!" Jonathan put in.

The stranger stared at the boastful little boy in a sudden mood of gloomy reflection. Presently he shook himself and smiled.

"How many men, my son," he inquired, "have you killed already?"

"I isn't killed none as yet," Jonathan replied promptly. "That's not sayin' I wouldn't, though."

"You'd not shoot a man down!"

"That I would!" Jonathan insisted. "I'd shoot any man that robbed me if I had a gun."

"In cold blood?"

"Without a pang."

"Ah, well," said the stranger, "you've no need of a gun here."

"No, sir," David agreed. "That's jus' exactly what pa says. There's nothin' t' kill hereabouts. An' we've grub enough t' last the winter through, anyhow. My father wouldn't leave us all alone in a sad pass o' need."

"He left you no gun?"

Jonathan answered quickly:

"Oh, we got a gun!"

At that both David and Mary burst out laughing.

"'Tis above the door, sir," said David. "See for yourself."

The stranger laughed too.

"An old-timer!" said he.

"'Tis six feet long, lackin' an inch," David said; "an' it haves a bar'l like a cannon. 'Tis my grandfather's sealin' gun. My father brought it from Newf'un'land."

"Loaded?"

"No, sir."

"We got half a cask o' powder," said Jonathan.

"Lead?"

"No, sir," David replied.

"No need o' lead," said Jonathan. "That there gun will shoot anything a man haves the courage t' put in it. 'Twould shoot a handspike an' never complain o' the labor. I wish I had the chance t' try."

"That gun, my son," the stranger declared, "would kick you clear to the moon."

"I'd never be fool enough," Jonathan replied, "t' shoot from the shoulder."

By this time the stranger had explained himself and his errand on the midwinter trail, so that there was no mystery about him so far as the little Cuffs apprehended; and his friendly, glowing gossip of the coast, and his chuckles and gusts of laughter as he sipped his tea and bolted his bread and salt fish like a wolf, had deeply ingratiated him with the three lonely little folk whose welcome guest he was.

His name was Black, said he. He was from the Post at Pepper Tickle, one of the company's hands, bound out with dispatches of such importance to the company's interests that he must travel in mad haste all the way to Quebec, wearing his teams to death, if need be, and procuring new dogs as he was able; and, though his dogs were tired and himself muscle-sick with the first labor of the trail, he would be off at dawn—he would even be gone before that if the moon broke out—bound for Walk Harbor.

Wiser ears and eyes than the three little Cuffs' credulous ears and eyes would have detected uneasiness in the pace and boisterous quality of the stranger's merriment, a suspicious anxiety in the sudden twitch of his brows and in the occasional grim twist of his lips, wherein his big teeth flashed through his beard. And, as to the man's fever of haste, the inference of a cunning mind would have been that he was in flight.

Presently he asked abruptly, his face drawn, all at once, with anxiety, and his voice crisp and grave:

"There'll be no trouble crossing Smokestack Arm in the morning, will there?"

"Man!" David exclaimed. "Did you not feel the wind when you come in?"

"Blowing hard."

"'Tis blowin' almost a gale from the sou'east. 'Tis rushin' up the Arm between the hills. Afore mornin' the ice will be in fragments. You'll never be able t' cross. I doubt that a man could beat his dogs into the humor t' leave the coast. You'll have t' travel the 'longshore trail, sir."

"I've no time."

"'Tis but a day longer at most."

"A day! I can't waste it! I'll try the ice and make the best of a bad job."

David shook his head.

"You may think you'll try it, sir," said he; "but when you sees the ice heavin' in the big swells you'll change your mind an' be content with the 'longshore trail. I've lived beside Smokestack Arm almost all my life, sir, an' I knows what a pother she can kick up in a sou'east gale o' wind. 'Twill be three days an' two nights afore you drives into Walk Harbor."

The stranger having been fed full at last, Jonathan charged the stove with wood, and Mary cleared the table, and David fetched the foxskin from the locker for the stranger's inspection. A rare skin it was—enormous, unblemished, furred thick, glossy, sprinkled with color as with a dust of frost; and its value was patent. Discreetly bargained with, it would fetch seven hundred dollars on the coast; and, having passed through many hands, its price leaping with every change, it would be sold in a London auction room for fifteen hundred dollars, and might eventually adorn a lady at a final expenditure of a thousand more.

David Cuff fondled the great skin, and Jonathan patted it, and Mary stroked it, and the stranger stared at it, brooding. And when the beginnings of its romantic history had been disclosed—since a romantic life it must live thereafter, like a great jewel, moving swiftly from that bleak, impoverished coast to the shoulders of a lady in circles both rich and noble—when the location of the trap had been described, and Trapper Tom's surprise and joy, and the astonishment of the little Cuffs, it was time to turn in.

They Stumbled Across the Wind for a Hundred Yards, the Ice Heaving and Swaying Underfoot

David restored the skin to the locker and dropped the lid with satisfaction.

"'Tis safe there," said he.

"'Tis safe anywhere," said the stranger. "There's nobody would be mean enough to steal it from you."

David laughed.

"Mean enough or not," he replied, "there's nobody near enough t' steal it. You is the first traveler, sir, t' pass this way the whole winter long. I isn't afeared of a thief, sir, where no thieves is. I'm afeared o' the dogs. They'll eat anything. My father left the skin in my charge, sir, an' 'tis worth such a wonderful fortune o' money that there's times when I'm timid."

"My charge, too," Jonathan put in, in the way of a little boy.

David clapped his brother on the back.

"Ay," said he, grinning; "'tis in your charge too. You is second in command, ye saucy little nipper! You'd die for that bit o' fur. Wouldn't you? Eh?"

"I'd come t' grips with any dog in the pack," Jonathan boasted.

"I 'low you'd simply throttle a big dog with them wee hands o' yours!"

Jonathan bared his teeth.

"I'd kill un, somehow," said he quietly; "an' you may lay t' that, m' lad!"

The stranger said:

"Expecting your pa back soon?"

"About a fortnight."

"That's a long time."

David nodded.

"Ay; you'll be far t' the south by that time."

"I will that," the stranger declared, "if there's speed in dog flesh under the lash!"

It being late by that time, and the stranger taking the trail so early in the morning, they turned in, though the little Cuffs were loath to give the man up to his rest; and presently they were all asleep—the little Cuffs in their blankets in the cockloft, and the stranger rolled up in a wolfskin on the floor, with the firelight lying red on his worn, uneasy face.

It blew high all that night from the southeast. The gale came rushing up Smokestack Arm, confined by the hills; and the ice, yielding to the wind and seas from the open, was broken to fragments, with the sea stirring in long swells beneath—so that no dogs could draw a komatik across its heaving surface from Peep Cove to Bald Head; and the way to Walk Harbor was surely by the 'longshore trail, over the hills.

When the first light of dawn being then abroad, the little Cuffs tumbled down the cockloft ladder, David to right the fire and Mary in agitated haste to make the stranger's breakfast, the frosty room was empty and still. There was no sign of the stranger except the tumbled wolfskin in the middle of the floor.

David lit the lamp and the three little Cuffs, gone blank with disappointment, stared at the wolfskin and at the empty room.

"He've gone!"

"An' without a bite o' breakfast!"

"'Tis a shockin' pity!"

"Ah, well, we had company overnight," said Mary, "an' we've that much t' remember an' be thankful for."

"'Twill be something t' talk about, anyhow."

"Ay."

Gone was the stranger. Gone were his dogs and his komatik. Gone, too, was the skin of the silver fox.

It was a brutal theft. It was sordid, too, in the ease and security of it. There was no telegraph on the coast. There was no police. Walk Harbor was far to the south, Pepper Tickle far to the north; and there was no grown man between—no power of any sort to which the ravished little Cuffs could appeal. When Jonathan discovered the drear, astounding loss of the fur it was noon. The stranger had by that time won away from pursuit, far off on the 'longshore trail to Walk Harbor, which he had taken, as the broken snow indicated.

David Cuff confronted a crossing of Smokestack Arm as the only means whereby the man could be overtaken. The 'longshore trail rounded the Arm and led over the crest of Bald Head; and Bald Head lay directly across the swelling ice of the Arm from Peep Cove—the bare, white dome of it being visible against a gray sky from a window of the tilt. The stranger could be intercepted where the trail emerged from Ragged Wood and ran down the south flank of Bald Head to the low shores of the sea. He must take that path; there was no other—it was elsewhere a vast inimical wilderness, without refuge; and he could there be caught and commanded by a cunning lad with the law in his own hands.

"Will you kill un, Davy?" said Jonathan.

"I will if I haves to."

"Ah, kill the man, b'y!"

"I'll have that fur. I'll kill the man fast enough if need be t' get it. Not else."

"Ah, he's a wicked ——"

"'Tis not my business t' punish the wicked."

"Wrest it from the poor man," Mary Cuff advised. "There's no gain t' come from his death."

"Wrest it from a big man like he!" Jonathan scoffed.

Mary said, troubled:

"His need must be wonderful great t' move un to a theft t' meet it."

"I cares not for his need."

"I'm sure he's desperate. He'd not have stolen, else. I'd not kill un if I could help it."

"Let un be dead or alive," David declared; "I cares not which. He'll yield me the fur that he stole. An' that's the end o' my quest an' my trouble."

Within the hour the long sealing gun was packed with powder and charged with such scraps of metal as the eager Jonathan could lay hands on and discreetly cram into the wide muzzle. The komatik sled was loaded with an ample provision for five days of the wintry open—rations and robes and sleeping bags, and dog food and billets of wood—and the dogs were in the traces; and David and Jonathan were ready for the passage of Smokestack Arm from the shelter of Peep Cove to the cliffs and broken shore of Bald Head.

"There's one good thing about that big gun," said Jonathan; "an' I likes her for it too."

"What's that?"

"She holds a lot."

"Is it a heavy charge, Jonathan? I hopes you haven't crammed her full. She's too old."

"She's crammed with all that she'll safely contain."

"What you load her with?"

"At a range o' twenty fathom," Jonathan replied, "what I put in her would sweep the country. She'd take in an' kill twenty men at that distance. There'd be no escape for a single one of un."

"What is it, mostly?"

"Well, mostly," said Jonathan grimly, "'tis chunks o' some lead jiggers an' a lot o' tenpenny nails. You isn't very much of a shot, Davy," he added, "an' I was 'lowin' t' give you a fair chance t' fetch the man down. With that charge, b'y, you can't miss un. 'Tis impossible."

When David and Jonathan were well out on the ice Mary turned to those housewifely duties with which she was used to finding distraction in the emergencies that took the menfolk from home into a peril or labor no woman could share. She swept, she dusted, she polished; and by and by, when the tilt was as spick-and-span as the cabin of a gentleman's yacht, the end of the afternoon drawing near, she sat by the frosted window to sew on a sealhide jacket for Jonathan.

In this employment she was interrupted by the arrival of two men from the Post at Pepper Tickle, whom she knew. They were in harsh, vigorous haste. It was but a pause. They were not to remain. And they inquired swiftly, eagerly, concerning the gloomy man who had lodged there. Was he gone? When had he started? Had he crossed the Arm or gone by the 'longshore trail?

To these men, then, Mary told the story of the loss of the foxskin. And the one was for plunging on until night should catch them on the trail; but the other was for a cup of tea and a snack of grub at least.

"There's a big snow comin'," said he. "The man's in our hands."

"He'll give us the slip if we dally."

"We'll not dally long."

"Have your own way. Could you give us a cup o' tea, Mary?"

"I could that—an' glad of it."

They halted.

At intervals through the winter Smokestack Arm was broken up by the gales. In quiet weather it was solid and still, its white miles, under the gray sky, rough with a confusion of great fragments, the pans folded and tipped, the whole frozen in a contorted attitude. When the wind blew high from the southeast the sea encroached again. Swelling under the edge of the ice, lifting the frontiers, breaking great sheets from the field, and crunching these sheets into lesser pans, it crept up the Arm, eating its way in gigantic bites, until the width and length of the Arm, from Peep Cove to Bald Head and far inland, was a squealing, tossing expanse, the fragments rising and falling as the big seas swelled beneath.

And this was the condition of the Arm, the wind having blown a gale from the southeast for a day and a night, when David and Jonathan, with Mary watching from the shore, whipped the wise, reluctant dogs from the rocks of the coast to the first heaving pans of the floe and made off toward the crest of Bald Head. In the opinion of the dogs the Arm was impassable. They howled and barked in complaint. It was the lash that drove them on.

At first the way was comparatively secure and the labor of it was light. The pans were wide. They lay inshore. The sea stirred softly, exhausted, beneath them. But as the komatik struggled toward the middle of the Arm, drawing nearer the open water, on the diagonal to Bald Head, the motion of the ice increased, the width of the pans lessening all the while, and the peril and difficulty grew

swiftly greater. Midway of the passage—the southeast gone blue-black with a threat of snow, and dusk then approaching—dogs and komatik, the boys scrambling behind, crawled over a long, slow, sluggish swell, precisely as though they traveled the surface of a heaving sea.

Some of the greater pans lay almost still, like long ships, and the course was sped with shouts and with cracks of the whip; but the tossing of the little pans was violent and steep, so that there were times when the komatik threatened to slide back, and the dogs strained to hold it, as upon an incline. Their feet slipped. David and Jonathan must lend aid with their shoulders until the subsidence of the wave canted the pan and sent them tumbling forward. Night caught David and Jonathan on the ice. Bald Head merged with the color of the dusk and vanished. There were no landmarks. It fell black dark. The wind rose. It was charged with fine, dry snow, like stifling clouds of dust. They halted on a commodious pan, loosed the dogs from the traces, made a fire in the niggardly lee of the komatik, and went into camp, being then three miles from the cliffs of Bald Head.

By that time the ice was in fragments clear to the farthest shores of the Arm. The pans were in close, grinding contact, herded in the Arm like sheep in a pen. In the lift and fall of the seas their edges rubbed and crunched. Occasionally a pan broke under pressure, with a clap like an explosion. Sometimes a pan, as though unable to endure the crush, lifted itself from the press, upended and dripping; and sometimes areas of the floe folded and collapsed—one pan slipping over another.

Thus Smokestack Arm was writhing and screaming. Through this motion and commotion, however, David and Jonathan slept soundly in their bags, the ten dogs of the team snuggled close. When they crawled out of their bags in the morning there was a blizzard abroad.

"Where is we, Davy?" said Jonathan.

"I don't know, b'y. We'll have a sip o' tea an' a bite, anyhow. An' then we'll look about us an' plunge on."

"You reckon the wind has changed?"

"I don't know."

"I reckon it has."

"Oh, I reckon not, Jonathan. The ice is still wonderful tight. The same ol' wind is holdin' it."

"Maybe not."

"I reckon so. An' if the wind is blowin' from the same quarter we'll find our way ashore easy enough."

"She may not be blowin' from the same quarter."

"We'll go right ahead, anyhow, jus' as if we knowed for sure that she was. There isn't nothin' else t' do."

"We got t' get ashore, Davy."

"We'll get ashore."

"We got t' get ashore quick!"

"Time enough."

"If the wind has changed, an' this here whole pack is movin' out t' sea, we'll have small chance —"

"We've chance enough."

"Not at sea."

"Oh, well, we isn't goin' t' sea," David drawled. "We is perfectly safe, so far as that goes."

Jonathan was indignant.

"I'm not troubled about bein' safe," said he. "I'm not worried in the least about that."

"No?"

"I'm jus' thinkin' about gettin' ashore in a hurry an' killin' that man!"

"We'll kill un," David replied confidently.

The snow was too thick, the day too broad, for any determination of direction. In the thick wind the light was drab and diffused. East was the same as west. The whirling murk of the gale inclosed David and Jonathan in a narrow circle, beyond which nothing was visible. Bald Head was deeply lost. The only indication of its whereabouts lay in its relation to the direction of the wind. If the wind had not changed it could be located and might be achieved; if the wind had changed so much as a point in the night a course derived from its direction would lead far wide of the mark.

Having breakfasted, however, and fed the dogs full for their labor, David and Jonathan put the shivering, frightened team in the traces, and whipped it off the big pan upon which the night had been spent, choosing a direction across the wind. But the dogs were obstinate; they objected to the labor; they declined the direction—they whimpered and sulked and lay down; and they resisted the urge of the whip with persistent determination, and yelped for what seemed to be the mercy of rest. David maintained the direction, however, and lashed the team to its work.

It was a reasonable mutiny. The dogs were not in a fury. They were aware of the predicament and contrary-minded in relation to David's choice of the way of egress. Presently Curly, the gray leader, lay flat on his belly, his nose between his paws. When he heard the whip crack he turned on his back, paws in the air, beseeching, protesting; and when the whip cracked again he leaped up and tugged to the right, but was whipped again to the course. Big Junk, the bully, refused duty. It was his part to keep the team at work—to snap at the heels of the lazy and overawe the quarrelsome; but this he would not do—he slunk with the rest, careless, downcast, ill-tempered.

By and by, however, the dogs yielded to David's will. They perceived and accepted the direction he had definitely taken. It was no time for contention, for waste of effort, for divided counsel. They settled sullenly to the labor, as though, overcome by David's mastery, they had divested themselves of responsibility and would serve with all the strength they had, come what might of the error they suspected. After that there was steady progress.

There was an hour of it; two—three—four. It was past noon. The wind had not fallen; nor had the snow thinned. So thick and blinding was the gale that Curly, in the leading trace, thirty feet in advance, was invisible. David and Jonathan struggled into the smothering violence of the wind as through a medium that was palpable and must be breasted and broken apart like thick underbrush. From time to time they halted to rest and draw breath. They stood with their backs to the wind, leaning against it as against an invisible wall; and they shielded lips and nostrils with their hands, as though to strain the air of its stifling dry dust of snow and burning frost.

And all this while the ice was heaving and swaying underfoot—the komatik tending to slip back and suddenly to plunge forward as the incline of the pans changed in the running swells; and the advance was in spurts and laborious pauses—downhill dashes from one pan over a crunching break to the rising slant of the next, with the long gaps and black water holes of the floe to beware of and circumvent.

Presently the dogs stopped. They were sullen and obdurate. Curly was down. Junk was down. The rest of the pack, taking the cue from the leader and the bully always, hugged the ice and would not budge. To halt, bewildered and hopeless, deterred by fear and confusion from the attempt to advance, was to be cast away. David beat and cajoled Curly to his feet and led him forward. Jonathan followed the komatik blindly, keeping a hand on it lest he be left behind and lost; and when the komatik hesitated on the slant of a pan he put his shoulders to it, the dogs meantime scratching the ice in a straining effort to hold the position.

In this way they stumbled across the wind for a hundred yards. It was as though an earthquake disturbed the surface they traversed. Catastrophe was all the while imminent—a last, complete catastrophe, involving them in sudden wreck and death in the manner of the earthquakes of fable, with their speed and vast overwhelming power, as when the earth opens and swallows the inhabitants of a city.

David and Jonathan not only had the motion of the pans to impede and threaten them—nor did the wind and snow and frost chiefly alarm them, the suffering of a sweeping weather at thirty degrees below zero; they were used and inured to wind and frost and they were hardened to labor, which accompanied the miles of every midwinter journey; accustomed, too, to the peculiar dangers and difficulties of traveling the ice—but they confronted two extraordinary contingencies of peril, due to the pressure of the gale on the confined floe, against which they would have no warning and could have no defense: The one was that a pan, yielding to this pressure, would lift itself up and drop them into the sea, with the floe closing overhead; and the other was that the floe, in case of the same pressure, would fold or "rafter"—the pans slip one over the other, as the earth sometimes folds in a quake, and heap themselves up in a mortal confusion.

This was happening, in greater or less degree, in the depths of the gale roundabout—areas folding and pans rearing out of the press. At intervals a clap and rumble and rasping indicated it.

David halted the dogs and stumbled back to Jonathan. He put a hand on the little boy's shoulder. They turned their backs to the wind.

"I don't know where we is!" David shouted.

"Me neither!"

"What you think about it?"

"Bald Head's somewheres round here."

"We're comin' near t' the edge o' the ice. Bigger swells here. The floe's looser."

Jonathan nodded.

"I reckon we've bore too far t' seaward," David shouted. "We've shot past Bald Head. She lies behind."

"Can't stay here."

"No."

Through all the labor of the day, its hardship and alarm, Jonathan's sturdy purpose had been engaged with the object of the passage. "If we don't get ashore afore long," he roared, "we'll lose that man for good an' all!"

"He's not abroad in this gale."

"That he is! He've fear t' prick un on."

"Ay—maybe he'll move."

"He will, Davy."

"He'll do naught but flounder a mile or two."

"We've got t' catch un. We can't bide here in idleness."

"We're past Bald Head an' bound out t' sea," said David. "We'd best turn back an' feel for the coast."

Jonathan pondered.

"Leave it t' the dogs," he replied. "If there's land hereabout they'll know it. Bid Curly go on. There's nothin' else t' do."

"I was thinkin' so," said David.

Curly was the most alert and intelligent dog of the pack. For that reason he was in the longest trace—the

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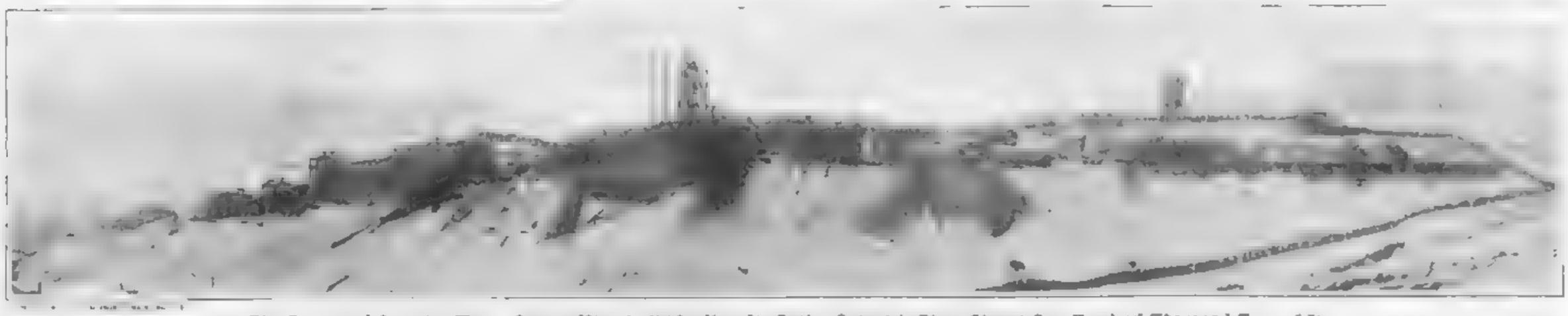
"If You Jo Much as Makes a Move for the Rifle I'll Kill You Where You Stands"

The Hallelujah Chorus of Metals



The Butte and Superior Was a Copper Mine in 1908. Now Its Entire Output is Zinc, Almost One Hundred Thousand Tons of It

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

THE value of the metals—iron not included—produced in the United States this year will reach the tremendous total of seven hundred million dollars.

That is the way a serious discussion of the war's effect on the American mining industry should begin. The statement condenses the salient facts of the country's unprecedented mining boom into the smallest possible number of words. It epitomizes the essence of the boom. It is an enlightening statement, as instructive and entertaining as the assertion that Russia produced two hundred and twenty million poods of crude oil averaging twenty-four degrees Baumé in 1915.

Seven hundred million dollars is a splendid, mouth-and-pocket-filling sum. It warms the heart of the Geological Survey's industrious statistician and looks wonderfully impressive in italics; but it does not interpret the condition of the American mining industry in humanly understandable terms nearly so well as the episode of the jackass of Jake Goetz in its bearing upon the cost of brass shrapnel casings.

The likeness of the long-eared quadruped, done by hand in genuine oils, may be seen in the buffet of the hotel Jake Goetz built in Spokane. The painting occupies the place of honor right behind that point in space where the head bartender used to officiate before the prohibition wave swept him away. The artist has depicted the donkey on a hillside of the Cœur d'Alenes, patiently waiting for the impact of the rock in Jake's fist. It was never hurled. That rock made the Cœur d'Alene district famous, the jackass immortal, and Jake Goetz opulent. It was the first piece of ore, rich in lead and silver, from the lode known as the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, the lode which Jake sold and which since then has produced sixteen million dollars in dividends.

In this manner did the Cœur d'Alene district of Idaho become the Far West's greatest producer of lead. The lead ore of the Cœur d'Alenes transformed August Paulsen, a blond immigrant from Denmark, from the impecunious pilot of a milk wagon into a millionaire and owner of a Spokane skyscraper. Lead made railroad engineers, teachers, dairymen and plain miners rich beyond their boldest dreams. And year after year men went forth from Spokane into the cañons of the Bitter Root Range to drill holes into the mountains, hoping to find lead ore at the end.

Up in Nine-Mile Cañon, above Wallace, holes some years ago were especially plentiful, long, deep and expensive. On the Interstate and the Callahan groups of claims two companies, financed largely by venturesome Duluth people, were digging and drilling. They struck ore. When they had the samples assayed their faces fell. It was not lead-silver ore. It contained principally zinc; and zinc was a nuisance. The demand for brass shrapnel cases four years ago was deplorably slack.

The Cinderella of the Mines

UNTIL very recently zinc was an unwelcome by-product of the Far Western lead, copper and silver mines. It was hard to separate from the other metals; the copper and lead smelters penalized ore containing zinc; the nearest smelters handling zinc exclusively were in Kansas, freight was high, and the prevailing St. Louis price, round five cents a pound, did not leave a margin of profit when freight, smelting, refining and selling charges were deducted. So the management of the zinc mine in Nine-Mile Cañon had to report to the stockholders that the operations of the year ending June 30, 1914—mark the date—had produced a net loss of ninety-nine thousand dollars.

Those Serajevo shots did not interest the shareholders. The Austrian muckers discussed the murders excitedly; their employers yearned for an increased duty on zinc. The metal was below five cents a pound and going down. They wished they had struck lead. They groaned when the Germans marched on Liège and zinc dropped some more. This was the last straw. Industry the world over was disorganized by the war, the metal market shot to pieces, prices on the toboggan. Mines and smelters shut down, men were laid off by thousands, mining engineers looked up Doctor Tanner's long-distance fasting records, prospectors abandoned the grubstake trail and applied for work that was not to be had. Picking out a soft spot on the dump pile, the mining industry sat down in mute resignation to watch the lurid play of lightning over Europe. So preoccupied was it with its gloomy forebodings that it paid no attention to the sudden and startling increase in the exports of American zinc and lead, exports that began the moment the first howitzer was fired.

In the first half of 1914 the United States exported eight hundred and thirty tons of zinc; in the second half exports rose to the unheard-of total of sixty-four thousand tons. But the zinc price, after a short-lived flurry, did not respond noticeably. The sharp Yankee trader was caught napping. He missed the chance to make John Bull pay through the nose for those sixty-four thousand tons of zinc the Britishers sneaked across the Atlantic at panic prices.

When the Germans swarmed across Belgium the British metal industry wrung its hands. Its supply of zinc was cut off as with a knife. In Australia, in Burma, in a dozen other places, an abundance of zinc ore was to be had, but there were no British smelters to extract the metal out of the ore. They were all in Germany and Belgium. Prior to the war German firms bought practically the entire output of Australian and European zinc concentrates, shipped them to Antwerp in German bottoms and reduced them in German smelters.

To make matters worse, the bulk of the Australian zinc-ore output was sold to the Germans under long-term contracts. The war suspended but did not annul these contracts. According to international law they would be in full force again as soon as peace returned. Australian zinc ores would once more go to German smelters and any new war smelters erected on British soil, deprived of raw material, would have to shut down. Hence, the only sizable source of zinc for the Allies was America. And they had to have zinc—at any cost—to keep the brass foundries, the ammunition plants and the war going.

In January, 1915, the American producer began to realize the enormity of the crime of selling zinc at five cents when the other fellow just had to have it and could not buy it anywhere else. So the zinc operators proceeded to make the Allies shell out.

When California ceases to talk about the days of forty-nine, when the Leiter wheat corner is forgotten in Chicago, and Mexican bonds sell above par, then and not before will Joplin, Leadville, Wallace and the other zinc districts quit harking back to the wondrous zinc boom of 1915. It was unprecedented, unparalleled, incredible, impossible—yet it happened. Zinc—the Cinderella among Western metals, the commodity that had never in the history of American mining brought more than seven cents and a half a pound, whose producers had always clamored for a stiff protective duty to keep them going—zinc in six months went through the ceiling, through the floor above, lifted off the roof and reached twenty-seven cents a pound in June, thanks to the needs of the ammunition manufacturers at home and abroad.

Melons That Were Cut With Zinc

THEY worked the mines until the hoist cables shrieked; they sank new shafts, blasted new stopes, built new mills and new smelters, reopened old mines, searched the dumps and tailings for zinc ore discarded in the days of peace and poverty. From 343,418 tons in 1914, the country's record production, the zinc output rose to 458,135 tons in 1915. And the value of the output soared from $36,000,000 to $121,000,000. Zinc producers contracted writer's cramp indorsing checks. Cutting melons with a zinc knife became a habit.

A single New Jersey zinc company paid out $11,500,000 in dividends the first five months in 1916, and a million of these profits went to a single stockholder totally unknown to the Sunday supplement. In Missouri, Wisconsin, Oklahoma and Kansas the blood temperature of the zinc districts remained constant at 105. Every Far Western state shared in the windfall. California, for instance, in 1914 found zinc ores so unprofitable that only four hundred thousand pounds of the metal were produced. In 1915 the Golden State produced thirteen million pounds of zinc. The Duluth stockholders of the Idaho zinc mine which lost ninety-nine thousand dollars in the year preceding the war have received almost four million dollars—twice their total investment—in dividends since the beginning of 1915; and the surplus has assumed such rotund proportions that they had to hire lawyers to reduce its size by litigation.

The Butte and Superior was an old and respected copper mine in 1908, in which year Montana produced exactly eight hundred and twenty tons of zinc. But the owners of the Butte and Superior were uneasy. The copper ore was beginning to show an increasing percentage of zinc, and zinc was an unprofitable nuisance. They were afraid that the copper ore might pinch out and the mine turn into a zinc producer. With this fear gnawing at their hearts, they welcomed the chance to sell control of the property cheap.

Their worst fears were realized. This year the Butte and Superior is producing no copper at all. Its entire output is zinc, almost one hundred thousand tons of it, only five thousand tons less than the total amount of zinc smelted from all Missouri

Up in Nine-Mile Cañon, Above Wallace, in the Cœur d'Alene District, Holes Were Especially Plentiful, Long, Deep and Expensive

ores in 1914, and Missouri leads the zinc-producing states. Montana is now in second place, thanks to the output of a mine which earned four hundred and sixty per cent on its capital stock in 1915.

At this writing, in July, zinc is selling for ten cents a pound, double the average of the past forty years, and production is still increasing. Prosperity is still dancing to the rhythmic rumble and clatter of the zinc mills, yet the wise producers are putting their houses in order. They know that zinc ores are fairly common on all continents, and that after the war American zinc will once more be restricted to the American market. Though prophecy is risky and unprofitable to the prophet, yet there are soothsayers who see a long period of bilious headaches awaiting the world's zinc industry. They point out that by the end of this year the United States will have doubled its zinc-smelting capacity, and that this capacity will be sufficient to supply the normal domestic demand three times over.

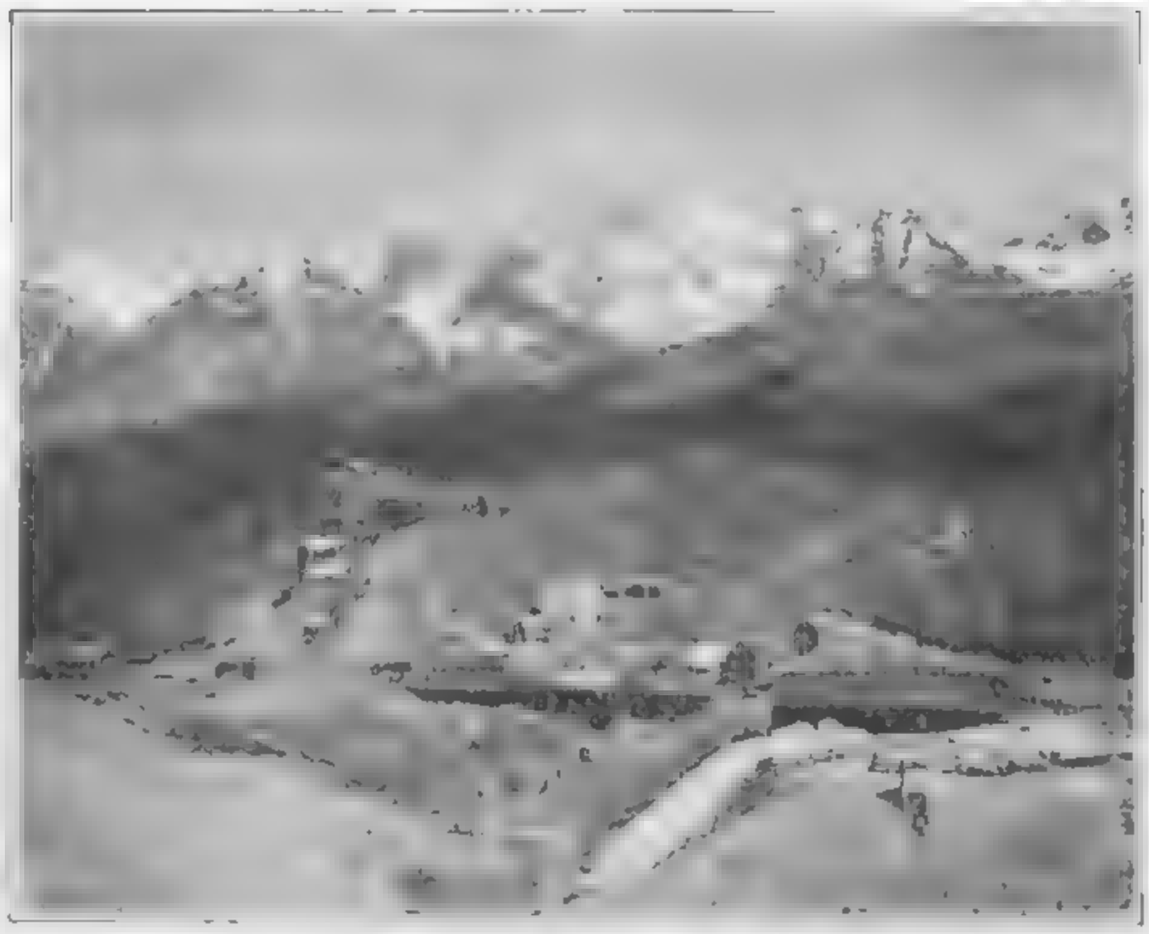
They also point out that Great Britain, receding from its position taken at the beginning of the war, has by special legislation annulled the contracts that would have compelled Australian producers to resume delivery of their zinc concentrates to the German purchasers as soon as the war was over.

As a result of this action, English capital is providing additional zinc smelters both in Wales and in Australia, while Canada is endeavoring to stimulate its budding zinc-smelting industry by tariff and bounty subventions. Thus the capacity of the world's zinc smelters is growing steadily, with no corresponding increase of consumption in sight. Perhaps the German and Belgian plants will never regain their former business, but it is scarcely to be expected that no attempt will be made to storm the lost positions. Right now the moment is opportune to put some of these zinc millions on the shelf against the coming of the rainy day.

Lead is the boon but not the boom companion of zinc. They are closely associated in the ore stage and the same districts supply both metals. Among the nations of the world the United States takes the lead in the production of both. In zinc as in lead Missouri leads the procession of the states, with Idaho a close second, followed by Utah and Colorado. For thirty years lead has been the slow, heavy, steady-going draft horse among American metals, plodding along faithfully when all the others were cutting speculative capers. From 1875 to the outbreak of the war the New York price averaged four cents and a half a pound, never rising above six or dropping below three cents a pound. And this staid, heavy-footed respectability continued to characterize lead during the war.

The Jackass That Found a Fortune

LIKE zinc, lead began to flow to Europe in an abnormally large volume as soon as the bullets started to fly, stimulating production to such an extent that the 1914 output overtopped the preceding year's record by practically a hundred thousand tons. The remarkable exports notwithstanding, the price stayed in the gloom cellar, below four cents a pound, or eighty dollars a ton, until Kitchener's prediction of a three-year war was verified by the course of events in the spring of 1915. Thereafter the lead price began its ponderous climb to the record-breaking height of nearly eight cents a pound, one hundred and fifty-six dollars a ton, attained in April of this year. In all probability the lead production of 1916 will exceed five hundred and fifty thousand tons and, at an average value of six cents a pound, or one hundred and twenty dollars a ton, the year will put an extra war bonus of from fifteen to twenty million dollars into the pockets of the producers.



Since the War Broke Out Alaska's Copper Production Has Risen to More Than Seventy Million Pounds a Year

Meantime August Paulsen, the erstwhile pilot of a milk wagon, is making both ends meet on an annual income of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all made out of lead; the miners of the Cœur d'Alenes in Idaho are salting away a war bonus of a dollar a day and working in three shifts; the mine discovered by the left forefoot of the jackass of Jake Goetz is earning at the rate of three million dollars a year; and Missouri, having on its hands both a record price and a record production of lead, heartily indorses the Mexican peon's inalienable right to uplift himself without American interference, so long as the uplift efforts continue to prevent the peon from digging lead.

Before proceeding to the consideration of D. C. Jackling and that most resplendent of all war brides, copper, let us turn back for a short moment to the prehistoric period when the nation was content to let Mark Hanna run its affairs; when the commission form of government had not yet been invented and conservation was still spelled with a small c.

In 1899 Tom Lawson and H. H. Rogers were engaged in the pleasant pastime of shaking down New England. They had organized the Amalgamated Copper Company and wished to sell its shares at high prices. By a happy coincidence somebody that year was holding back immense quantities of new copper, creating an artificial shortage that drove the price of the red metal from eleven cents to twenty cents a pound. Naturally copper shares soared, Amalgamated shares soaring with them. The flotation was a grand success—for the promoters. Of course, when the metal price dropped, Amalgamated and the New England investors likewise took a tumble.

When the copper game was still going full blast Sam Newhouse came to New York with a copper mine under his arm. It was the Highland Boy, located in Bingham Gulch, Utah. Rogers bought the Highland Boy for five million dollars, added a few minor properties and sold it to the public as the Utah Consolidated Copper Company. The transaction was profitable. Rogers asked for more. Newhouse offered the old Stewart Mine, also a copper producer in Bingham Gulch. Rogers was willing to buy, but unfortunately the surface area of the Stewart was small—too small to make an impressive showing on the map that was to accompany the prospectus. So Newhouse wired to Bingham to get more land.

With a broad grin the surveyor ran his lines round the top of a mountain back of the mine. On the map, of course, the three hundred acres of mountain top would look flat. It was public land. Nobody had considered it worth taking up. Newhouse filed on the area and, when the patent was issued, deeded the ground to the new company promoted by Rogers, the Boston Consolidated, for one dollar. Newhouse did not know then that he was selling a billion pounds of copper for one hundred cents.

Another man caught the glint of the red metal, though. Even while Newhouse was giving away the top of the mountain the other man was working far below, looking up, hoping. This man was D. C. Jackling, a self-made mining engineer and metallurgist, with a copper theory and an iron will. Orphaned early in life, he had worked his way through college, and acquired wide practical experience and the aforementioned theory. It was his idea that the vast deposits of porphyry, sprinkled with grains and veinlets of copper ore, could be worked at a profit; that the very small metal content of the lean rock could be made to pay expenses plus dividends if the operations were on a sufficiently large scale.

A Copper Expert With an Iron Will

THE old-style miners, the men familiar with the high-grade, well-defined lodes, veins and lenses of copper ore in Butte and Jerome, in Bisbee and Globe, had no faith in the masses of "country rock" containing little better than one and a half per cent of copper. They laughed at Colonel E. A. Wall and his porphyry claims on the side of Bingham Gulch, below the mountain top that sold for a dollar. And their mirth seemed justified. The General Electric, while hunting for a copper mine, drilled into the porphyry, assayed the samples, sniffed and went on to California. J. R. De Lamar, the big copper refiner, took an option on the porphyry ground, sent out drillers and assayers, spent thousands of dollars, and quit; but the man he hired to direct the drilling and assaying—D. C. Jackling—thought otherwise. When he went back to Colorado he carried with him tons of samples for more detailed investigation. With C. M. MacNeill, he conducted a series of metallurgic and milling tests which convinced them that they stood before the door of the biggest copper treasure since the opening of the Butte veins. The only thing they needed to lift the treasure was capital—say, two or three million dollars.

Jackling was an unknown quantity twelve years ago. The woods were full of mining engineers with plausible theories.

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PHOTO. BY EMPLEMAN, SALT LAKE CITY

The Mountain of Lean Porphyry That Jackling Turned Into a Mine Has Become the Largest Copper Producer in the World

POLIOMYELITIS

By One of Its Victims

BY POLIOMYELITIS one means, of course, infantile paralysis. The writer is not a physician; he is just a writer who possesses a smattering of science—especially medical science; but he has been a student of infantile paralysis ever since that disease was, to his knowledge, recognized and given a name by the medical profession. He has had an excellent reason, a personal reason, for making this study. He himself, more than fifty years ago, was stricken down with infantile paralysis; went down to the gates of death under its stroke, suffered and still suffers from its permanent effects upon the body, and writes this believing that at this time there are thousands of people in the United States, if not millions, who would like to read an article written about the disease by such a victim of it as the writer.

I do not remember when I had it. I came down with it in the summer, three or four months prior to my third birthday. This was more than fifty years ago. We lived on a farm in a very sparsely settled prairie country. Infantile paralysis is one of those diseases that are due, according to some of the best authorities, "to a specific infective agent of which the only demonstrated natural sources are infected human beings." In other words, the only way to catch poliomyelitis is from other people.

How did I get it? This is a mystery and it still remains in this disease the specific mystery of the ailment. If there had been another case like mine within ten miles of our prairie home we should in all probability have known it. Not only was there no such case but I was a grown man before I ever heard of another case, and then only through physicians.

When I had the disease I had very little opportunity to be brought into contact with other children or with adults outside our own family. Sometimes, I suppose, my mother carried me to town, where I was handled very much as other farmers' wives handled and still handle their babies—that is, either I was left in the care of a relative, and I suppose petted and fondled by other children, or I was taken to the stores and disposed of in whatever way babies are disposed of in country stores—a subject upon which I suddenly find myself profoundly ignorant. Anyhow, mine was the only case, so far as I ever learned, in that whole countryside, not only for that year but for many years, both before and after.

Sacrifices to a Modern Moloch

NOW, under such a state of facts, what becomes of the scientific claim that this disease is communicated in only one way—by "a specific infective agent of which the only demonstrated natural sources are infected human beings"? Please bear in mind that I am not endeavoring to disprove the theory of the scientists. I believe in the statement implicitly. I believe that I caught the disease from some person who had it. The fact, however, that it breaks out in this apparently isolated way, that it strikes down and kills or maims one child, or sometimes one adult, and then apparently ceases its ravages, as if content with one victim, is what may be called the Great Poliomyelitis Mystery.

The disease is a terribly fatal one. I believe that the percentage of deaths in the present epidemic in some localities runs as high as twenty-five per cent. Those who live are sometimes rather sorry they lived—and, by the way, one of my purposes in writing this is to cheer up those concerned with such cases—for infantile paralysis behaves like a child-eating tiger with a finical taste, which leads him to look over the whole community and select the juiciest child morsels when he feels like eating; and after he has bitten, mauled and more or less crippled four or five victims he finally eats one.

I believe it was John Bunyan who said, on seeing a criminal on his way to the scaffold: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan." Ever since I knew anything about infantile paralysis as a recognized disease, I have been on the watch for its victims; in city crowd, in country town, I have looked out for them. When I have seen a pair of feet attached to badly developed legs, or toes drawn up as if by perpetual cramp, the ankle joints stiff, one heel unable to touch the ground, one leg perhaps much shorter than the other, one shoulder down, the chest sunken on one side and one arm partly withered, I have said to myself: "But for the grace of God, there go I." The tiger certainly mauled me and to some extent maimed me. For many years after the disease passed from me I was a puny, weakly child about whom the neighbor women would say to my mother, very often considerately in my presence: "You certainly never will raise that child."

When I found out that the disease which attacked me had been recognized at last by the medical profession, that it had a name, and that a start at least had been made in studying it, I became greatly interested in several questions, which I think must be of interest now to a great many readers. Among these questions are the following:

What is the cause of the disease and how may it be prevented?

When a case appears, what are the probabilities of a fatal termination?

In case the patient survives, what are the probabilities as to his regaining his health?

Aside from impaired vitality, what physical malformations, if any, result from the disease, and to what extent do they affect the prospects in life of the person suffering from them?

Let us take up the last query first. I wanted to know whether I was suffering from some systemic taint that set me apart from the rest of society and made me a physical undesirable, or whether the physical impairment was only just as important as if I had been hurt by falling from a horse or had been run over by a wagon. I wanted to know—especially when a youth—whether or not I was fit to be married. I felt an interest in the question as to whether or not this disease would shorten my life or cause a premature breakdown of my bodily or mental faculties. In other words, I wanted to know the very things every parent wants to know with reference to a child who has made some sort of recovery from infantile paralysis, and that every partially recovered child will sometime want to know about himself.

I should not have written this article had it not been for the fact that, one day recently, I happened to meet two friends among whose connections are children who have had poliomyelitis and who are problems to their families. Each of them is a good deal such a problem to the family as I was at their respective ages. After I had told my story each of these men said: "This conversation of yours has comforted me enormously and it will comfort the families of these children. Everybody ought to know the story."

These physical impairments, as the result of poliomyelitis, vary from almost complete disability to very slight reduction in physical progress. In my case my life up to the age of twenty was rendered rather lonely, and very much less happy than it would otherwise have been. I began life, if I may trust reports, with exceptional physical equipment. I was one of those children known among farmer folk as "stirring" when charitably mentioned, and as "little devils" by those whose peace or property is disturbed by them. You know the sort—the little rascal who at the age of thirty months will be found in the top of a tree or the bottom of a well if permitted for a moment out of observation; who forages at the roadside and brings in handfuls of young turkeys carried by the neck—very dead—and an occasional toad or snake.

A Story With a Happy Ending

THIS physical promise seemed, at the time when memory begins, entirely blighted. I was pale and apparently anæmic. I was very much addicted to fits of weeping. The slightest disturbance of my bodily balance would cause me to tumble down. In walking my feet moved in a series of curves. No shoes could be found in the shops that would fit me. I was tall, slender and grew rapidly enough, and my appetite was quite the normal one for a country boy; but I could not run. As I grew older I was a pretty fair batter and fielded rather well in baseball if the batted ball came directly to me; but I covered so little ground that I earned my release very promptly from all our amateur teams. Once in a while I batted what should have been a home run; but the best I could do on it was to make first base. After reaching that, somebody always ran for me.

In our part of the country for a farm boy not to be able to turn off a large amount of work was disgraceful; and, though I could eat as much as anyone, I was not strong enough to do work in proportion to my size. I was, therefore, constantly humiliated by my lack of physical ability, my clumsiness, awkwardness—which still persists—and the fact that in the boy life of the school and the neighborhood I was distinctly out of it. I did not belong. No parents were ever more fond of any child than mine were of me, but I can see now that they considered me a rather discouraging prospect.

There are to-day in the United States many households in which victims of infantile paralysis are looked upon in the same way. To be sure, the number of people who now live under the rather primitive conditions that surrounded me is rather limited. Physical strength and skill make up a great part of the life of the pioneer boy. It may be that my bodily defects embittered my life to a greater extent than would be probable under average conditions now; but I doubt it. Many of the children who are now recovering from the infantile paralysis of the present widespread

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THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXI

THE return trip began promptly the following morning, and progressed uninterruptedly for two weeks. One by one they picked up the water holes found on the journey out.

A few minor details had to be adjusted to compensate for Kingozi's lack of eyes. The matter of meat supplies, for example.

"Good luck I gave some attention to your shooting, old sportsman," he remarked to Simba in English, then in Swahili. "Here are five cartridges. Go get me a kongoni."

"They Attack Us!" She Cried. "They Come in Thousands!"

Simba was no shot; but Kingozi knew he would stalk, with infinite patience and skill, fairly atop his quarry before letting off one of the precious cartridges.

In the matter of rhinoceros and similar dangers they simply took a chance. Kingozi marched at the end of a stick held by Simba. He gave his whole energies to getting over the day's difficulties of all sorts. His relations with the Leopard Woman swung back. Perhaps vaguely, in the back of his mind, he looked forward to the interpretation of that unpremeditated kiss; but just now a mixed feeling of responsibility and delicacy prevented his going forward from the point attained. During the march they walked apart most of the time. The weariness of forced travel abridged their evenings. Chaké walked guarded, and slept in chains.

Whenever the location of water holes permitted the safari made long jumps. The two messengers sent out with a scrawled letter to Doctor McCloud—whom they knew as Bwana Marefu—were, of course, far ahead. With any luck Kingozi hoped to meet the surgeon not far from the mountains where dwelt the *sultani* of the ivory stockade.

Thus the march went through a fortnight. The close of the fourteenth day found them camped near water in a donga. The dim blue of mountains had raised itself above the horizon ahead. This rejoiced the men. They were running low of *potio*, and they knew that from the *sultani*'s subjects in these mountains a further supply could be had. As a consequence an unwonted *kalele* was smiting the air. Each man chatted to his next-door neighbor at the top of his lungs, laughing loudly, squealing with delight. Kingozi sat enjoying it. He had been so long in Africa that this happy rumpus always pleased him. Suddenly it fell to silence. He cocked his ear, trying to understand the reason.

Across the open veldt two figures had been descried. They were coming toward the camp at a slow dogtrot; and as they approached it could be seen that save for a turban apiece they were stark naked, and save for a spear and a water gourd apiece they were without equipment. One held something straight upright before him, as medieval priests carried a cross. The turbans were formed from their blankets; mid-blade of each spear was wound a strip of red cloth. The object one carried was a letter held in the cleft of a stick.

By these tokens the safari men knew the strangers to be messengers.

The mail service of Central Africa is slow, but very certain. You give your letter to two reliable men and inform them that it is for Bwana So-and-So. Sooner or later Bwana So-and-So will get that letter. He is found by a process of elimination. In the bazaars the messengers find whether he has gone north, south, east or west. Some native is certain to have known some of his men. So your messengers start west. Their progress thence forward is a series of village visits. The gossip of the country directs them. Gradually, but with increasing certainty, their course defines itself, until at last—months later—they come trotting into camp.

These two jogged in, broadly agrin. Cazi Moto and Simba led them at once to Kingozi's chair.

"These men bring a *barua* for you, *bwana*," said Cazi Moto.

Kingozi took the split wand with the letter thrust crosswise in the cleft.

"Who sent them?" he asked.

"The Bwana M'Kubwa, *bwana*." *(Bwana M'Kubwa*, the great lord, is the chief officer of any district.)

"Have they no message?"

"They say no message, *bwana*."

"Take them and give them food; and see that they have a place in one of the tents."

"Yes, *bwana*."

"And send Bibi-ya-chui to me."

The Leopard Woman sent word that she was bathing but would come shortly. Kingozi sat fingering the letter, which he could not read. It was long and thick. He could feel the embossed frank of the government office. The situation was puzzling. It might contain secret orders, in which case it would be inadvisable to allow the Leopard Woman a sight of its contents. But Kingozi shook off this thought. At about the time he felt the cool shadow of the earth rise across his face as the sun slipped below the horizon he became aware also, by the faint perfume, that the Leopard Woman had come.

"I am in a fix," he said abruptly. "Runners have just come in with this letter. It is official and may be secret. I am morally certain you ought not to know its contents; but I don't see how I am to know them unless you do. Will you read it to me; and will you give me your word not to use its contents for your own or your government's purposes?"

She hesitated.

"I cannot promise that."

"Well," he amended after a moment, "you will stick to the terms of your other promise—that you will not attempt to leave my safari or send messages until we arrive."

"The fresh, even start," she supplied. "That promise is given."

He handed her the envelope.

A crackle of paper; then a long wait.

"I shall not read you this," she said finally in a strangled, suppressed voice.

"Why not?" he demanded sharply.

"It contains things I would not have you know."

He felt the paper thrust into his hands, reached for her wrists and pinioned them. For once his self-control had broken. His face was suffused with blood and dark with anger.

But his speech was cut short by an uproar from the camp. Cries, shrieks, shouts, yells and the sound of running to and fro steadily increased in volume. It was a riot.

In vain Kingozi called for Cazi Moto and Simba. Finally he grasped his *kiboko* and started in the direction of the disturbance. The Leopard Woman sprang to his side and guided him. He laid about him blindly with the *kiboko*, and in time succeeded in getting some semblance of order.

"Cazi Moto! Simba!" he shouted angrily.

"Bwana?" "Sah?" two panting voices answered.

"What is this?"

They both began to speak at once.

"You, Cazi Moto," commanded Kingozi.

"These men are liars," began Cazi Moto.

"What men?"

"These men who brought the *barua*. They tell lies, bad lies, and we beat them for it."

"Since when have you beaten liars? And since when have I ceased to deal punishment? And since when has it been permitted that such a *kalele* be raised in my camp?" pronounced Kingozi coldly. "For attending to such things you are my man; and Simba is my man; and Mali-ya-bwana is my man; and Jack is my man. Because you have done these things I fine you six rupees each one."

"Yes, *bwana*," said Cazi Moto submissively.

"These other men—what manner of 'lies' do they tell? Bring them here."

The messengers were produced and brought before Kingozi.

"What is it you tell that my men beat you for telling lies? They must be bad lies, for it is not the custom of men to beat men for telling lies."

"We tell no lies, *bwana*," said one of the messengers earnestly. "We tell the truth."

"What is it you tell?"

"We said what has happened: that across the Serengetti came white men from the country of Taveta, and that these white men were many, and had many *askaris* with them, and our white men from Nairobi met them, and fought so that those from Taveta were driven back and some were killed. And down the N'Gouramani River many of our white men with *Mahindi* [East Indians] fought with strange white men on a hill below Ol Sambu, but were driven off. And many *Mahindi* are coming into Mombasa, all with guns, and all the *askaris* are brought into Nairobi. And we told these safari men that the white men were making war on the white men, so they cried out at this and beat us."

Kingozi had listened attentively.

"Well, Cazi Moto?" he demanded.

"But this is a lie; a bad lie," said Cazi Moto, "to say that white men make war on white men!"

"Nevertheless, it is true," rejoined Kingozi quietly. "These other white men are the *Duyches* [Germans] and they make war."

He turned and walked back to his camp unassisted. He groped for his chair and sat down. His hand encountered the letter.

"You do not need to read this to me now," he told the Leopard Woman quietly. "I know what it tells." He thought a moment. "It is clear to me now. You knew this war was to be declared."

She did not reply.

"You knew about when this war was to be declared," he pursued his thought. "Yes, it fits."

Her silence continued.

"You should have killed me," he thought aloud. "That alone could have accomplished your mission properly. You might have known I would make you go back too. Or perhaps you thought you could command your own men in spite of me?"

"Perhaps," she said unexpectedly.

He raised his voice.

"Cazi Moto!"

The chastened headman came running.

"To-morrow," Kingozi told him, "the men go on half *potio*. There will be plenty of meat for all, but only half *potio*."

"Yes, *bwana*"

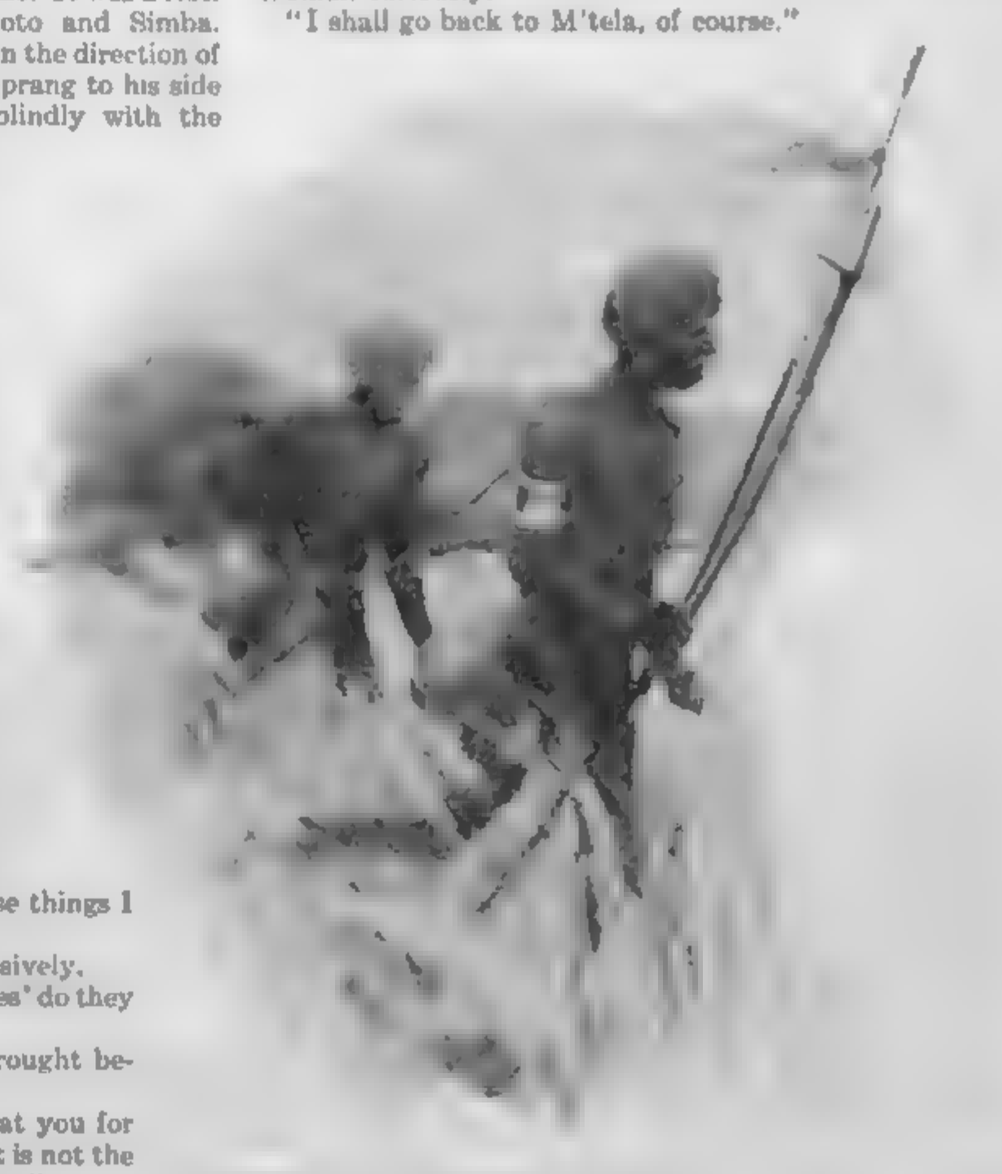
"And if any man grumbles, or if any man objects even one word to what I do or where I go bring him to me at once. Understand?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"*Basse*."

"What is it you intend to do now?" asked the Leopard Woman curiously.

"I shall go back to M'tela, of course."



The Object One Carried Was a Letter Held in the Cleft of a Stick

She gasped. "But you cannot do that! You have not considered, you have not thought."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"But it means blindness, blindness for always!"

"I know my duty."

"But to be blind, to be blind always! Never to see the sun, the wide veldt, the beasts and the birds! Never to read a book, to see a man's face, a woman's form; to sit always in darkness waiting! You cannot do that!"

He winced at her words, but did not reply. Her hands fluttered to his shoulders.

"Please do not do this foolishness," she pleaded softly; "it is not worth it! See, I have given my word! If you had thought I would go ahead of you to M'tela all that danger is past. A fresh start—you said it yourself. Do you think I would deceive you?"

She was hovering very close to him; he could feel her breath on his cheek. Firmly but gently he took her two wrists and thrust her away from him.

"Listen, my dear," he said gently; "this is a time for clear thinking. My country is at war with Germany, and my whole duty is to her. You are an Austrian."

"My country, too, is at war," she said unexpectedly.

"Ah, you knew that would happen too," he said after a startled pause. "I know only this—that if in times of peace it was important to my government that M'tela's friendship be gained it is ten times as important in time of war. I must go back and do my best."

"But why?" she interjected eagerly. "This savage tribe—it is in the remote hinterland; it knows nothing of the white man or the white man's quarrels. What difference can it make?"

"That is not my affair. For one thing, M'tela is on the border."

"But what difference of that? The border means nothing. The fate of their colonies will be fought in Europe, not here. What happens to this country depends on who wins there below."

"Can you state positively of your own knowledge that no invasion or movement of German troops is planned across M'tela's country? On your sacred word of honor?" propounded Kingozi suddenly.

"On my word of honor," she repeated slowly, "no such movement."

"Do you know what you are talking about?"

"I know every plan contemplated."

"It doesn't sound reasonable—an invasion from that quarter. What could they gain either on that side or on this?" Kingozi ruminated. A sudden thought struck him. "And that there is no reason whatever, from my point of view as a loyal British subject, against my going out at this time? On your word?"

"Oh!" she cried distressedly, "you ask such questions! How can I answer ——"

He stopped her with grave finality.

"That is sufficient. I go back."

She did not attempt to combat him.

"I have done my duty too," she said dully. "Mine is not the Viennese conscience. My parole—I must take that back. From to-morrow I take it back."

"I understand. I am sorry. To-morrow I place my guard."

"Oh, why cannot you have the sense?" she cried passionately. "I cannot bear it! That you must be blind! That I must kill you if I can, once more!"

Kingozi smiled quietly to himself at this confession.

"So you would even kill me?" he queried curiously.

"I must! If it is necessary, I must! I have sworn!"

"Don't you suppose I shall take precautions?"

"Oh, I hope so! I do hope so!" she cried.

Her distress was so genuine, her unconsciousness of the anomaly of her attitude so naïve, that Kingozi forebore even to smile.

"I must go on," he concluded simply.

XXII

THE return journey began. A remarkable tribute to Kingozi's influence, not only over his own men but over those of the new safari, might have been read from the fact that there was brought for correction not one grumble, either over the halving of the *potio* or the apparently endless countermarching. As far as the white members were concerned the journey was one of doggedness and gloom. Kingozi's strong will managed to keep to the foreground the details of his immediate duty; but to do so he had to sink all other considerations whatever. The same effort required to submerge all thought of the darkened years to come carried down also every recollection of the past. The Leopard Woman ceased to exist, not because she had lost importance, but because Kingozi's mind was focused on a single point.

And she? Perhaps she understood this; perhaps the tearing antagonism of her own purposes, duties and desires stunned or occupied her. Who knows? The outward result was the same as in the case of her companion. They walked apart, ate apart, lived each in his superb isolation, going forward like sleepwalkers to what the future might hold.

Thus they traveled for ten days. In mid march, then, Cazi Moto came to tell Kingozi that two more messengers had arrived.

"They are not people of our country," he added. "They are *shenzis* such as no man here ever saw before."

"What sort of *shenzis?*"

"Short, square men. Very black. Hair that is long and stands out like a little tree."

"What do they say?"

"*Bwana*, they speak a language that no man here understands. And this is strange—that they do not come from the direction of Nairobi."

"Perhaps they are men from M'tela."

"No, *bwana*, that cannot be, for they carry a *barua*. They came from a white man."

"That is strange, very strange," said Kingozi quickly. "I do not understand. Is there water near where we stand?"

"There is the water of the place we called *Campi-ya-Korungu* when we passed before."

"Make camp there."

"The sun is at four hours [ten o'clock], *bwana*."

"It makes no difference."

When camp had been pitched Kingozi caused the new messengers to be brought before him. A few moments' questioning elicited two facts—one, that there existed no medium of communication known to both parties; two, that the strangers were from some part of the Congo basin. The latter conclusion Kingozi gained from catching a few words of a language root known to him. He stretched his hand for the letter.

It was in a long linen envelope, unsealed and unembossed.

Not from the government. He unfolded the sheets of paper and ran his fingers over the pages. Written in pencil! He could feel the indentations where the writer had borne down. Some private individual writing him from camp on the Congo side. Who could it be? Kingozi's Central African acquaintance was wide; he knew most of the gentlemen adventurers roaming through that land of fascination. A good many were not averse to ivory poaching; and the happy hunting ground of ivory poaching was at that time the French Congo. It might be any of them. But how could they know of his whereabouts in this unknown country? And how could they know he was in this country at all? These last two points seemed to him important. Suddenly he threw his head back and laughed aloud.

"Self-centered egotist!" he addressed himself. "Cazi Moto, tell Bibi-ya-chui I wish to see her."

Cazi Moto departed to return immediately with the Leopard Woman who, at this early hour, was still in her marching clothes. If she felt any surprise at this early abandonment of the day's march she did not show it. Two *askaris*, intrusted with the task of guarding her, followed a few paces to the rear. She glanced curiously at the bushy savages.

"Here," said Kingozi, holding out the letter, "is a *barua* for you from your friend Winkleman in the Congo."

The shock of surprise held her speechless for a moment.

"Your blindness is well! You can see!" she cried then.

Kingozi raised his head sharply, for there was a lilt of relief and gladness in her voice.

"No," he answered, "just ordinary deduction. Am I right?"

He heard her slowly unfolding the paper.

"Yes, you are right," she said in sober tones after a moment. She uttered a happy exclamation, then another; then ran to his side and threw her arms round his neck in an impulsive hug. Kingozi remembered the waiting men, and motioned them away. She was talking rapidly, almost hysterically, as people talk when relieved of a pressure.

"Yes, it is from Winkleman. He has come in from the Congo side. When this letter was written he was only ten days' march from M'tela."

"How do you know that?" interjected Kingozi sharply.

"Native information, he says. Oh, I am so glad! So glad! So glad!"

"That was the plan from the start, was it," said Kingozi. "I don't know whether it was a good plan or that I have been thick. My head is in rather a whirl. It was Winkleman right along, was it?"

She laughed excitedly.

"Oh, such a game! Of course it was Winkleman. Did you think me one to be sent to savage kings?"

"It didn't seem credible," muttered Kingozi. "It is a humiliating question, but seems inevitable—were you actually sent out by your officials merely to delay me?"

"So that Winkleman might arrive first—surely."

"I see." Kingozi's accent was getting to be more formally polite. "But why you? Why did not your most efficient employers dispatch an ordinary assassin? I do not err in assuming that you all knew that this war was to be declared at this time?"

"That is true." Her voice still sang, her high spirits unsubdued by his veiled sarcasm.

"Then since it is war, why not have me shot and done with it? Why send a woman?"

"That was arranged, truly. A man of the Germans was following you. He was as a sportsman, for it would not do to rouse suspicion. Then he had an accident. I was in Nairobi. I heard of it. I did not know you, and this German did not know you. It seemed to us very simple. I was to follow until I came up with you. Then I was to delay you until I had word that Winkleman had crossed the *n'yika*."

"All very simple and easy," murmured Kingozi.

"It was not simple! It was not easy!" she cried in a sudden flash of resentment. "You are a strange man.

The Plains Were Literally Covered With Spearmen. The Horns and Drums Redoubled Their Din; a Mighty Shout Rent the Air

When you go toward a thing you see down a narrow lane. What is either side does not exist." Her voice gradually rose to vehemence. "I am a woman. I am weak and helpless. Do you assist me, comfort me, sustain me in the dreadful situation? No. You march on, leaving me to follow! I think to myself that you are a pig, a brute, that you have no chivalry, that you know not the word gentleman; and I hate you. Then I see that I am wrong. You have chivalry, you are a true gentleman; but before you is an object and you cannot turn your eyes away. And I think to myself that when this object is removed, is placed one side for a time, then you will come to yourself. Then will be my chance. For I study you. I look at your eyes and the fire in them, and the lips, and the wide, proud nostril; and I see that here is no cold fish creature, but a strong man. So I wait my time. And the moon rises, and the savage drums throb, throb like hearts of passion, and the bulbuls sing in the bush and I know I am beautiful, and I know men—and almost I think you look one side and that I win!"

"So all that was a game!" commented Kingozi.

"A game? But yes—then!"

"For the sake of winning your point—would you—would you——"

"For the sake of winning my point did I not command to kill you—you—my friend," she commented, her manner falling from vehemence to sadness. "If I could do that, what else would matter!" She paused; then went on in a subdued voice. "But even then your glance but wavered. You are a strong man; and you are a victim of your strength. When an idea grips hold of you, you know nothing but that. And so I saw the delaying of you was not so simple, so easy. It was not as a man to a woman, but as a man to a man. It was war. I did my best," she concluded wearily.

Kingozi was staring in her direction almost as though he could see.

"Why do you tell me all this?" he asked at length.

"I want you to know. And I am so glad!" The lilt had crept back into her voice.

"I congratulate you," he replied dryly.

"Stupid! Oh, stupid!" she cried. "Do you not see why I am glad? It is you! Now you shall not sit forever in the darkness. You shall go back to your doctor, who will arrange your eyes."

"Why?" asked Kingozi.

"Why!" she repeated, astonished. "But it is 'Why not!' Listen! Have you thought? Winkleman is now but a week's march from M'tela. And here where we stand it is perhaps twenty days', perhaps more. Winkleman would arrive nearly two weeks ahead of you. Tell me, how long would it take you to win M'tela's friendship so it would not be shaken?"

Kingozi's face lit with a grim smile.

"A week," he promised confidently.

"You see! And Herr Winkleman is equal to you; you said so yourself. Is not it so?"

"It's so, all right."

"Then—you see?"

"I see."

"Then we shall go back to the doctor. Oh, do you not see it is for that I am glad—truly! You must believe that!"

"I believe you," said Kingozi. "Nevertheless, I do not think I shall go back."

"But that is madness. You cannot arrive in time. And it is to lose your eyes all for nothing, for a foolish idea that you do your duty!"

Kingozi shook his head. She wrung her hands in despair.

"Oh, I know that look of you!" she cried. "You see only down your narrow lane!"

XXIII

THAT evening Kingozi called to him Cazi Moto, Simba and Mali-ya-bwana. He commanded them to build a little fire; and when this was done he told them to sit down before him. Thus they knew that a serious council was intended. They squatted on their heels below the white man in his chair, and looked up at him with devoted eyes.

"Listen," he said. "The matter is this: The *Inglishee* are at war with the *Duyche*. Over from the Congo comes a *Duyche* known as Bwana Nyele [the master of the Beard]. It is his business to reach this *shenzi* king, M'tela, and persuade M'tela to fight on the side of the *Duyche*. It is our business to reach M'tela and persuade him to fight on the side of the *Inglishee*. Is that understood?"

"It is understood, *bwana*," said they.

"But this *Duyche*, Bwana Nyele, is only one week's march from M'tela; and he undoubtedly has many gifts for M'tela and the Kabitagmi. And we are many days' safari distant, and I am blind and cannot hurry."

The three uttered little clucks of sympathy and interest.

"But for all that we may win. You three men are my eyes and my right hand. I have a plan, and this is what you must do: Cazi Moto must stay with me to be headman of safari, and to be my eyes when we come to M'tela's land. You, Simba, and you, Mali-ya-bwana, must go with six of the best men to where Bwana Nyele is marching. These two strange *shenzis* will guide you. Then when you are near the safari of Bwana Nyele you must arrange so that these *shenzis* can have no talk with any of the safari of Bwana Nyele. That is understood?"

"Yes, *bwana*," said Simba. "Do we kill these *shenzis*?"

"No, do not kill them. Tie them fast."

"Yes, *bwana*. And then?"

"This is the most difficult. You must get hold of Bwana Nyele, and you must tie him fast, also, and keep him from his safari. He is a *m'zungu* [white man]—yes, but he is a *Duyche*, and my enemy, and these things are right because I command it."

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Then you must keep Bwana Nyele and the two *shenzis* hidden where their safari cannot find them. And after two weeks you must send two men to M'tela's to find me, and to tell me where you are hidden. Now is all that understood? You, Simba, tell me what you are to do."

"Mali-ya-bwana, myself, six men and these *shenzis* travel to where the safari of Bwana Nyele marches. When we are near that safari we tie up the two *shenzis*. Then we get Bwana Nyele and tie him up in a secret camp. Then after two weeks we send two men to tell the *bwana* where we are. But, *bwana*, how do we get Bwana Nyele?"

"That I will tell you soon. One thing you forgot—you must reach the *Duyche* before he gets to M'tela. This means travel night and day. Can this be done?"

"We shall pick good men, *bwana*, runners of the Wakamba. We shall do our best."

"Good. Each man four days' *potio*, and what biltong he can use. Simba, take my small rifle and fifty cartridges. Take some snuff, beads and wire only a little—to trade for *potio* if you meet with other people. Understand?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Cazi Moto," he directed, "bring me the small box from my *sandoko*."

He slid the cover off this box when it was delivered into his hands, fumbled a moment and held up an object.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It is a bone, *bwana*."

"Yes, it is a bone; but it is more. It is a magic. With this you will take Bwana Nyele."

He could sense the stir of interest in the three men before him.

"Listen carefully. This is what you must do: When you have come near to this safari you must follow it until it has put down its loads and is just about to make camp. Not a rest period on the road; not after camp is made—just at the moment when the men begin to untie the loads to pitch the tents. That is the magic time. Understand?"

He Laid About Him Blindly With the Kiboko, and in Time Succeeded in Getting Some Semblance of Order

"Yes, *bwana*," they chorused breathlessly.

"Simba must be ready. He must take off his clothes, and he must oil his body and paint it, and put on the ornaments of a *shenzi* of this country. For that purpose he must take with him the necklace, the armlets, anklets and belt that I traded for with the *shenzis*, and which Cazi Moto will get from my tent. Do you know the style of painting of these *shenzis* of the plains, Simba?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"It is important that you make yourself a *shenzi*. This magic is a bad magic otherwise. Then at the moment I have named, Simba as a *shenzi* will take this magic bone and hold it out to Bwana Nyele saying nothing. Bwana Nyele will say words, perhaps in Swahili which Simba will understand; perhaps in some other language which he will not understand. Simba must point thus; and then must start in that direction. Bwana Nyele will follow a few steps. Then Simba will say: 'Many more, *bwana*, over there only a little distance.'" Kingozi uttered this last sentence in atrocious Swahili. "You must say it in just that way, like a *shenzi*. Say it."

Simba repeated the words and accent.

"Yes, that is it. Then say nothing more, no matter what he asks; and do not let him touch the magic bone. Point. He will follow you; and when he has followed out of sight of the safari you will all seize him and tie him fast. The rest is as I have commanded."

"How does *bwana* know how these things will happen thus?" breathed Simba in awestricken tones.

"It is a magic," replied Kingozi gravely.

Over and over he drilled them until the details were thoroughly understood. Then he dismissed them and leaned back with a sigh. The plan was simple, but ought to work. At the moment of making camp Winkleman would be less

(Continued on Page 65)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916

Owning and Controlling

YOU recall, of course, that the late J. P. Morgan's conspicuous position in finance was a source of dismay to many well-meaning people, who thought there ought to be a variety of laws to prevent any fallible human being from occupying such a position. He was said to boss a considerable part of the railroad system of the country, and to control many banks upon which, in the aggregate, people depended for credit to the extent of some thousands of millions of dollars.

The duly certified schedule of his possessions shows that he personally owned at the time of his death about six hundred thousand dollars—par value—of bank stock and about one and a half million dollars of stock in three railroads. He weighed a ton in railroading and banking, not because he owned such and such sheets of engraved paper, but because he possessed such and such mental qualities. Any possible law to lessen his financial weight would have had about the same effect as a law that purported to reduce his bodily weight by half. The law might say what it pleased; he would still weigh exactly the same.

Aside from his interest in the Morgan firm, appraised at a little less than thirty million dollars, and his works of art, much the greater part of his possessions consisted of securities of concerns that are little known, or never thought of in connection with high finance—a lumber company, mining companies, a canal company, a bridge company, an automobile company, a cigar company, and so on. If he had formed his estate in a spirit of sarcastic comment upon those newspaper tables that used to show how many billions of publicly important wealth he controlled, he could not have done better.

Fighting for a Market

THE program laid down at the Allies' economic conference involves an abandonment of free trade by England. A great many Englishmen are realizing that nowadays with grave misgivings. Apparently England is not going to forsake free trade and relapse to protection without stout opposition at home.

If the greatest trading nation should discard free trade, after three generations of prosperous experience with it, the event would be a misfortune for the world. Undoubtedly international trade is a cause of war. It played its part among the causes of this war. If Germany's "place in the sun" had any definable meaning, it meant a desire for more colonies in which German products might be sold advantageously. The mistaken notion that trade follows the flag still affects European politics. But if anybody is going to fight for a market it must be a protected market. There would obviously be no sense in fighting for a market that was open to all competitors on equal terms. In that case the one who sold cheapest would get the market without fighting for it; and the one who did not sell cheapest could not hold the market after he had fought for it.

On the other hand, free trade makes for ever greater industrial interdependence among the nations. A nation that can make a given set of products to the best advantage will make that set and exchange them for articles to meet its other wants, until finally it becomes dependent upon other nations in something the same way that one English county depends upon other counties, one state in the American Union upon other states, or one state in the German Empire upon other German states. In free-trade England's enormous purchases from this country in the last two years we can see how impossible for her would be a war that shut off her international commerce.

So it is protected international trade that makes for war; while free trade makes for peace. England's abandonment of free trade would be a backward step for the world.

Prices and Combines

EVERY now and then we get a letter that attributes high prices to trusts and combinations. We should rather like to believe it, for that would obviously simplify a very troublesome problem; but there is really no evidence. Such evidence as exists, on the whole, negatives that assumption. The Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Commerce recently issued, for example, its usual review of retail prices for 1915, covering forty-four cities in different parts of the country. All kinds of fresh beef and all pork products were cheaper than in 1914, though there is a highly centralized meat trade. Wheat flour, corn meal and sugar were decidedly dearer.

The same bureau's report on wholesale prices from 1896 to the end of 1914 shows that all the commodities covered rose, roughly, fifty per cent. Farm products, not much subject to combination, rose ninety-four per cent. Fuel and lighting, in which there is a considerable element of combination, rose thirty-five per cent. Metals and metal products, more extensively combined, rose seven per cent.

You may turn to housefurnishing goods, which actually declined three per cent, and say that, but for combinations, improved methods of manufacture and distribution would have brought about a fall in metal products; but that does not answer the question: What causes prices to rise? Food and lumber and building materials rose in practically the same degree. So far as we can make out, trusts and combinations have so little to do with price movements, as a whole, that they are hardly worth considering.

Dividends

IN EIGHT months of this year steam railroads and traction companies paid their stockholders dividends amounting to two hundred and sixty-five million dollars against two hundred and thirty-seven millions last year. In the same months the larger industrial companies—such as have stocks listed on public exchanges or otherwise come into public notice—paid their stockholders three hundred and seventy million dollars in dividends against two hundred and seventy-two millions last year.

The industrials, of course, have a freer hand; chances of profits are not so narrowly limited; there is less fear of legislative oppression. So industrials, on the whole, are rather more attractive to capital. Development of our manufacturing plant is probably running ahead of the development of our transportation plant.

Coöperation in the Far East

REVERTING to the last big war before this one, it is pleasant to hear that plans are well advanced for a vigorous mutual Russo-Japanese trade propaganda. Railroad cars are to be especially constructed, it is said, for the purpose of exhibiting Japanese products in Russia and Russian products in Japan. They will make regular tours of the two countries, with all approved accessories for drumming up reciprocal trade. Commercial associations of the two nations will be invited to mingle and see whether they cannot strike mutually agreeable bargains. Japanese and Russian citizens of means and enterprise are said to be sitting down together in the friendliest possible manner to discuss a proper exploitation of Asia.

Meantime Japan has already sold Russia war munitions to the value of four hundred million yen, with more to come, and is extending liberal credits to the Czar. That the Japanese and Chinese—who had their own little difference before the Russo-Japanese War—are coöperating in the most amicable manner in developing transportation, iron mines, factories, and various other useful things in China, Manchuria and the Province of Cho-sen—formerly Korea, of romantic but unprofitable memory—has been reported for some time past. While Europe sits glaring with hate over a considerable ruin, the Far East seems to be getting organized for prosperity and civilization.

Following Wisconsin

MASSACHUSETTS has followed Wisconsin in adopting a state income tax—thereby, for one thing, finally abandoning the futile attempt to tax "intangibles," such as bonds, stocks and mortgages, as personal property. Under the old law many investments were taxable at about two per cent of their face, which would usually be thirty or forty per cent of the income derived from them. Of course the law was evaded, as such absurd laws are everywhere. The new law imposes a tax of six per cent on the income—so a thousand-dollar five-per-cent investment will pay three dollars instead of being threatened with having to pay twenty dollars, and not, in fact, paying anything.

The Massachusetts act is a departure in that tax rates are the same for large incomes as for small; but the rates vary according to the source from which the income is derived. As a rough generalization, income from investments pays six per cent; gains from trading in securities pay three per cent; net income from professions, employments, trades and business pays one and a half per cent on the excess over two thousand dollars. Administration of the law, as in Wisconsin, is taken out of the hands of local officials and vested in a state board. There is no attempt to collect the tax at the source of the income, but information at the source is required in various cases.

Another Monroe Doctrine

THE man whose name distinguishes that doctrine which is held to make a powerful navy especially necessary for the United States found a complete answer to the problem of preparedness almost a century ago. By that solution the United States and Canada, with an open boundary of some three thousand miles in extent, have been adequately prepared for war with each other ever since.

The Monroe agreement with Great Britain provides that the only vessels of war on the Great Lakes shall consist of three for each side, of one hundred tons burden, each carrying one eighteen-pound cannon. Having three eighteen-pound cannon, we are as fully prepared for war with Canada, which has only three eighteen-pound cannon, as though each side had a thousand fourteen-inch guns.

What the world most needs at the end of the war is that sort of Monroe Doctrine.

The Fruit of the Tree

ANY day in the week, in any city, there may be a furious street altercation. Two vehicles collide; the drivers shout imprecations at each other, flourish their fists, bellow threats. But a considerable interval must elapse before they can come to grips; they must dismount, walk round their vehicles, reach a common meeting ground, take off their coats. The result is, they hardly ever fight.

It was very different in the romantic West when every gentleman carried a sixshooter, in the manipulation of which he was more or less expert. Quarrels then were short and sharp. A quarrel having started, each man was anxious to shoot as quickly as possible, lest the other shoot first.

The more one reads of the events between June 28, 1914, when the Austrian archduke was assassinated, and Germany's ultimatum to Russia, which virtually set the great war in motion, the more evident it becomes that Europe's preparedness for war virtually precluded diplomacy. Armed to the teeth, and with a finger on the trigger, neither Germany nor Russia dared wait, lest the other shoot first. Russia must begin mobilizing lest Germany's swifter movements take her unready. As soon as Russia began mobilizing, Germany must strike or lose all the advantage of better organization.

The Belgian minister at Berlin reported: "As no reply had been received from St. Petersburg by noon, Jagow"—foreign secretary—"and Zimmermann hurried to the Kaiser to prevent the issue of the order for general mobilization, and to persuade His Majesty to wait until the following day. Their efforts were broken against the obstinacy of the minister of war and the army chiefs, who represented to the Kaiser the disastrous consequences of a delay of twenty-four hours." There are those who hold that Germany would not have been defeated at the Marne if the Kaiser had struck forty-eight hours earlier.

With a high state of preparedness, every hour counts; there is no time for diplomacy; each side must strive to shoot first. In this way, as well as by fostering suspicion and truculence, elaborate preparations for war bring war.

Crime and Punishment

ABOUT the most hopeless of all enterprises in crime consists of robbing a national bank from the inside. Particularly of late years, the National Bank Act operates upon those who violate it with pretty nearly the certainty of a law of Nature. It is about the last thing we can think of on which a judicious man would take a chance.

Yet in the year covered by the Comptroller of the Currency's last report forty-four persons were convicted of tampering with national-bank funds. In five cases record of sentence had not been received when the report was published. In two cases, presumably very mild ones, the sentence was two years in the penitentiary. In every other case the sentence was five years or more. If the penalty had been death, and the probability of conviction just as strong, most of these persons, no doubt, would still have stolen.

When a man's mind once begins to parley with the serpent he can persuade himself that he will not get caught though a policeman stands at his elbow.

THE LAY OF THE LAST BANDIT

Date, 1945—By Wallace Irwin

I THE LAME DUCK LIMPETH IN

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Bandit was infirm and old;
The knife, his one remaining joy,
Was carried by a colored boy.
Now, limping on a crutch or two,
Down Pennsylvania Avenoo
He stumped like one who'd come to seek
An office, or desired to speak
About some pork on Thunder Creek.

A handsome man he was—but why
Had this our Bandit lost an eye?
What jolt had knocked his teeth awry?
Aye, whence the peg
Where was a leg?
On closer look one might descry
A missing arm.
And yet the charm
Of banditry illumed the face,
A dusky, Mexicanic grace.
His wide sombrero's jaunty scroll
Was pierced by many a bullet hole,
His uniform of high command
Was obviously secondhand;
Yet, spite of all these rags of Fate,
He held a military gait,
Like one who still retained the starch
To lead his cohorts in the march.

A Congressman who passed that way
Detained the Bandit, just to say:
"By all that's heck!
You poor old wreck,
Are you alive or are you dead?"
"Ah, that's the point!" the Bandit said.
Then, with an effort far from strong,
He doffed his lid and passed along.

II—HE GREETETH HIS OLD CHUM, WOODROW

WITHIN the East Room, secret den,
Sat Woodrow Wilson, somewhat aged;
For o'er him thirty years had waged
Their merry war before, again,
He'd heard the call, his Party's own,
And stepped once more unto the throne.

His hair was rather whiter now
Than back in glorious '16;
But somewhat calmer was his brow,
His smile a trifle more serene.
He wore a look as free from care
As any President can wear
At any time or anywhere—
Which isn't saying such a lot;

But, anyhow, to-day was not
So bad as many days had been.
A daily paper in his lap
Caused him to rouse him from his nap
And smile a weary smile, I ween.
"Trouble in Mexico!"—Oh, well,
Who cared for that old chestnut bell?
He'd cast away such paltry fears,
Forgot for over thirty years.

The President, as if by chance,
To the East window raised his glance;
Then, letting down
His direst frown,
He called the trembling Doorkeep there.

"Come hither, Doorkeep, lazy spawn—
Observe what's standing on our lawn!"
The frightened minion came with speed
And to the window gave his heed,
Beholding with excited eyes
The Bandit in his misfit guise,
Casting a look with tears so blurred
'Twould melt the hardest Steel Preferred.

"Scat, varlet! Shoo!" he peevly chid
As quick the window up he slid.
"Dost thou not know that we are proud
And organ grinders aren't allowed?"

"And yet"—the Bandit wiped his eye—
"If I could see the Big Main Guy ——"
"What ho?" Sir Woodrow then inquired.
"Doorkeep, of parley I am tired."
Then to the Bandit: "Fie! For shame!
What is thy bus-i-ness, thy name?"

The Bandit's one poetic eye—
The other being glass—on high
He turned, with look so sad and deep
'Twould make the toughest Penrose weep.
His straw sombrero off he swept
And mumbled, as he almost wept:
"My bus-i-ness you'll not admire—
As to my name,
You've heard that same.
They call me Pancho Villa, sire!"

Sir Woodrow, in a startled pose,
Adjusted glasses to his nose.

"Look here,
My dear!
Take care!
I swear
Too long,
Too strong,
You draw the bow.
Now how in thunder do I know
That you're that former shooting star
Which now you calmly claim you are?"

"Alas!" The General was moved.
"That's something, sire, that can't be proved.
The hapless pawn of Fate am I—
To be the Human Alibi!
Vill' o' the wisp, now here, now there;
The Flying Greaser! In despair
I've come to Washington at last
To make amends for all my past;
To give myself"—here followed tears—
"To those who've searched for me for years.
Ah, Mister Wilson, can't you see
How I'm in need of sympathee—
A lonely man of joy defaced,
A Bandit who is never chased.
One time pursued through hot and cold,
Shunned and neglected now I'm old!"

"Speak up; speak up—'twill do no harm.
A stirring story I enjoy,
For sympathee is half my charm—
Say what you will to me, my boy!"

Thus Woodrow spake. The Bandit smiled
And beckoned to the colored child,
Who drew a mouth-harp from his breek
And in a strain now soft, now wild,
Struck up a "Tipperary" shriek.
Whereat friend Pancho 'gan to sing
A little bit of everything.

III—HE HARKETH BACK TO CHILE-CON-CARNE DAYS

"SEGURA! *Segura!*
Boss, I am sure a
Modest old Bandit;
But say! you must hand it
To me, as I formerly prodded the tine,
Now making war as
The menace of Juarez.
Now boldly hopping the Mexican line;
Again in a manner deserving a stanza,
Playing the role of a cute Sancho Panza
To Old Doc Carranza;
In nine towns at once I was billed in the papers
As cutting throats, railroads, stock values and capers,
Kicking up Hades,
Marrying ladies,
Blackmailing oil men, wherever the trade is.
As a scourge international I was the candy—
Wasn't it dandy
The way I just forded the wet Rio Grandy,
Shot up Columbus and everything handy!"

"But, Pancho"—the President leaned from his sill—
"You may boast of your devil-may-carefulness—still,
Though ageing, perhaps, I am not such a dunce
As to think you were forty-nine places at once."

"You'd better believe it"—the Bandit was roiled—
"For, of course, if you don't—well, my story is spoiled."
Woodrow begged pardon; whereat the old Don
Swigged from a bottle, then freely went on:

PLEDGE

"I'll never raise my boy to be a bandit
To loaf around the border with a gun.
I'm tired of stealing cattle, so I've canned it—
Now I go to moving pictures for my fun.

An Imaginative Artist

"I'll educate my child at Princeton College;
I'll boost him into Congress if he'll run;
There'd be no war to-day if the Kaisers all would say:
'I'll never raise my boy to be a bandit!'"

IV—HE SINGETH OF HIS SEVERAL FUNERALS

"AND now," went on Villa, "I'll sing, though it grates,
Of how I was chased by the United States.
It came at a time when I'd recently died
In a lone mountain grave, with my leg by my side."

"You *did* die?" said Woodrow. "That's some satisfaction."
"Oh, a small thing like *that* doesn't hinder my action.
A hero like I
Ain't afraid for to die;
And I've given my life for my country—let's see—
Sixty-eight times is the count, seems to me."

Here he wiped his glass eye on the sleeve of his coat
While the mouth-harp struck up a funereal note:

DIRGE

"They buried me twice 'neath the cactus bole,
Their hero, their great Ponchito;
They planted me thrice in a rattlesnake hole
Near the village of San Mosquito.
I've eleven graves on the border plain
And twelve in the mountain gravel;
My headstones stand as an endless chain
Of guideposts for motor travel.

"Oh, the bandit's grave is a lonesome grave!
Let his epitaph be written:
His ways were rough and his language tough,
But his heart was the heart of a kitten.
Here lies Pancho, and lies and lies;
Dig not too deep to find him.
He may be dead, but his ghost has fled,
And Villa ain't far behind him."

When Villa the Bandit had finished this strain
He dried his glass eye and went on to explain:
"'Twas just at this stage of my ex-travaganza
That Old Doctor Wilson and Old Doc Carranza
Sat on my case in a long consultation
For the purpose, they said,
Of keeping me dead
For the peace of the world and the good of the Nation.

"You, Woodrow, averred—with some weight on your side—
That I couldn't be dead till I'd already died;
But Doctor Carranza, devoted to science,
Poohed and oh-tushed with an air of defiance.
He'd killed me in sections;
He'd slain me in flocks
With bullets, elections,
Swords, bayonets, rocks;
He'd poisoned me dead in great vats of mescal;
He'd smashed me as flat as a fly on the wall;
And, to prove what he said, he displayed a large bone
Which looked like a ham—but was doubtless my own.

"But doctors, you see—
Well, they all disagree.
The result of their confab was mobilization.
Congressman Hay—
Resisting the law
Of Congressman Straw—
Had long wished his say,
And at last had his day;
So he federalized all the National Guard,
Smoothed 'em all out to the smoothness of lard,
Drilled 'em,
Thrilled 'em,
In strategy skilled 'em—
Very near killed 'em.

"When General Funston yelled: 'Give us more troops!'
They bunched the militia together with scoops,
Dumped 'em in Pullman cars, cattle cars, hacks,
Tourist cars—anything running on tracks—
Consigned, marked and packed by a Government order
To diet on sand by the Mexican border.

"Rough Colonel Vanderbilt led his army;
Trooper Van Rensselaer battled with mules;
General Roosevelt came out of the gray
With a magical army, equipped for the fray;
While David Starr Jordan, disdaining all rules,
Tripped to El Paso, exclaiming: 'Oh, cease!'
While he charged fifty cents for a lecture on Peace.

"Into El Paso the troopers came trooping.
Some of 'em swearing, some of 'em whooping;
Camped on the trails where tarantulas, snooping,
Lit on 'em,
Bit on 'em—
Every durned pest in the world seemed to git on 'em,
Centipedes fawned on 'em, fleas threw a fit on 'em.

"While Carranza sent notes saying, 'Gringos, I hate 'em!
Look out or I'll hand you a harsh ultimatum!'
You, Mister Wilson, in quite your best vein,
Wrote notes to explain
How 'twould give you great pain
If General Pershing were made to refrain.
And Señor Carranza replied, like a sage,
That he'd fly in a rage
At the very next page ——

"While all this diplomacy heated the air,
The Federal Guard,
On seats rather hard,
Sat by their tents in the desert out there,
Tuning their throats to rough barrack-room catches
As they poured oil of wintergreen over their scratches.
And this was the moan
That they learned to intone:

BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD

"To Mexico, to Mexico,
We've striven and we've strived.
It's rather warm and our uniform
It hasn't quite arrived.
They say that since the Spanish War
We've gotten up-to-date;
But we chew in grief the same canned beef
As back in '98.

"Of howitzers and mitrailleuse
Bill Bryan is afraid,
And Henry Ford is quite abhorred
By aeroplanes that raid;
But it's something else that worries us
As sad we contemplate
The same old puns, the same old guns,
As back in '98."

V—CARRANZA REVOKETH THE FUNERAL

"I DON'T know what happened. Some say 'twas the fact
That the Sixty-ninth Regiment—Irish—came down
From the wilds of Manhattan, determined to act;
But, at any rate, Doctor Carranza's harsh frown
Grew strangely more lenient
Toward poor U. S. A.
It wasn't convenient,
He said, right away;
To punish the Gringos for deeds over-nerved
And give 'em the thrashing they richly deserved.

But some one, of course, had to stand in the path
Of his vigorous wrath.
So he pulled off a miracle, known, it is said,
'Mongst vaudeville artists as Raising the Dead.
Behold! Just as Merlin behaved in the yore,
The Mexican lord
Thrice waved his sword;
Shouted: 'Rise, Pancho Villa, thou demon abhorred!'
And lo! Pancho Villa,
Sweet as vanilla—
Though slightly disfigured—still leading his braves,
Rose back to life from his sixty-odd graves!

"Sire, this is no place to wax prolix and bother
With Mexican politics one way or t'other.
If I told what I did to my egg-scrambled land
You'd not understand—
Neither would I.
Then, goodness, why try?
A battle or two or a dozen or more
'Twixt the compass of Juarez and far Mazatlán
Merely count as a drop in the bucket of gore
Which the peeved Aztec gods of our destiny plan.
While all the world chased me I lived under ban
To an age so mature that I had to retire;
So I've wandered to you, not in rage but in tears,
Full of honor and bullets and whisky and years,
Requesting, milord,
A fitting reward ——"

"Reward!" cried the President, plainly quite dazzled,
Thoroughly puzzled.

"*Segura, Miguel!*" swore the Bandit.
"Can't you see how I planned it?
If I hadn't gone out on the warpath, you see,
Your army had never gone gunning for me;
If your army had never gone gunning—behold!
Carranza had never had courage to scold;
If he hadn't scolded, and done it right hard,
You never had called out the National Guard;
If the Guard hadn't gone and revealed what they lacked
Congress had never been prodded to act;
Had Congress not passed a Preparedness Bill
America might have been wabbling round still
With scarcely a gun or a bullet to meet
A Bully-ized Power. You were saved from defeat
By poor little me.
Don't you see?
Q. E. D."

Whereat Mister Wilson stepped down to the grass.
"My hero!" he cried,
And pinned to the side
Of the glorious Bandit a token of brass—
A Carnegie medal of seventeenth class.

VI—HISTORICAL CONCLUSION

THE office historian does not record
The size and extent of the Bandit's reward:
But certain observers have uttered the hint
That Villa was given a place in the Mint,
Where he served till the age of one hundred and ten.
A reckless appointment, you mutter? But then—
There have been many worse.
"In days of reverse,"
As a broken-down jockey once said to his nurse,
"There's a grim satisfaction in driving a hearse."

DER TAG

By William J. Neidig

"MOTHER, what is the yellow light
That flutters on my wall?
I see it dim, I see it bright,
I see it blinding all!"

"My son, you are in bed at home;
On pillows cool you lie;
The blinding brightness of the room
Is light from morning sky."

"Mother, what is the mist outside
That hangs on shrub and tree?
It stretches low, it stretches wide,
It hides the world from me!"

"My son, that darkness is not night
But light of whitest day:
The shadows are the gleaming flight
Of sunbeams on their way."

"Mother, what is the sound again
Like crash of falling stair?
I hear it now, I hear it plain,
I hear it everywhere!"

"My son, you tremble at my touch
Till I do tremble too;
That sound is tender music, such
As mothers play for you."

"Mother, what is the silence dead
With not a leaf to move?
It lies behind, it lies ahead,
It hangs down from above!"

"My son, the silence is the sound
Of all the world at war;
It is too loud so near the ground
To hear when listened for."

THE YEARS

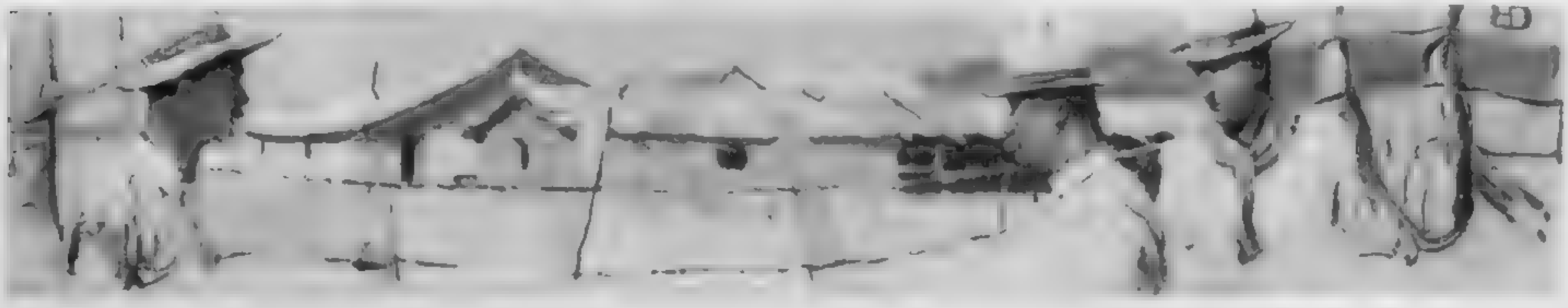
By Dorothy Paul

THE call of pigeons underneath the eaves,
The flush of cherry blooms above the thatch,
Sun-checkered shade among the poplar leaves,
And in the gloom beyond the lifted latch
A woman singing over half-spun flax—
So shall they come to thee, clean-limbed with youth,
And treading light, like wind on open spaces,
So shall the good young years come gladly to thee
With the sunlight on their faces.

And, oh, My Love, My Little Love,
Beside your spinning wheel,
What shall I care for rain or sun,
What shall I care for flax unspun,
What shall I care for woe or weal
Or tarrying ships,
If the years but bring thee a song to wear
Upon thy lips!

An empty swallows' nest beneath the eaves,
A flight of geese across a windy moor,
Sun-crimsoned fruit among the bronzing leaves,
And through an open door the yellow lure
Of candlelight upon a woman's face—
So may the years go from thee down the hill,
Not lean and unfulfilled and bitter-eyed,
But mellowly, with smiles and backward looks,
Like guests who leave a kindly fireside.

And, oh, My Love, My Little Love,
Beneath the candlelight,
What shall I care for rain or snow,
What shall I care for winds that blow,
What shall I care that frosts shall blight
And Junes depart,
If the years but leave thee a song to wear
Against thy heart!



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We wash these six times—both in warm water and cold—by the action of compressed air, which agitates the water and washes them thoroughly without their being touched by hand.

They are carried automatically in white enamel-lined conveyors to the cooking kettles.

After cooking we strain them through four sieves—growing finer and finer until every trace of skin, seeds and fiber is removed.

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But as a motorwise buyer, these superiorities alone should never be the deciding factor in your purchase of the Dort. The *real* Dort, the car you are buying for everyday use and pleasure, is beneath the body, beneath the hood. The real Dort is a mechanical achievement: the extraordinary motor, the staunch frame and trouble-proof rear axle, the true cantilever springs, the unfailing Westinghouse Starting and Lighting—are only a part of the proof.

The man who lays down $695 for the Dort car knows then, and always afterwards, that he has bought a supremely good car—an honest value—at a fair price.

Such has been the experience of thousands of Dort owners—and they supply a world of proof.

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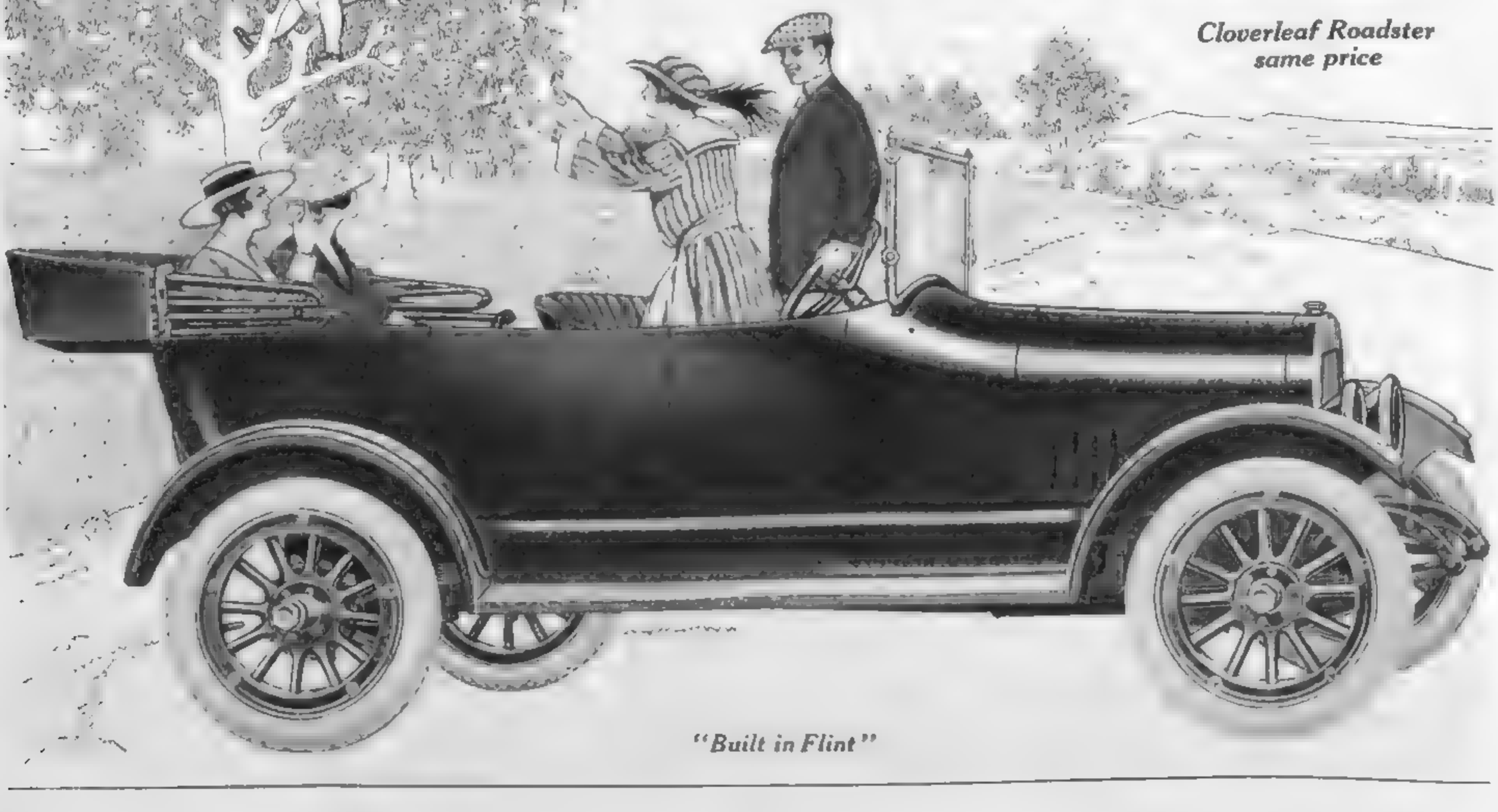
Canadian Factory: Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

Cloverleaf Roadster same price



"Built in Flint"

GETTING OUT THE WOUNDED

(Continued from Page 8)

same suddenness it stopped. There succeeded not silence, but something like it; in the distance the big guns kept growling as ever—a reluctant continuance of the noise, just as my bulldog, after a barking fit at a night prowler, will give a series of little growling barks under his breath. On the cessation of the sound cylindrical objects began to fly against the dawn sky from over the muzzles of the guns. The battery was throwing out the hundreds of brass projection cases emptied by the curtain fire.

White cranked up, and we went on to a plateau and to a house with a great grotesque hole over its front door. It was the Poste de Secours, where we were to get our orders. Section 1 clears out two dressing stations near the front line, and one is uncertain of his destination until he receives instructions there. We were going to neither post, it appeared; for just as we drew up, a blond, pleasant-appearing little French soldier, with the red cross of a stretcher-bearer on his arm, swung aboard our mudguard and broke the news that there were *grands blessés*—heavily wounded men—at a crossroads on the plateau.

It was getting quite light; there was a rim of angry red along the sky into which we were driving. The ruin of a hamlet, once a suburb of Verdun, shot up, a sliver of broken gray stones against this streak of red; and the devastated plateau about us, whose very herbage in the daytime looks drooping and sick, was now of a gentle violet-gray color. It was not so light, however, but that we could see the giant fireflies which were shells still burst out and die.

"I've often thought," said White, who left a Montmartre studio to drive an ambulance, "that I'd like to paint all this. I shan't try, though. I'd be nervous."

Now the workings of another sense destroyed all feeling of beauty raised by this lurid picture of battle. We were running between dead horses. The two nearest were headless; and they were all swollen as a dead horse does swell. Nor was that the only smell. Stronger and sharper even was the stench of chemicals in the air—chemicals from the powder charges of the guns, chemicals from the shells, chemicals from the poisonous gases loosed by the Germans whenever the wind was right. It was these gases which had wilted the herbage.

Collecting a Load of Wounded

We were still driving on toward the edge of the plateau, and I wondered when we were going to stop; for across that edge, I well knew, were the shell holes which stood for French and German first-line trenches. Suddenly we saw a soldier ahead waving at us. We drew up. We were at the crossroads; and the wounded, brown army blankets tucked about them, lay waiting in the poor cover of the gutters beside the road. Overhead, what had been a system of suburban telephone lines drooped in a grotesque tangle from a cracked and battered steel pole. The nearest *blessé* lifted his head. He was a fine-looking, blond peasant about thirty-five years old. He had a pair of very big feet; as he lay there the toes turned out to opposite points of the compass. One leg was bandaged from ankle to knee. When he saw us coming he raised himself on his elbow, and his yellow beard parted in a smile. The perils of the wounded are not always over when the bearers lift them into the ambulance; but they think they are, if they have any capacity for thought left. They are going back—and alive. "*Qu'il fait bon!*"—Ah, that's good!—he kept repeating as White, the *brancardiers* and I lifted him to the top shelf; and he continued to grin.

The next one, grievously wounded in the body, was past smiles or consciousness of rescue—for the time at least. His eyes were closed, his face was the color of dirty putty, and he was as plastic to our touch, when we covered him up, as a rag doll.

We finished; and the ambulance behind us, in which Gleason rode as a passenger, moved up for its load. While White backed up, made sure that his tires were tight, and cranked the machine, I looked back toward that angry red dawn now becoming sunrise. There was a dip in the plateau; through it I could see the country beyond. Nearest of it all I marked what looked like a field of deep blue, so deep that it was black in spots. Across it ran three bands of morning mist, colored an unnatural, sickly yellow. I put the glasses on it; I could make out no further details, except that the field of dark blue seemed unnaturally humped in places; also there was a distant roar from that direction. A French soldier noticed me, and seemed to perceive that I was new to Verdun. "The German advanced positions," he said briefly. And we were off, running toward the hospital as fast as we dared with four heavily wounded aboard.

At the Poste de Secours a sergeant stopped us again. Back of him, as he stepped out into the road, came some men at a weak, clumsy run. They were all bandaged as to heads or arms. "Nine sitting cases," reported the sergeant briefly as we drew up. The nearest of them clambered on to the mudguard beside me and asked if he might go along. White glanced at me, and I got the point. They needed my seat for a sitting case. So I jumped down, as did Gleason, to give way to the wounded and to wait for Townsend, director of the section. He had driven on ahead in his open car to the farthest point at which this section operates—a *boyau*, or sunken covered shelter, where an ambulance may find safety while it loads. We draw most of our military terms, eventually, from the French—they are so much neater and more definite than ours. So I shall follow the French in calling it a *boyau*. This one was at the edge of a famous Verdun fort. We had been turned aside, as I have told; but we knew that when we failed to arrive Townsend would come back. White, as he pulled out, charged us to stop any outgoing ambulance and send it to the crossroads. Our two cars had not been enough.

The Spotted Dog of the Trenches

I had best not describe that wait, I suppose, lest I write things of service to the other side. The day's work was on; regular bombardment had commenced. After ten minutes I was in a curious state of suppressed nervous irritation, what with the roar against my ears. Presently an American ambulance drove up; it was heading toward camp with a load. The driver jumped down and introduced himself. I had met him last at the Columbia School of Journalism. He took a brief breathing spell—he had been getting it pretty heavily that morning—before, remarking that it was a long way from Morningside Heights, he swung aboard and started on. Just then Townsend arrived in his open car with news that there was a load in the *boyau* at the fort; and simultaneously two of our cars came up from the base. We led the way, past the belt of dead horses, to the crossroads.

At about this time a great black enemy aeroplane came soaring above the notch in the plateau, and the guns opened, as usual, with shrapnel—more shells than I had ever seen fired at one aëroplane. We were watching the stretcher-bearers lift the wounded aboard when Townsend glanced upward. The aëroplane with its frame of little smoke clouds was exactly overhead. My first thought was that what goes up must come down; and I felt grateful for my steel helmet. On second thought I wondered if a steel helmet would stop shrapnel falling from three thousand yards. However, Townsend had another thought, more alarming but more practical.

"That Bosche may be marking for batteries," he said. "He won't think it worth while to send a shell at a pair of ambulances, but we're an open car, and we may be officers for all he knows. We'd better hurry away."

Yet hurry was only relatively possible on that terrible imitation of a road down which we were driving, what with its ruts and shell pits. And whenever I looked up the aëroplane was still a dot at the zenith, and innumerable white anti-aircraft shells were breaking exactly above. Yet I think we all forgot the aëroplane in time through our possible interest in that road and its environs. Here was a stage setting for the Inferno. What trees there were had been stripped bare or splintered; yet with the strange vitality of trees they were putting forth little new leaves, which served only to exaggerate their condition. What herbage there was drooped sick from the stalk; and no flower bloomed anywhere.

In places it looked as though a shell had fallen on every square yard of ground, so thick lay the pits. Dreadful dunnage was scattered everywhere—a wrecked automobile, horse bones, broken wheels, destroyed kit. There stood a wall—no, it had been a house, for you saw the lower part of a window-frame cutting squarely into the wreck. Beside it lay a dead horse. He had been tied to a post when he got his death stroke. He lay not on his side, but upright on his knees and hocks. Because he was tied his head had not drooped. He looked, swollen as he was, like a plump family nag that had fallen asleep.

We were in the mouth of the *boyau*. From within soldiers peered. Outside, a company, on some military mission, scurried along with their heads down—the attitude and motion of the trapper on the trail. I became aware then that shrapnel was bursting not far away. I grow weary of repeating that the guns were going all the time; you had to listen to catch the firecracker sound of bursting shells. There was work to do, however—we must prepare the ambulance which had trailed us for a load of stretcher cases. Under heavy fire they sometimes back the ambulance clear into a *boyau;* but this did not seem necessary now. As we walked finally to cover, Townsend waved his hand toward a famous military work near by and said:

"There was a *boyau* there. One night last week the big shells outside nearly shook the cars to pieces—actually, we couldn't start one of them until we'd made repairs. Then when we had our load aboard we timed the shells. We'd crank up, start the engine, and shoot out fast just when the explosion came. We figured to cross the danger zone before the next one arrived. It worked—but if one of us had got stalled in a shell hole it would have been all off!"

There was a deep black chamber at the foot of the *boyau*—a subterranean chamber of the fort before the French dismantled it and the Germans smashed it with giant howitzers. By the light of a small lamp two field surgeons were working on a scalp wound—not pretty, this one, but not dangerous either. They paused to ask us for news of the world outside, and went on snipping and stitching. I started toward the rear of the chamber. A weak but cheerful voice from the floor yelled in French: "Step carefully, old man." As my eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness I saw two more stretcher cases, one of them quite inert. A shadow pierced the splash of light at the far door, and a disreputable spotted trench dog, with one white eye, came cringing in. The man who sat under local anæsthetic, having his crown stitched, put out a hand and touched him. The animal jumped as though he had been shot. Like most dogs and cats in the zone of battle, he was a nervous wreck.

Poppies Blooming in Verdun

We were ready now; and with recurrent skepticism about the efficiency of a steel helmet to stop shrapnel, I helped load up. Townsend and the boyish driver of the ambulance saw first that the wounded were well covered and thoroughly tucked in. That is a cardinal principle, pounded into all the recruits of our Ambulance sections—keep your wounded warm. A chill on the road to the hospital makes sometimes the difference between life and death.

The ambulance, driven carefully, weaving in and out to avoid shell holes, started back over the road along which we had come. We had no need to report at the Poste de Secours, so we took a short cut across that terrain of hell, straight into Verdun. It was about breakfast time, when most armies let down a little; the guns on both sides were comparatively quiet, but only comparatively. As for the German aëroplane, it had finished its work and gone.

We entered Verdun through an undamaged street. The blinds and shutters were drawn; it looked simply, on first sight, as though the people had gone away for a summer vacation. On second glance you saw how Nature, the unconquerable, was prevailing over the works of man. For the scarlet poppies which blow in the fields of all Europe had encroached everywhere on the formal gardens. In places their blossoms lay in banks, as the golden poppy lies on the hills of California.

Then we rounded a corner into a street—what it was before I cannot tell—that was all wrecked. I had been seeing devastated

(Continued on Page 31)

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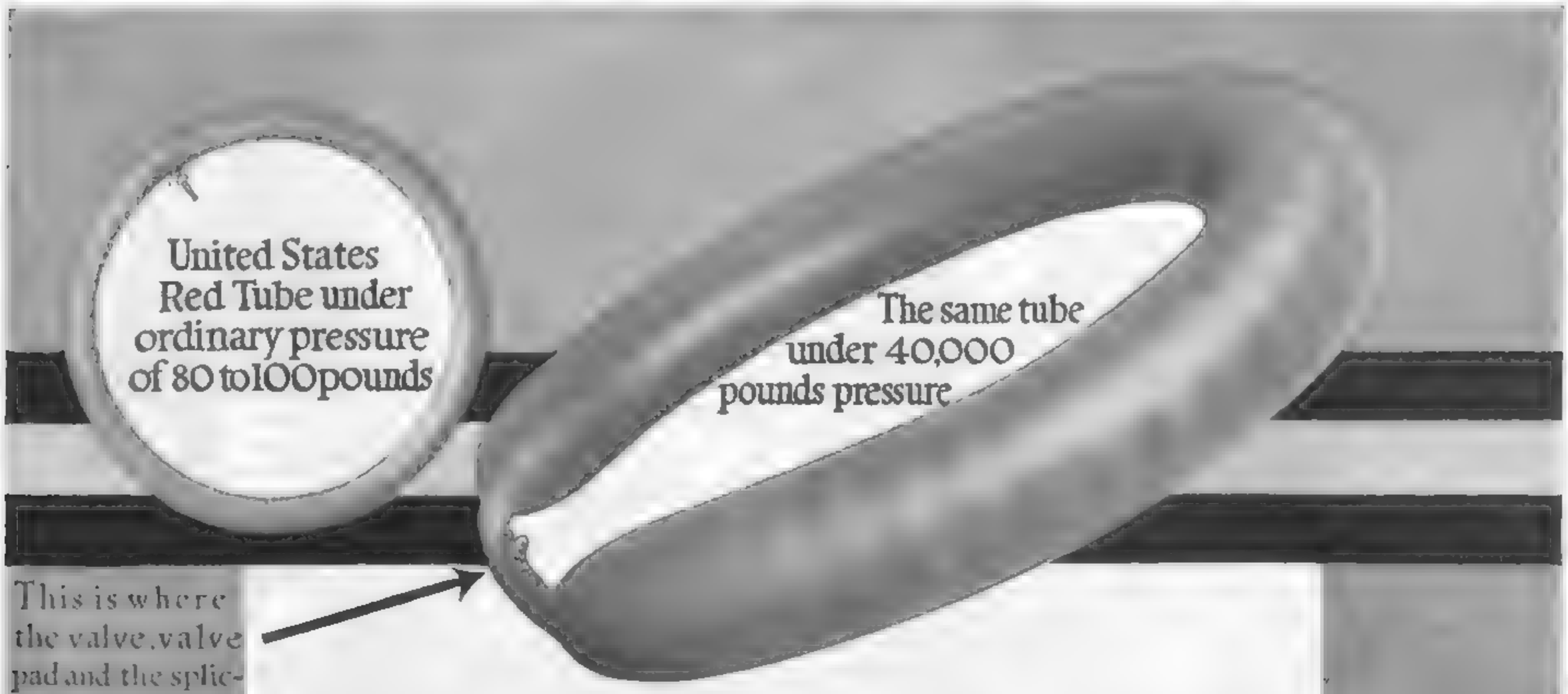
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This is where the valve, valve pad and the splicing of the tube occur—which explains the still greater resistance of this part of the tube to the tremendous pressure of 40000 pounds.

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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY — US — AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 29)

towns for two years off and on now, but never so great a city so newly ruined. The débris, when it first fell, had blocked the street. A road for automobiles had been shoveled through. In places the bank of dust, of burned wood, of shattered stones, of twisted iron, rose as high as our seats. The buildings on both sides were so nearly effaced that they lacked even those pathetic little signs of former human habitation that one so often sees amid other ruins, as a bed in the intact corner of a broken second story, a picture on a shattered wall, a kitchen stove with the pot still on the hole. White, however, pointed toward a side street:

"Down there's a nursery," he said, "with the front blown off. The toys are just as the children left them—a hobby-horse, a Teddy-bear, a big doll house, and all that. Border of little rabbits and kittens round the wall paper—you know how they fix up nurseries. And over there" he pointed in another direction—"a shell has torn down the walls of a house and just pulverized everything in it except one thing. There's a big statue of Napoleon in the hall. It hasn't been touched, and it stands with its arms folded, facing north and defying the Germans!"

A Night Ride With the Kid

We saw that day another tragedy of the air. Having gone afield we were resting and talking in a garden, so far spared by shells, when we heard a machine-gun. Everyone ran through a hedge to an observation point. I have a vision now of Pinard, the camp puppy, running after us, dragging a piece of clothesline in his mouth, his little dog mind aware only that here was excitement and that people were going somewhere.

The firing appeared to come from a great puffy white cloud that had dropped close to a line of gray military balloons. "A fight in the air somewhere within that cloud," we thought. Then, with the rush and swoop of a hawk, a black aëroplane drove out of the cloud, turned sidewise toward the nearest balloon; and, as it swept on, we heard the rattle of the machine-gun. The balloon started to descend. It seemed all right at first; then it turned its nose lazily toward the heavens and suddenly shot out a burst of flame And down it came. The basket was falling first. We did not learn the whole story until we visited Section 2 in a town back among the hospitals and rest stations. An hour afterward, it appeared, the German aëroplane that got this balloon had returned with a companion to get another. The French brought them both down with anti-aircraft guns.

Section 2 was doing jitney work, they said; merely shifting patients from hospital to hospital. Being near the end of their rest period they appeared as eager to get back to real work as the weary battered Section 3 had seemed eager to get away. The members of Section 2 are privileged, when they dress up for parade, to wear from shoulder strap to button that red-and-green cord which proves that they have been given, as a body, the Croix de Guerre. They received it mostly for gallantry at Pont-a-Mousson, where, with the house above them gradually going down under shell fire, they got out the wounded nevertheless. Also they were at Bar-le-Duc when the German aëroplanes made their first big raid on the town. The section was sitting down to luncheon just as the bombs began to burst. Without orders they rushed out, cranked up, and ran into the worst of it. Barclay had a hole shot clean through the hood of his machine. Graham drove up to a tangle of wounded, dying women and children—one item was a baby with its arms blown off. To make room he pulled out his *blessé* blankets and threw them on the ground. When he had loaded up he hesitated, wondering if he had not better search a freshly ruined house at one side. He made up his mind, luckily for him and his wounded, that his load was large enough, and drove on to the hospital. When he returned he found his blankets peppered like a sieve with shrapnel. Besides the general decoration, eight members of that section have received individually the Cross of War.

We found Section 4 encamped in the ruins of a town partly burned down by the Germans in the retreat from the Marne. They were farther back than the other three active sections, and less likely to receive the visit of a chance shell. At this camp the noise of Verdun varied from a distant rumble on the horizon to a sense of unease out there to the north. They seemed, however, insufficiently grateful for that. They were approaching the end of their period at the rest station; the past week had been full of ticklish work and narrow escapes from shells or whiffs of poison gas. Though they had experienced better luck than Section 3, which had scored three wounded, they had taken no fewer chances. Pessimistically they explained that theirs was a damnable run—more than thirty-five kilometers, which is nearly twenty-five miles. They started at such time as to get into the most dangerous zone just at dark; they must get out of it before the early daylight of these short midsummer nights. And sometimes, when the work was heavy out there, they had to make two trips. One of their cars was always on wait—a twenty-four-hour turn at the first Poste de Secours, from which they got their orders.

It was their job to clean out wounded from two *boyaux* on the edge of the famous Mort-Homme and Cumières positions. Perry, the director of this section, said that he would send one of us on each of the two trips. Of what I shall call Position One, he remarked: "It is the sportier. But the other," he added, "is more interesting." Gleason and I were trying to decide which should be the sport and which the artist, when Perry and Andrew settled it between them. Gleason was to have the sporty one, and I the interesting one. From the lay of the land, as Rockwell traced it out for me on the map, I should have called my detail "sporty" also. I had mounted the seat beside the driver, had seen, by advice, that my steel helmet fitted and that my gas mask was firmly on my belt, before I noticed who was to be my driver. The men go out by rote; and I had drawn the Kid.

Now I had met the Kid three weeks before, in a town just beyond the guns of the Argonne. I found him sitting in his car, reading a newspaper and waiting for the section mail. He hadn't shaved for some time, it appeared, but that made small difference; you looked twice before you saw three downy hairs. He remarked to us then, upon recognizing our accent, that the sections were shifting to Verdun and expected a great deal doing; and he said it in the unformed but confident voice of a boy become a soldier. The Kid had been nine months in the Ambulance service since he left St. Paul's School. He expects to enter Harvard next autumn; and he admits to seventeen summers.

I wish I might tell all about that drive with the Kid; but the censorship and consideration for the safety of both French soldiers and American Ambulance men make it necessary to be hazy. There was first the long run through a perfect European evening. Night, the Healer, had blotted out the uglier scars of war, except now and then when we crossed the villages. Even these looked, in the dimming light, like old ruins—so old that no one could mourn over them and the lives that once they framed. We drove on into the world of heat lightning and giant fireflies; we saw the horizon now flickering, now laced by the fireworks of signal rockets and flares. The Kid, regarding this lurid landscape expertly, remarked that it looked to him like a fairly quiet night. It was time, he added; the last week had been pretty tough.

Waiting in the Bomb-Proof

We ran into a town. All the doors of the houses which remained were framed and roofed with sandbags. This was the place where men had been killed a few days before, and where one reserve ambulance of the American Section keeps always a twenty-four-hour watch. Our reserve driver peered out from between two piles of sandbags as we descended, and remarked that we might as well do our waiting in the *abri*—bomb-proof; by the law of chances, the more you stayed in bomb-proofs, the longer you were getting hit. We followed him. We were in the first story of a stout house, timbered like a mine; its walls and ceilings were all sandbags or cement. French soldiers, either stretcher-bearers or messengers, lolled about the bunks, reading, smoking or dozing. A sergeant poked in his head. Addressing us as "messieurs," he issued orders. There were for the present no wounded at the Poste to which we were going. We must wait there until two o'clock; if nothing arrived by then we might start home empty.

Now as we drove on into the fireworks the Kid began to show his technic. We were running, of course, without lights—no

(Continued on Page 33)

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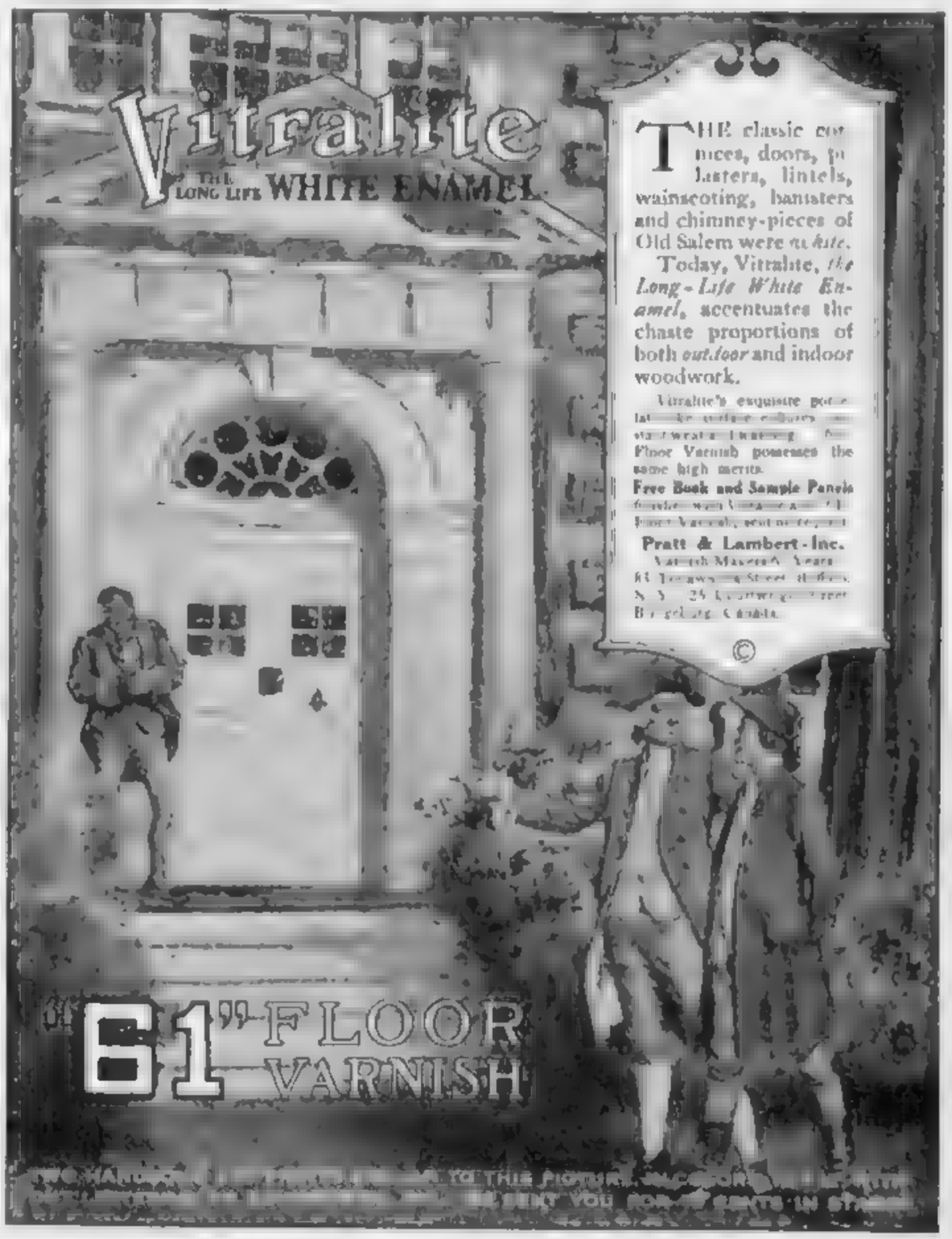
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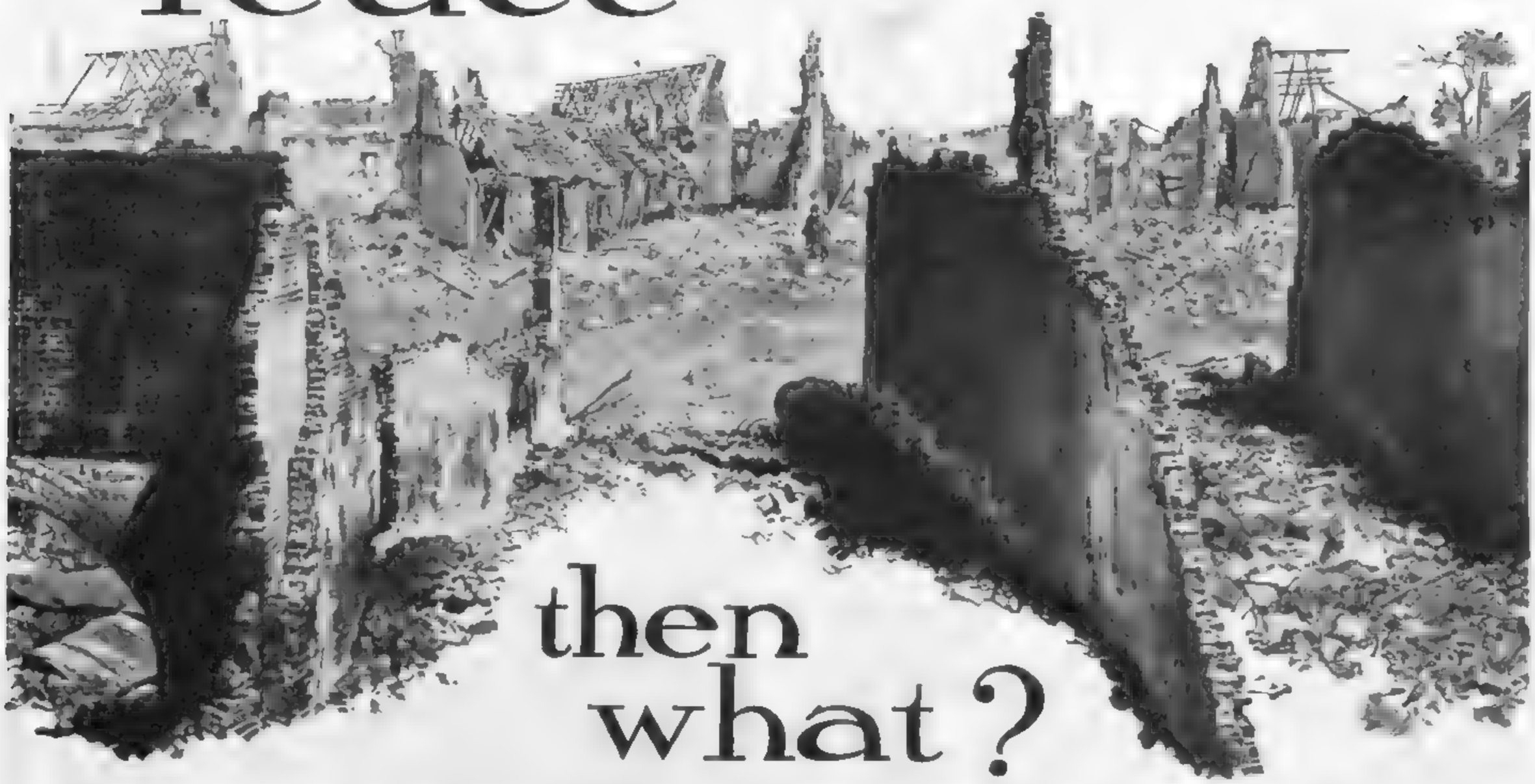

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(Continued from Page 31)

vehicle ever uses a light, even the dimmest trailer, in the zone of operations. He had been dropping his little jitney into shell holes, and drawing it delicately out again, all the way up to the Poste de Secours. The holes multiplied. The Kid, however, had learned the road in a week.

"Now we're coming to some bad ones," he would say, and an instant later he would have that little tin car dodging like a dancer.

The dark traffic multiplied itself along the road. Long before I could make out anything in the darkness his sharp young eyes would spot a heavy *camion* or man, and he would toot his horn respectfully. An ambulance has the right of way over all classes of traffic except three—reenforcements, ammunition going forward and food going forward. There was no telling when we might be encountering a vehicle of this privileged class; hence the respectful tone of the horn, and when we came so near the enemy that horns were as dangerous as lights, of his voice. He plead with gentle suppliance, did the Kid at this stage of the run, imploring messieurs the chauffeurs of the army *camions* to give a poor little ambulance room.

There was a stretch of road so picturesquely lonely, as we saw it in the flashes of the guns, that I should like to describe it with details, but shall not. Once we caught a glimpse of a black terrain not so very far away which seemed, under the gun flashes and the starlight, like a field newly plowed. It looked sinister and disturbed. It was the locked lines, French and German. There were no trenches any more in that field, only shell holes, where sometimes friend and enemy lay inextricably mixed. We had a swift night vision of a ruined farmhouse. Only a sliver, like a toothpick rock, was left of a corner wall, and it made a black slit against the far glare of twinkling batteries, flares, all the night fireworks going on along an active trench line. And everywhere, as we looked to right, to left, forward and back, the great fireflies twinkled.

By and by we turned into a town, bumping from a shell hole as we crawled down the narrow passage of a back alley.

"Here we are!" remarked the Kid.

There was no light except the stars and the faint glow of battle, but I made out doorways fringed with sandbags. I jumped down and started to light a cigarette. Instantly the Kid and three French soldiers threw themselves upon me; a hand struck down the match and a foot extinguished the flame. I passed a half minute of unpopularity. We were very near the enemy, it appeared—how near I am not telling. A light like that might bring a shell, or worse. I waited while the Kid stowed his machine, ready to take my medicine with him and the sentry in case my break brought trouble. But nothing happened.

Interest in Candidate "Uggs"

We had the latest Paris newspapers. Rockwell, who threw them aboard after us when we started, had warned us not to give them all to the officers. Further, we brought joyous news not yet in print. Information of decisive military movements, even among one's Allies, reaches the region of Headquarters sooner than it reaches the public press. Great things for us had just come off in both Galicia and the West. We burst into the officers' *abri* with the news, starting a pleasant French excitement, which died out only when each man crowded round the Petit Parisien, laid out under a dim whale-oil lamp on a map table, to read the particulars for himself.

In the men's *abri*, where our wounded were coming—if we got any—we created even more bubble and splutter. There were bunks and chairs in this men's *abri*; and being Frenchmen they offered us the chairs while they crowded standing round their little lamp, one reading out loud, the others punctuating the formal communiques of "our military expert" with exclamatives of pure joy. They were just fortuitous Frenchmen, these; but for their surroundings of sandbags and *blessé* bunks and their soldier clothes a chance group such as you might meet anywhere in a provincial café. Indeed, that is true of the whole French Army now; it is not the least endearing thing about the *poilu*. Gone, for the most part, is the military class with its unmistakable brand. Officer and soldier alike, they look like bakers, farmers, mechanics, lawyers or businessmen who just happen to be in uniform. Externally the soldier-mark goes no deeper than the linings of their horizon-blue tunics. Internally, of course, they are as determined and expert an army of pure fighters as the world ever saw. Were this not so, we should not have sat there that night beyond Verdun. But one likes it that through everything they appear civilian Frenchmen.

When the group about the lamp had satisfied themselves that the good news was really true, they came into the general conversation. They asked if we thought the pressure was going to let up on Verdun. When we said we did they remarked that it was time; someone else ought to be standing it for a while.

Taking me, from my khaki and trench helmet, for a newly arrived American *ambulancier*, they asked if this man "Uggs," who had just been nominated by the "Parti Républicain," was controlled by the Germans. Also was it true that the Germans had all the money in America? I set them right, and they assumed, at least, to believe me. They asked about the skyscrapers, and wanted to know whether we talked the same language as the English or only a language resembling it. I was puzzled to find a reply for that question!

Rocked to Sleep by Cannons

Presently—it was past midnight now—conversation lagged and everyone began to doze. The quick blessed sleep of youth caught both the Kid and his French confreres. They rolled up on the bunks into kittenlike balls. Myself, I did not sleep; for all through the talk I had been noting firecracker sounds—shrapnel unquestionably—outside. The Germans were doing a little perfunctory shelling, as they probably did every night. Then came noises that drowned this. Off in that direction where lay the Mort-Homme a machine-gun, then many machine-guns, began to drum. The batteries started into louder activity—the boom of the big pieces, the exaggerated rifle whip of the *soixante-quinze*. However, sleep began to catch me, too; just as I was dropping off, a voice called at the door of the *abri*:

"Lift the curtain, messieurs—the curtain!"

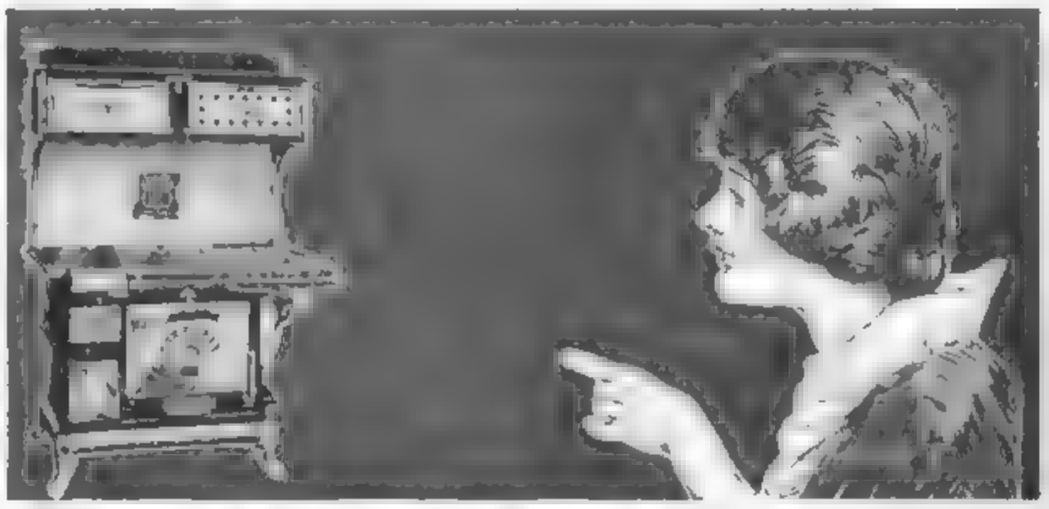
I sprang up and lifted it. There appeared a stretcher-bearer, the end of a stretcher, a pair of inert feet. Immediately the whole *abri* woke to that animation, that lively human fuss, with which the French do everything. He wasn't badly wounded, it seemed, as wounds go in this war—only a torn thigh, I take it. He rose up on his elbow, grinning his relief, and asked for a cigarette.

For he had just come along a dangerous way, on which many a man who starts lightly wounded is heavily wounded before he arrives, and many a man heavily wounded is cured forever of all his ills. When somehow they have got out of the shell holes, the stretcher-bearers pick them up. The French have a little two-wheeled cart for conveying the wreckage of battle. It cannot be used at this point, however; the ruins of field and house are too rough. The bearers carry the stretchers on their shoulders to a certain road, which may be swept at any time. There they transfer their wounded to the carts, and dash across to the next shelter. These men in the *abri*, these plain Frenchmen in soldier clothes with whom I had been talking politics, are among the heroes of the Verdun sector. They have lost as heavily as many regiments that carry the names of famous battles emblazoned on their banners.

The curtain was lifted again. We had another case—this looked like a bad one. There seemed but little life in him; and we could not wonder when we learned that he had just been through an emergency operation. The Kid looked him over, and asked if he were in danger. The bearers answered that the surgeons said no; only he'd better be handled carefully.

Next arrived three "walking cases," all with their arms in slings. The first one flopped down beside me; a little Frenchman with brown, bright eyes. He accepted a cigarette and showed a disposition to talk. Just think how lucky he was, he said. He had been wounded late in the evening, when he could crawl out immediately, and here he was. It was only a flesh wound too—a machine-gun bullet through the top of his shoulder, which came out of his back! He'd walked all the way.

"But look what I got en route," he said. The steel brim of his trench helmet was



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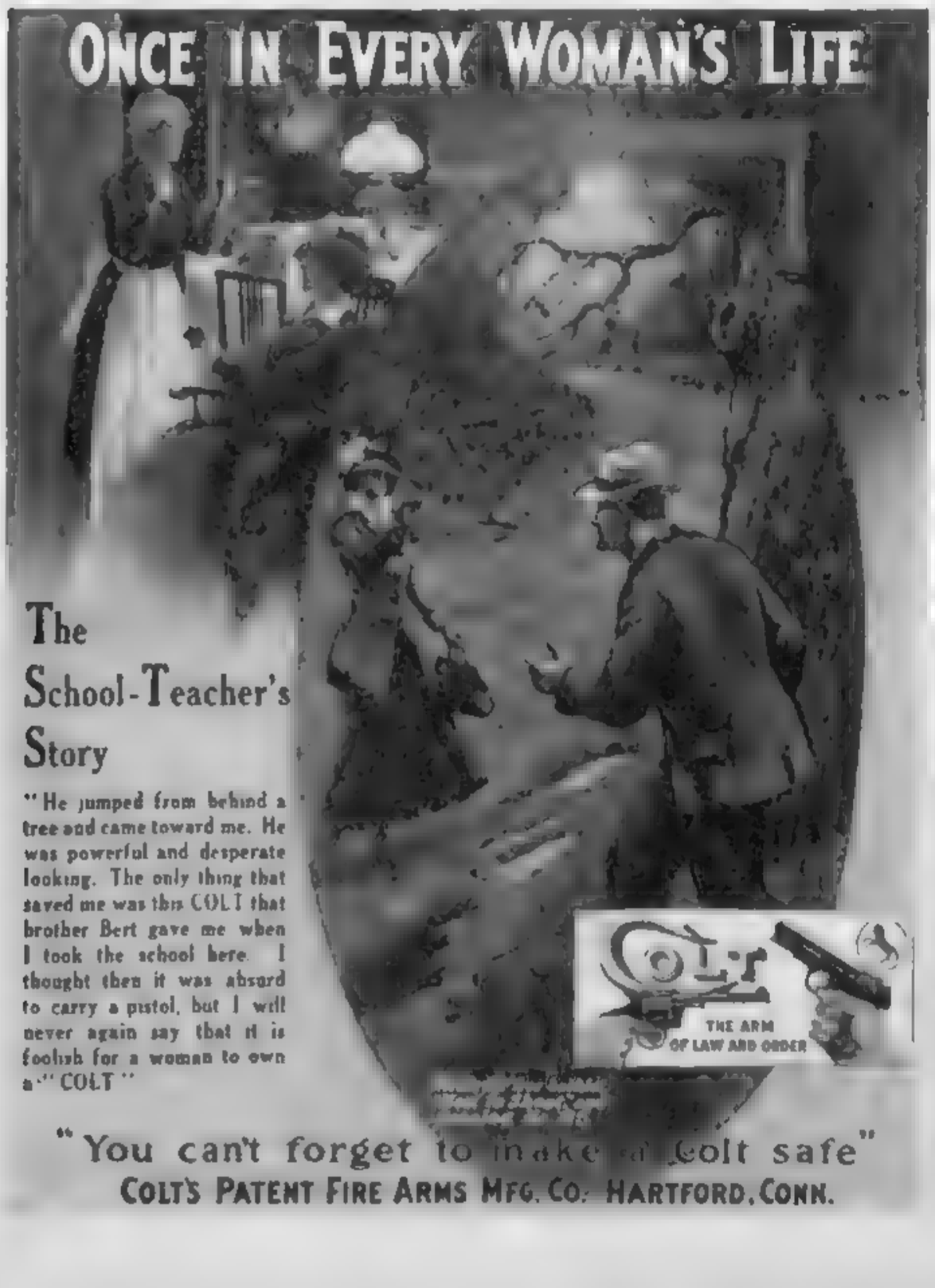

The School-Teacher's Story

"He jumped from behind a tree and came toward me. He was powerful and desperate looking. The only thing that saved me was this COLT that brother Bert gave me when I took the school here. I thought then it was absurd to carry a pistol, but I will never again say that it is foolish for a woman to own a "COLT"

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pierced by a neatly drilled little hole. Now, he inquired, when would he get out of here? I assured him that a big ambulance was waiting for sitting cases, and would start off before dawn; also that the road seemed all safe when I came up. Relieved, he remarked on the flavor of the cigarette I had given him—a popular American brand that can be bought in Paris.

"It's an American cigarette," I said.

"How much do they cost in America?" he asked.

"A franc a box of ten."

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "you rich devils of America!"

A head poked itself through the door to announce that another stretcher case was coming. That made a full load for us. The Kid began to tuck in his wounded; I helped, Marceline-fashion, to load them. As I ran back for the second I forgot to lower my head, and took from the timbering of the *abri* such a blow on the crown as would have made me a stretcher case myself but for the steel helmet. As it was I got neither shock nor bruise. During the three days I wore it, I found that there are many and divers uses for this latest protective device of warfare. Plug up the ventilation hole at the top, and it becomes at once a washbowl. Carried by its chin strap, it is a satisfactory basket. It is the perfect rain-hat.

As we started some great German searchlights were sweeping back and forth against the zenith of the sky, hunting, I suppose, for night-wandering aëroplanes.

With a load of wounded aboard, the time had come for the Kid to show his technic. Gentle and considerate carriage between *abri* and hospital may mean a life saved. A violent bump will sometimes tear open a new wound. He ran at a snail's pace over the shell-pitted sections, weaving his agile little jitney car in and out. Once only did we get a bump. I could feel the handles of a stretcher bound behind me, and I heard a composite grunt from within.

Jitneys as Lords of the Road

"Darn!" said the Kid. "That must be a new one!" It was the only time he had spoken to me for a quarter of an hour; he was strictly business now.

The traffic was all going back, but at a slow pace; we had the speed on anything that traveled that road. Also, by the rule I have quoted before, our ambulance, carrying wounded, had now absolutely the right of way. Gone was the politely apologetic tone of the Kid. He was lord of that road, and he proposed to enforce his right. At first he did not use his horn but only his voice. A train of great heavy *camions*—supply trucks—would make a deeper blotch in the blackness.

"*A droite!*"—to the right—the Kid would sing out in a voice all alarm and authority. "*A droite—à droite—à droite!*" I would hear the drivers shouting down the line, their singsong growing fainter and fainter. Once we made out a line of *camions* drawn up by the roadside. They towered above us, immobile. Something might have happened there! Our little jitney came only halfway up to the tops of their gigantic bodies. The Kid curved his machine delicately about them to take a look. The motion somehow struck me as indescribably comic. It seemed like a little boy who runs halfway round a big man, looks him over impudently and passes on his way.

We could use the horn by now, for we were once more amidst the bellowing of nearby artillery; and I discovered that the Kid could put more profanity into a siren automobile horn than any other driver I ever saw. "*A droite!*" he would yell, and follow up with a series of loud "blank-blank-blanks" on the horn. Usually *camions* or cook wagons began at once to shift lazily toward the gutter, but there was an independent driver, here and there, who held tight to the right of way. One cook wagon in especial pretended not to hear, and blocked a bridge before us. Just then also came the firecracker sound, through the booming of our own artillery, which proclaimed arrivals not far away.

"To the right, sacred kind of an onion! To the right, species of a pig!" bellowed the Kid in approved French Army profanity. The cook wagon curved sullenly to one side as it cleared the bridge, and the driver, leaning forth, replied in the language of a Paris cabman.

Now at last our own guns belched no more beside our road, and the twinkling, firefly lights were all behind us. Through the smell of chemicals and animal mortality that hangs over all those blasted fields there pierced a fresh scent to which we, the jungle-sprung, remain still sensitive after eons of evolution—the breath of dawn. The horizon edge lightened a little. Just then something happened that made us both jump and then settle down with a laugh. Two fireflies—real ones—had twinkled beside the road; and they looked to us both exactly like shrapnel!

We could talk now. I offered the Kid a cigarette; he refused. "I tried it a little last December," he said, "but then I swore off. I don't think it's good to smoke until you get your growth. But it's funny how every smoker goes right to his cigarette when he's scared, isn't it? Say, what happens to you when you're scared?"

"My mouth and tongue get dry as a bone," said I.

The Strange Ride of Charlie Toms

"My knees wabble." The Kid, observe, was enough of an experienced soldier to understand perfectly that the fearless man is mostly a myth. "It helps a lot to have an American round to josh with, doesn't it? I remember that once Southwell and I got into a hot place. A shell dropped ahead of us and another behind, and the road was blocked. When you feel you can't get out—that's toughest of all. We hadn't any wounded, so we could leave the cars. We ducked into an *abri*. We were both awfully scared. Southwell came in all hunched up. When we got inside he threw out his chest and said: 'I'll show these Frenchmen that an American citizen is not afraid of a little shell!' That made me laugh, and I wasn't scared any more."

Then the Kid fell into reminiscence of old days with the ambulance before they shifted to Verdun. He told of the tricks of shell-dodging, how you get a sense for the rhythm of a bombardment, and learn to run over dangerous ground between this arrival and the next. He praised the French *poilu*, his good fellowship and his gratitude. Then he brought up a story which I had heard often before told in the different ambulance sections—of the strange ride of Charlie Toms.

Toms, who has been in ambulance work ever since the lines locked on the Yser, is now mechanician for Section 4. It is his business to repair the ambulances whenever and wherever they go bad. During the very hottest days of Verdun a car broke its axle. Toms brought up a spare axle on another ambulance, which started forward for wounded. Just then the Germans began to shell that position. Working fast and feverishly he made repairs. He took the wheel and started the car. It began to back up. He realized at once his mistake. He had put in the differentials backward!

The car could not be abandoned, because it had a load of wounded. And the shells began to come nearer. Doubtless the average European would have heroically rechanged that axle under fire. But Toms is an American.

"Boys!" he said, "we've got to run this blamed car home backward!"

He stood facing the body, and worked the steering wheel with his hands behind his back. He put Rockwell on the step to man the gas and the brake. The horn had been shot to pieces; therefore, the regular driver stood on a rear mudguard to blow a whistle and curse *camions* out of the way. So they ran for twenty miles or more, the French Army gaping or laughing at them as they passed. But they got their wounded back unhurt.

Dawn had broken as we drew up beside the tent hospital. Forbes, on post there, ran out to assist with the unloading. In passing he recalled to me that we had met when he was Sunday editor of the Boston Herald. The bearers drew out the loaded stretchers from the shelves. What with the benevolent toxin that follows wounds, what with the relief of rescue, our *blessés* were all asleep. Only one stirred as we lifted him out; he was the "leg case" who had grinned so cheerfully when he landed in the *abri*. He looked over toward the Kid and held out a grimy, calloused hand.

"Thank you, my comrade," he said.

The Kid had found a soft tire. He fell to rummaging through his tool box for jack and pump.

"What sort of a run did you have?" asked Forbes.

"Quiet night," said the Kid, kicking his jack under the axle. "Nothing doing—poe-i-tively nothing!"

Detroit Electric

Nation-wide vote of buyers of enclosed cars proves Detroit Electric best

A census of all those who bought enclosed cars during the twelve-month period just past shows that ***far more selected Detroit Electrics than any other one make.*** This count comprises all enclosed cars—both of gasoline and electric power.

Some of these other cars are of higher price than the Detroit Electric. And some cost less. Evidently, therefore, ***it is not price*** that has won the majority of buyers to the Detroit Electric.

So we must conclude that the sole and only reason for this overwhelming preference for the Detroit Electric ***is the superiority of the Detroit Electric***—its ability to give better service at lower cost.

If you seek further facts to prove to your own satisfaction that the Detroit Electric is the best *all-year* car you will find them in the car itself.

A ***big mileage range*** is one of the features of this modern Detroit Electric.

Under average motoring conditions a single battery charge is sufficient to carry you ***80 to 90 miles.***

An abundance of power flows smoothly from the motor. It will enable you to climb any hill and pull through heavy mud or sand roads.

Especially is the Detroit Electric a reliable car. The mechanism is so simple and so finely improved that it but rarely needs any service attention. And the motor is not susceptible to weather changes. It does its work efficiently no matter what the temperature.

The Detroit Electric is strictly an *all-year* car. It gives you unfailing service 365 days each year.

On cold days you have a fine enclosed car. On fair days you may have all the airiness of an open car by reason of the clear vision windows at the front, back and sides which provide perfect ventilation when opened.

So easy and safe is it to drive the Detroit Electric that your family as well as yourself can enjoy its use.

You never find Detroit Electrics idle a good portion of the day as are so many cars of other types.

For when you are in your office your wife and daughter are driving through the parks or on shopping errands. And this all-around availability of the Detroit Electric makes it pay a greater per cent of return in service on your investment than any other car we know of.

A further feature in favor of the Detroit Electric is its remarkable economy in upkeep.

Cost of electricity for charging is low and getting lower in every town. There is no chance of its rising through a monopoly of the supply and forced prices.

Owners tell us that their average monthly cost for power is from $5 to $7. They say that tires last their full life. 7 to 10 thousand miles per set of tires is not unusual for the Detroit Electric.

And that repair and replacement costs are almost negligible.

Go to the nearest Detroit Electric dealer. Let him give you a road demonstration. That will clinch every claim we make for the Detroit Electric. It will satisfy you, too, that the Detroit Electric is the best *all-year* car on the market.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Makers of Detroit Electrics
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(185)

1917 Models are now in the Showrooms of Detroit Electric dealers everywhere

Columbia Batteries

On every road and waterway you'll find Columbias. They keep the engine going! They take the auto, tractor, motor boat *there and back.* They're ready, steady, strong, dependable. They meet demands, in every service—bells, signals, phones, lanterns. Wherever batteries are needed, Columbias have won the preference on performance. Be sure our name appears on every battery.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by the Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited, 651-3 Lansdowne Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Quick attaching firm holding Extension Spring Clip Binding Posts when desired without extra charge. Exclusively on Columbias.

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS OF METALS

(Concluded from Page 19)

The property had been turned down by the greatest accepted authorities in the copper world. The profits were all on paper; nothing had been proved; nothing could be proved until money in unprecedented amounts had been spent. An investment of at least two million dollars had to be made on the recommendation of a practically unknown mining engineer. It seemed hopeless. Yet Jackling did it. He got the money, nearly half a million, to acquire the property and for development work. When it was gone Jackling went to the Guggenheims for more. They spent a hundred thousand dollars in testing the Jackling theories. Then they opened the bag. That was in 1905.

When funds were assured Jackling proceeded to spend money at a rate that caused the old-time lode miners to tap their foreheads significantly. He set fleets of steam shovels at work on the mountain to strip the capping from the lean ore-bearing rock; at times the yardage of the steam shovels vied with the operations on the Panama Canal. He built a gigantic mill capable of handling ten thousand tons of ore a day, only to double its capacity before long. And to carry the ore from the mountain to the mill he built a railroad at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars a mile.

In 1906 Jackling bought a residence in Salt Lake City. Lacking ready cash, he paid for it with six thousand shares of stock on which he had already borrowed ten thousand dollars. The stock was then quoted at five dollars and a half a share, making the house cost twenty-three thousand dollars. If the vendor still has the six thousand shares he can sell them now for almost half a million. Meantime the stock has produced dividends in excess of sixty thousand dollars, its par value; for the mountain of lean porphyry that Jackling turned into a mine has become the largest copper producer to be found in the world.

Laying the Copper-Famine Ghost

When the porphyry mountain in Bingham Gulch began to produce, in 1907, the old veins and lodes of Michigan, of Montana and Arizona were losing the race with the evergrowing demand for copper. In 1905 the lodes and veins of the country produced nine hundred and one million pounds; in 1915, by straining every muscle, they lifted their yield to nine hundred and ninety millions. The consumption of copper in the United States alone, without the copper exports, exceeded one billion pounds last year. The old lode producers were definitely and decisively beaten. Even with the aid of second-hand copper, of all the Mexican and South American production, they could not have satisfied the export demand of six hundred and eighty-one million pounds. A world-wide copper panic would have broken out; quotations would have climbed to the moon if the new porphyries had not squatted heavily on the lid.

The Utah Copper Company, Jackling's first-born, was organized in 1905, began producing in 1907, and paid its first dividend a year later. Its tremendous output—it passed one hundred million pounds a year without effort—astonished the copper world. The astonishment grew when it became known that the cost of producing a pound of copper out of the low-grade porphyry was below eight cents. At once there ensued a rush for the immense masses of lean porphyry ore that had been lying about loose in the Southwest; but the stampeders were too late. Jackling and the Guggenheims had already gathered most of the ore bodies unto themselves, were already preparing to duplicate the Bingham performance in Arizona, in New Mexico, in Nevada and far-away Chile. In 1915 the six American porphyry mines produced three hundred and ninety-eight million pounds of copper.

This year the American porphyries are producing at the rate of five hundred and fifty million pounds a year. If the output of the Braden and the new Chuquicamata Mine, both in Chile, be added, the porphyry copper will exceed the total quantity of red metal mined in the United States in 1903. The ghost of an impending copper famine has been definitely laid.

Thanks to the porphyries, the threat of a copper shortage did not worry the producers when Europe burst into flames. Quite the contrary. They were afraid of overproduction. The export market was literally shot to pieces. Germany, having in 1913 taken three hundred and seven million pounds, one-third of all the export copper, was blockaded; the Austrian and Belgian markets, accounting for forty million pounds more, were wiped out; the domestic market had acute indigestion. Despite an immediate and drastic curtailment of production in all the copper districts, the price slumped violently, dropping from thirteen and a half to eleven cents a pound.

Nobody believed Kitchener during the first six months of the war. His ideas concerning the minimum duration of the war were attributed to professional pessimism. Nobody bought copper when it was eleven cents a pound; nobody believed that the guns could shoot fast enough to absorb the surplus copper which the demoralized industries of peace could not use. Yet Kitchener was right. Before the producers could take off the blue goggles, the biggest boom in the history of the red metal was upon them. The price rose to fifteen, to twenty, to twenty-five, to twenty-nine cents a pound, touched the highest point since 1873, when the country's total copper output was only thirty-four million pounds. It climbed steadily for a year and a half regardless of the astonishing increase in production.

In 1914 the American mines produced 1,150,000,000 pounds of copper; in 1915 the output broke the record with 1,388,000,000 pounds; this year it will probably surpass 1,650,000,000. In 1914 the average selling price was 13.3 cents a pound and the total production was valued at $152,900,000; this year the average price will be close to twenty-five cents a pound and the aggregate value should exceed $400,000,000.

If you contemplate going to Butte wire for reservations. Beds are scarce in Butte and you will have to use your elbows to get within megaphone distance of the barkeeper. Butte has twenty thousand zinc and copper miners where it had only thirteen thousand in 1914. The extra war bonus paid the men, over and above their regular wages, runs to half a million dollars a month, and moves fast. Arizona, greatest of the copper states, may increase its production from four hundred and thirty-two million pounds in 1915 to six hundred million this year; its mines are employing the largest number of men at the highest wages on record. In Idaho the lead and zinc miners are receiving a bonus of a dollar a day.

Even the silver mines felt the influence of martial prosperity. Since the Indian mints refused to accept silver for the private coinage of rupees in 1893, causing the price to drop from eighty-one to sixty-two cents in one week, the white metal has been drifting in the doldrums, unable to get out even with the help of the blasts from Nebraska and the curtailment of the Mexican output. It reached the lowest price on record—forty-six cents an ounce—in September, 1915, rebounding to seventy-seven cents in May of this year, though it sagged to sixty-one cents in July. For a few weeks the silver producers had a roseate vision of Europe returning to a bimetallic basis. That vision has vanished, but they still hope that the belligerents will be forced to replace a large part of their printing-press money with silver coins.

Fat Returns From Lean Ores

Though conservative mining men expect that peace, if it comes suddenly, will be followed by a period of readjustment and orientation similar to the industrial and commercial dislocation caused by the outbreak of the war, they do not expect the period to last very long. After this readjustment they expect the American metal mines to live happily and contentedly forever. They are unanimous in this conviction, though they do not speak in deep chest tones when zinc is mentioned. That a good many wartime zinc smelters will be as silent and lifeless as Ypres is now they admit, but they maintain that the zinc industry as a whole has received permanent, lasting benefits through the war boom.

In the Far West the high zinc price has enabled operators to install more expensive and efficient mining and milling machinery, thus reducing production costs permanently; zinc smelters have been built close to the Far Western zinc mines, and large electrolytic plants for the recovery of the metal have been successfully built and operated. After the war the American zinc industry, when duly deflated, should be in a better position to meet world competition than before the great boom; but the process of squeezing the new zinc waist, size forty-two, into the old thirty-six garment will not be entirely painless.

Lead plugged along contentedly before the war and, so the mining men say, should have no trouble in resuming its former comfortable gait when peace comes; though a sharp, short decline in prices will be necessary to put to sleep once more those lead-zinc mines whose high cost of production causes them to operate only when prices are far above normal.

As to silver, metal authorities decline to commit themselves. They fondly hope that it will stay above sixty cents an ounce, but their eyes cannot penetrate the shifting vapors that veil the world's financial future. Yet, with Europe facing the necessity of reducing the volume of its paper money and of parting with its hoarded gold to meet reconstruction needs, with the movies consuming ever larger quantities of nitrate of silver, and with China and India in the market again, producers are convinced that the peace cloud will have a substantial silver lining—more especially if Mexico continues the consumption of lead at the expense of silver production.

The Sanest Boom in History

What of copper though? The United States annually supplies sixty per cent of the world's copper production, and world conditions determine the price at which the red metal shall be sold. The imperative need of copper for shell casings, torpedoes, for naval construction, for armament in a thousand forms, has kept the price above twenty cents a pound, and has added two hundred and fifty million dollars to the value of the American copper output in 1916 as compared with the 1914 production. But the military demand must cease sooner or later.

The copper producers are not afraid of a general price debacle. They expect the world to continue in business at the same old stand, and they bank on the figures which show that the world's copper consumption is increasing at the rate of seven per cent—more than seventy million pounds—a year. They know that the industries of peace are consuming copper far below their normal capacity; they know that the reserve supply of the red metal the world over is the smallest in many years. Consumers are buying from hand to mouth, hoping for lower prices.

In Germany, hitherto the best copper customer of the United States, they are melting bronze statues and bells, stripping copper roofs, recasting manufactured copper and brass articles to obtain a supply of the indispensable metal. German metal interests are already combining in order to be able to buy new metal stocks at the lowest possible prices after the war ends. Neither England nor France has more copper than is needed for current consumption; and substitutes for copper have turned out to be about as satisfactory as substitutes for bread.

Unless the war is followed by a world-wide industrial and financial depression of unprecedented severity and duration, the copper producers are certain of a fair demand at living prices for their output.

The American metal-mine industry is not deceiving itself. It is not living in a fool's paradise. It knows that the present boom is temporary, and it is using a large part of the war profits for new equipment and improvements that will permanently lower the cost of production. Nor has the boom, despite its breadth, depth and length, been accompanied by frenzied stock speculation or crooked promotions.

Mining shares have gone up, but only on the basis of their increased earnings, and speculation has been confined to issues that proved their earning power by paying increased dividends. The fake promoters—the tribe that plundered the public to the tune of a hundred million dollars after the picayunish ore discoveries at Goldfield and Tonopah—utterly failed to strike a pocket of minted gold during the present activity. Neither the public nor the producers lost their heads.

The boom of 1915-16 will go down in history as the sanest and calmest as well as the biggest and most profitable era of mining prosperity the United States has ever seen.

Individual Floor Service

The floor clerk of Hotel La Salle takes the place of the private secretary in the office, the social secretary in the home. All troublesome details of your busy existence are disposed of promptly, effectively, quietly.

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Chicago's Finest Hotel

The floor clerk may safely be intrusted with a multitude of varied responsibilities ranging from receiving and announcing callers to securing desirable railway or steamship reservations.

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CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5

Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4 50 and $5

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath

Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

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"I have an exclusive agreement for twenty-five years with the Victor to make records of my voice. The records made by the Victor process are far superior—in quality of tone, natural reproduction, and in every detail—to those made by any other process in the world."

Enrico Caruso

"I have found Victor Records really wonderful reproductions of my singing"

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Victor

VICTOR

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REG

To insure Victor quality, always
"His Master's Voice." It is on every
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The greatest endor any musical

The mere fact that the world's greatest artists—universally acknowledged the greatest, and commanding the highest salaries—make records exclusively for the Victor is the most conclusive endorsement of Victor supremacy.

These famous artists know that the Victor carries to the uttermost corners of the world their voices and art true to the very life, with all the beauty of shading and individuality of expression which characterize their every rendition.

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

Victr

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"I would like to express my delight at renewing my contract with the Victor Talking Machine Company for ten years more.

"During my extensive travels I have had such a vivid illustration of the great work you are doing for the world that it is with the deepest feeling that I say I'm proud to be a part of such a great work, and that I may long enjoy the privilege is the earnest wish of

Alma Gluck

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"I have recently listened to the Victor Records of my violin playing and have more than ever been impressed by the marvelous faithfulness with which they reproduce, or rather re-create the minutest details of phrasing and every shade of tone-color, in short, the personality of the player.

"Truly, Victor Records are the last word of mechanical reproduction and quite justly does the civilized world all over the globe today look upon them as an inexhaustible source of pleasure and education."

Fritz Kreisler

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"The reproductions of the Victor Records are *wonderful*. It is my great desire now to seal up and preserve a complete set of my Victor Records for my children."

Louise Homer

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"The improvement in Victor recording during the past years has been so great that a singer is compelled to give the matter of making Victor Records the most serious and conscientious consideration."

A. Scotti

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Victrola and every Victor Record.
e Victrolas and Victor Records.

"I am delighted to contribute a word of appreciation in favor of the Victor, and congratulate myself that my selections are brought before the public in so admirable a manner, by means of its wonderful merit."

Geraldine Farrar

"The reproductions of the selections I sang for Victor Records are wonderfully lifelike they reproduce the natural quality of the human voice."

Marcella Sembrich

sement ever given instrument

"I believe that the process by which the Victor Records are made is the most perfect of all methods of voice reproduction. I have made records exclusively for the Victor since February 1910 and my present contract does not expire until February 1938."

John McCormack

They know that the Victor and Victrola are the only instruments that bring out their voices and art with absolute fidelity—that bring out of the Victor Record every part of every selection just as sweet and natural as when they sing or play on the operatic or concert stage.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola ($10 to $400) and play any music you wish to hear.

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Now Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' on the 28th of each month

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

"I wish to express my appreciation of the splendid series of reproductions of my voice which the Victor Company has made. They seem to me remarkably lifelike and faithful."

Geraldine Farrar

"The Victor today is the most relentless but the most just critic, as it reproduces absolutely what the artist has done."

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Parker Pen
EFFICIENCY WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1ST TO 10TH

THIS week has been set aside by the Army of Parker Pen Dealers for a special display and demonstration of the new

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SELF-FILLING SAFETY
FOUNTAIN PEN

This nation-wide demonstration is significant in that it presents the opportunity to direct your attention to the most modern type of fountain pens—the Parker Safety-Sealed Self-filler—a smooth barrel without slits, slots or holes in the wall from which ink could accidentally escape—a pen you can trust.

It changes from a self-filler to a non-self-filler, should any accident happen to the self-filling mechanism. Safety-Sealed against leaking when carried flat, upside down—any position. Fills in 2 seconds by pressing a concealed button.

Don't miss Parker Pen Efficiency Week in your city.

PARKER PEN CO.
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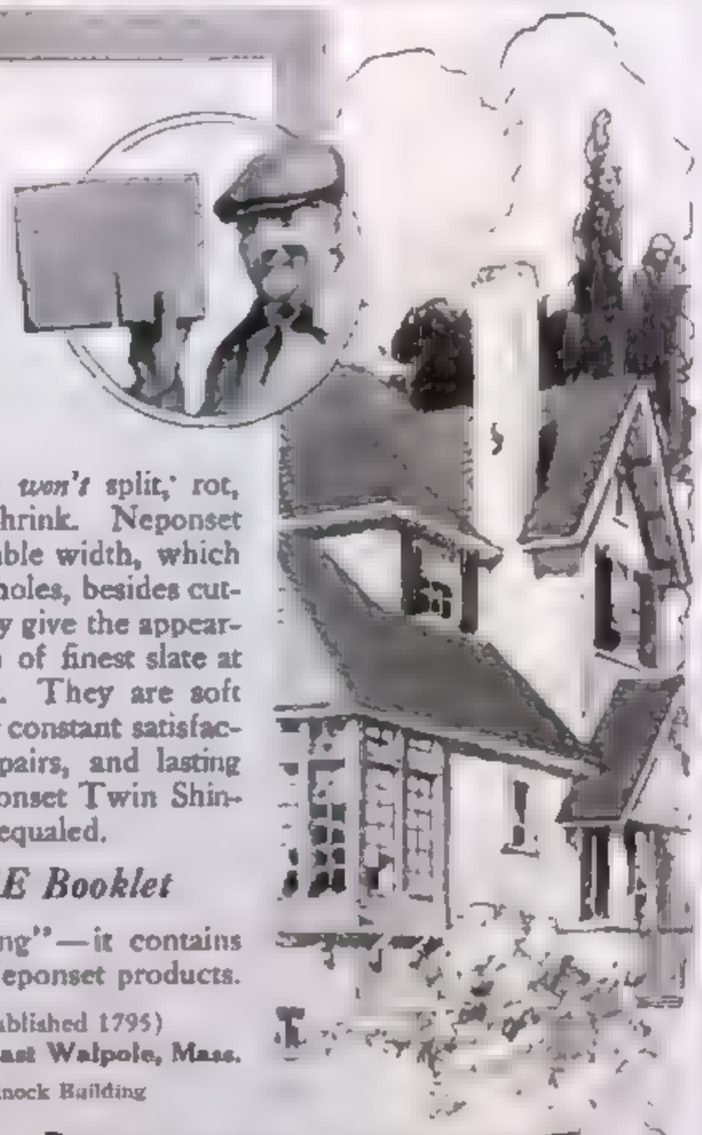
All sizes—and models—$2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00. Parker Pen dealers everywhere. Catalogue free.

Easy to Fill

Schools, colleges and educational institutions. Students—look up this pen before you buy.

Efficiency Engineers and Office Managers—equip your office force with Parker Fountain Pens and save at least $15 a year per person in time, increased output and added efficiency. A special Parker Fountain Pen has been devised for clerical forces and office work.

Ever Have a Perfect Roof?



Here are shingles that *won't* split, rot, rust, curl, swell nor shrink. Neponset Twin Shingles are double width, which reduces cracks and nail holes, besides cutting cost of laying. They give the appearance and fire-protection of finest slate at less than half the cost. They are soft gray, red or green. For constant satisfaction, freedom from repairs, and lasting beauty we believe Neponset Twin Shingles to be absolutely unequaled.

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BIRD NEPONSET

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

A LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

and begging him to switch over to his yacht and liven up the party, which was also going round the world—and maybe he would, because "after all, does anything in life really matter?"

That was the last line. I read it myself while Vida watched me, setting on her little iron bed after work one night. She had a plain little room with no windows but one in the roof, though very tastefully furnished with photos of Clyde on every wall. The only other luxury she'd indulged in was a three-dollar revolver because she was deathly afraid of burglars. She'd also bought a hammer to shoot the revolver off with, keeping 'em both on the stand at the head of her bed. Yes; she said that was the way the man was firing it off in the advertisement—hitting it on a certain spot with a hammer. She was a reckless little scoundrel. She told me all about how to shoot a revolver while I was thinking up what to say about Clyde.

I finally said if he had ended it all she must cheer up, because it might be for the best. She considered this sadly and said she didn't believe dear Clyde had been prepared to die. I could see she was remembering old things that had been taught her in Sabbath school about God and wickedness and the bad place, so I cheered her on that point. I told her they hadn't been burning people for about thirty years now, the same not being considered smart any longer in the best religious circles. I also tried in a delicate manner to convince her that her boy would never end it all by any free act of his. I offered to bet her a large sum of money on this at any odds she wanted—she could write her own ticket. I said I knew men well enough to be certain that with this one it would be a long life but a merry one. Gee! The idea of this four-carder hurting himself!

And I had to cheer her up on another point. This was that she didn't have about three babies, all the image of their father. Yes, sir; she was grieving sorely about that. It give me a new line on her. I saw all at once she was mostly mother—a born one. Couldn't ever be anything else and hadn't ever really felt anything but mothersome to this here wandering treasure of hers. It give me kind of a shock. It made me feel so queer I wanted to swear.

Well, I wrastled with that mulish female seven straight days to make her leave that twelve-hour job of hers and come out here with me. I tried everything. I even told her what with long hours and bum food she was making herself so old that her boy wouldn't give her a second look when he got back. That rattled her. She took hold of her face and said that massage cream would take all those silly lines out when she got time to rub it in properly; and as for the gray in her hair, she could never bring herself to use a dye, but if Clyde come back she might apply a little of the magic remedy that restores the natural color. She also said in plain words that to come out here with me would look like deserting her boy. Do you get that?

"Dear Clyde is so sensitive," she says. "I couldn't bear the thought of his coming back and finding that I had left our home."

My work was cut out for me, all right. I guess I'd of failed if I hadn't been helped by her getting a sick spell from worry over what the good God would do to Clyde if he should end it all in some nasty old river, and from the grocery being sold to a party that had his own cashier. But I won, she being too sick to hunt another job just then. At least I got a fair compromise.

She wouldn't come here to live with me, but she remembered that Clyde had often talked of Southern California, where he had once gone with genial friends in a private car. He had said that some day when he had acquired the means he would keep a home there. So she was willing to go there herself and start a home for him. I saw it was the best I could get from her, so I applauded.

I says: "That's fine. You take this three hundred and eighty dollars you got saved and I'll put a few dollars more with it and get you a little country place down there where you can be out of doors all day and raise oranges and chickens, and enough hogs for table use, and when the dear boy comes back he'll be awful proud of you."

"Oh, he always was that," says Vida. "But I'll go -and I'll always keep a light in the window for him."

And a lot of folks say women ought to vote!

So we start for Los Angeles, deserting Clyde just as mean as dirt. Sure, I went with her! I didn't trust her to finish the trip. As it was, she wanted to get off the train twice before we got to Chicago—thinking of the shock to her boy's tender heart if he should come back and find himself deserted.

But then, right after we left Chicago, she got interested. In the section across from us was a fifty-five-year-old male grouch with a few gray bristles on his head who had been snarling at everyone that come near him ever since the train left New York. The porters and conductors had got so they'd rush by him like they was afraid of getting bit on the arm. He had a gray face that seemed like it had been gouged out of stone. It was like one of these gargles you see on rare old churches in Europe. He was just hating everyone in the world, not even playing himself a favorite. And Vida had stood his growling as long as she could. Having at last give up the notion of tracking back to New York, she plumped herself down in the seat with this raging wild beast and begged for his troubles. I looked to see her tore limb from limb, instead of which in three minutes he was cooing to her in a rocky bass voice. His trouble was lumbago or pleurisy or some misery that kept him every minute in this pernickety state.

That was all old mother Vida needed to know. She rustled a couple hot-water bags and kept 'em on the ribs of this grouch for about two thousand miles, to say nothing of doping him with asperin and quinine and camphor and menthol and hot tea and soothing words. He was the only son in sight, so he got it good. She simply has to mother something.

The grouch got a little human himself the last day out and begun to ask Vida questions about herself. Being one that will tell any person anything at all, she told him her life history and how her plans was now unsettled, but she hoped to make a home out on this coast. The grouch come right out and asked her how big her roll was, saying he lived out here and it cost something to make a home. Vida told him she had her two years' savings of three hundred and eighty good dollars and that I had promised to loan her a few dollars to piece out with. At this the old boy looked me over carefully and could see no signs of vast wealth because I never wear such in Pullman cars, so he warns her that I'll have to piece out her savings with a few thousand instead of a few dollars if she's to start anything worth keeping, because what they do to you in taxes down there is a-plenty. After which he goes to sleep.

Vida moves over and asks what I meant by saying I'd only have to put in a few dollars when I must of known it would take a few thousand, and didn't I realize that Clyde would be hurt to the quick if he come back and found she hadn't been independent? She indignantly said she'd have to give up the country place and work till she had enough to start another home for paying guests.

I was so mad at this truthful grouch for butting in on my game that I up and told her flat she could never run a boarding house and make it pay; that no woman could who hadn't learned to say "No!" and she was too much of a mushhead for that. She was quite offended by this and says firmness has always been considered a strong point in her personality. A first-class palmist had told her this only two weeks before. While we are squabbling back and forth the grouch wakes up again and says that he's in the moving-picture business and will give her a good job in the wardrobe department of the company he's with, so she must show up there at eight o'clock the next morning. Just like that! He didn't ask her. He told her.

Vida is kind of took off her feet, but mumbles "Yes, sir!" and puts his card in her bag. Me? I was too mad to talk, seeing the girl get into the mill again when I'd tried so hard to get her out. But I swore to myself I'd stick round and try to get some sense into the cup-custard she called her brain.

So the next morning I took her out to this moving-picture joint that they call a studio—not a bit like Metta Bigler's studio in Red Gap—and sure enough here's the

grouch ready to put Vida on a job. The job is in a room about ninety feet long filled with boxes and sewing machines and shelves full of costumes, and Vida is to be assistant wardrobe mistress. Yes, sir; a regular title for the job. And the pay is twenty-five a week, which is thirteen more than she'd ever dreamed of making before. The grouch is very decent to her and tells everybody she's a friend of his, and they all pay polite attention to him because he's some one important in the works. It seems he's a director. He stands round and yells at the actors how to act, which I had always supposed they knew already but it seems not. Anyway, I left Vida there to get on to her new duties.

She was full of good reports that night about how well she'd got along, and how interesting the work was, and how she'd helped doctor up another boy. She said he was one of the world's greatest actors, because if they give him four or five stiff drinks first he would fall off a forty-foot cliff backwards into the ocean. She'd helped bandage a sprained wrist for him that he got by jumping out of a second-story window in a gripping drama replete with punch and not landing quite right.

I said to myself it must be a crazy joint and she'd soon give up and let me get her a nice little place on the edge of town that I'd already looked over. So I let her go three days more, but still she stuck there with great enthusiasm. Then I had to be leaving for home, so the afternoon of the fourth day I went out to see for myself how things looked.

Vida is tickled to see me and takes me right in where they're beginning to act a gripping feature production. Old Bill Grouch is there in front of a three-legged camera barking at the actors that are waiting round in their disguises—with more paint on 'em than even a young girl will use if her mother don't watch her. The grouch is very polite to Vida and me and shows us where to stand so we won't get knocked over by other actors that are carrying round furniture and electric-light stands and things.

They got a parlor in a humble home where the first scene is to be. There's a mother and a fair-haired boy of twenty and a cop that's come to pinch him for a crime. The play at this point is that the mother has to plead with the cop not to drag her boy off to a prison cell, and she has to do it with streaming eyes. It was darned interesting. The boy is standing with bowed head and the cop is looking sympathetic but firm, and mother is putting something into her eyes out of a medicine dropper. I whisper to Vida and she says it's glycerine for the tears. She holds her head back when she puts 'em in and they run down her cheeks very lifelike when she straightens up.

So mother comes forward with her streaming face and they're all ready to act when the grouch halts things and barks at the boy that he ain't standing right. He goes up and shows him how to stand more shamefully. But the tears on mother's face have dripped away and have to be renewed. She was a nice, kind-appearing mother all right, but I noticed she looked peeved when this delay happened. Vida explains that glycerine don't damage the eyes really, but it makes 'em smart a lot, and this actress, Miss St. Clair, has a right to feel mad over having to put in some more.

But she does it, though with low muttering, when the grouch calls "All right, Miss St. Clair!" and is coming forward to act with this here second batch of tears when the grouch stops it with another barking fit. He barks at the policeman this time. He says the policeman must do more acting.

"You know you have a boy of your own," says he, "and how you'd hate to have him arrested for this crime, but you're also remembering that law is law and you're sworn to uphold it. Try to get that now. All ready, Miss St. Clair—we're waiting for you, Miss St. Clair!"

I'd watched this actress the second time her tears was spoiled and her expression didn't fit a loving mother's face one bit. Her breath come as in scenes of tense emotion, but she hotly muttered something that made me think I must of misunderstood her, because no lady actress would say it, let alone a kind old mother. However, she backs off and for the third time has this medicine dropper worked on her smarting eyes. Once more she comes forward with streaming eyes of motherly love, and I'm darned if this grouch don't hold things up again.

This time he's barking about a leather sofa against the far wall of the humble home. He says it's an office sofa and where in something is the red plush one that belongs to the set? He's barking dangerously at everyone round him when all at once he's choked off something grand by the weeping mother that has lost her third set of tears. She was wiping glycerine off her face and saying things to the grouch that must of give him a cold chill for a minute. I'm sometimes accused of doing things with language myself, but never in my life have I talked so interestingly—at least not before ladies. Not that I blamed her.

Everyone kept still with horror till she run down; it seems it's a fierce crime in that art to give a director what's coming to him. The policeman and the erring son was so scared they just stood there acting their parts and the grouch was frozen with his mouth half open. Probably he hadn't believed it at first. Then all at once he smiled the loveliest smile you ever seen on a human face and says in chilled tones: "That will be all, Miss St. Clair! We will trouble you no further in this production." His words sounded like cracking up a hunk of ice for the cocktail shaker. Miss St. Clair then throws up her arms and rushes off, shrieking to the limit of a bully voice.

It was an exciting introduction for me to what they call the silent drama.

Then I looked at Vida and she was crying her eyes out. I guessed it was from sympathy with the mother actress, but the grouch also stares at her with his gimlet eyes and says:

"Here, don't you waste any tears on her. That's all in the day's work."

"I—wasn't thinking of her," sobs Vida.

"Then what you crying for?" says he.

"For that poor dear boy that's being dragged from his mother to prison for some childish prank," she blubbers.

Me, I laughed right out at the little fool, but the director didn't laugh.

"Well, I'll be damned!" says he in low, reverent tones.

Then he begins to look into her face like he'd lost something there. Then he backed off and looked into it a minute more. Then he went crazy all over the place.

"Here," he barks at another actress, "get this woman into your dressing room and get the number five on her quick. Make her up for this part, understand? You there, Eddie, run get that calico skirt and black-satin waist off Miss St. Clair and hustle 'em over to Miss Harcourt's room, where this lady will be making up. Come on now! Move! Work quick! We can't be on this scene all day."

Then, when everybody run off, he set down on the red plush sofa that was now in place, relighted a cigar that smelled like it had gone out three days before, and grinned at me in an excited manner.

"Your little friend is a find," he says. "Mark my words, Mrs. Pettijohn, she's got a future or I don't know faces. She'll screen well, and she's one of the few that can turn on the tears when she wants to. I always did hate glycerine in this art. Now if only I can get her camera wise—and I'll bet I can! Lucky we'd just started on this piece when St. Clair blew up. Only one little retake, where she's happy over her boy's promotion in the factory. She's bound to get away with that; then if she can get the water again for this scene it will be all over but signing her contract."

I was some excited myself by this time, you'd better believe. Nervous as a cat I found myself when Vida was led out in the sad mother's costume by this other actress that had made her up. But Vida wasn't nervous the least bit. She was gayly babbling that she'd always wanted to act, and once she had played a real part in a piece they put on at Odd Fellows' Hall in Fredonia, and she had done so well that even the Methodist minister said she was as good as the actress he saw in Lawrence Barrett's company before he was saved; and he had hoped she wouldn't be led away by her success and go on the real stage, because he could not regard it as a safe pursuit for young persons of her sex, owing to there being so little home life—and now what did she do first?

This director had got very cold and businesslike once more.

"Stop talking, first," says he. "Don't let me hear another word from you. And listen hard. You're sitting in your humble

(Concluded on Page 44)

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We give you better fabric, better workmanship, better styles, and yet save you money, because we sell you direct—maker to wearer and eliminate agents' commissions and retail selling expenses.
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We've made thousands of suits each year for 35 years. Our customers include hundreds of prosperous business men who buy from us, not only for the saving, but for our style and fit—which can't be equalled outside of New York.
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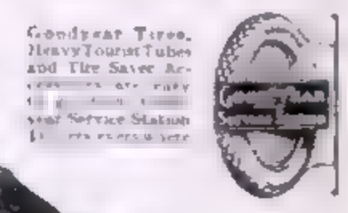

JOR

JORDAN

Introducing a new Six with custom made style bodies at attractive prices

D A N

Smart Designs for Smart Folks

THE trend of public opinion is rapidly changing. People are sick and tired of the ordinary things.

The world is too full of the commonplace. There are commonplace homes, commonplace clothes, commonplace pictures—and commonplace motor cars in abundance.

For example: Stand on the most crowded thoroughfare of any American city. Watch the multitude of cars as they pass and the majority of them leave you with no impression whatsoever..

However, the few cars that do impress you stick in your brain—you have a sharp, clean-cut impression of having seen something smart and individual.

Yet the very cars which have won your lasting admiration are very, very expensive automobiles—usually 'way out of reach and reason.

As things have developed, the chassis, that is the mechanism, of the modern automobile is now standardized. Motors, gears, frames, transmissions, etc., are developed to a state of practical perfection.

But body designs have not. In fact, they never will. For bodies are the work of artists. Therefore something new—something more individual—something more beautiful, is constantly being created.

That, primarily, is our work. We have built a six-cylinder chassis which for efficiency, economy, and all around performance is second to none.

The sole aim of the Jordan Motor Car Company is to design and build custom style bodies of supreme smartness, taste, grace, and charm.

These specially designed bodies are to be mounted on the standard Jordan six-cylinder chassis so that both flexibility and fashion are provided—at a moderate price.

We show on the opposite page the splendid Jordan seven passenger luxury touring car.

It is finished in a bright mahogany maroon or in a deep, soft, Venetian green. Take your choice. Either shade is fashionable.

Note particularly its length and lowness, which are the very backbone of its rare beauty.

Next you notice the double cowl—a European touch further harmonizing all lines.

See the saucy tilt to the windshield.

As you step inside you feel the soft, deeply tufted, hand-buffed leather. No dirt can accumulate, for this fine upholstery is French pleated.

The new Marshall cushion springs add wonderfully to the riding comfort.

You sink—not sit, but sink—into the wide back seat. Solid comfort! And as you rest, your eye roams to the back of the center cowl.

Here you see, set in highly polished mahogany panels, a Yale locked cabinet for Thermos bottles, powder puffs, and knick-knacks.

Next you glance at the floor. Here is an artistic rug. Not a mat, but a beautiful rug—pleasing, soft, and harmonious.

The doors are wide—close easily and noiselessly.

Sit at the wheel. See how you fall right into a natural driving position. Everything within reach.

You see more shining mahogany. This time it's the dash with its brilliant, flashing instruments.

The six-cylinder motor is smooth, silent, and sweet. Just purrs along at top notch, 60 miles an hour speed or 5 miles per hour on high.

Mind you, we have described but one model!

There are many others. Racy roadsters, snappy sport models, nifty four passenger jobs, Springfield types of stylish Sedans, Coupés, and Limousines.

And there is not a commonplace design in the entire line.

If you are interested in individualistic things you'll want a Jordan.

The sale of these cars will be limited to 100 dealers. We are picking our dealers as carefully as we designed the new Jordan creations.

Deliveries are starting now. A line from you will bring complete information, descriptions, and illustrations.

BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS

Continental high speed six cylinder motor 3½ x 5¼.
Wheelbase 127 inches.
Timken axles and bearings..
Brown Lipe clutch and transmission
Weight 3050 pounds.
Bijur starting and lighting
Bosch D. U. 6 ignition.
35 x 4½ inch tires.
Rear seat, 48 inches wide.
Vanadium steel springs —rear 59 inches.
Equipment — complete.

Seven Passenger Luxury Car . . . $1650
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CLEVELAND OHIO

CLEAN, HEALTHY SKIN NEEDS NO COSMETIC

CONSTANT use of Pears' Soap does more than simply remove the *visible dirt*. It keeps the delicate pores free from impurities and thus removes the *principal cause* of bad skin, roughness, redness and pimples—even the harmful effects of inferior soaps.

Pears is the purest soap known to the art of soap making—cleanses most thoroughly, is refreshing and invigorating; ideal, even for the most sensitive skin.

Pears' SOAP

lasts longer—costs less and is the most economical toilet soap you can use.

Send for Trial Cake

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER For a generous trial size cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost to Walter Jackson, United States Agent, 51 Canal Street, New York City

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world

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home sewing a button on your boy's coat. He's your only joy in life. There's the coat and the button half sewed on with the needle and thread sticking in it. Sit down and sew that button on as if you were doing it for your own son. No pretending, mind you. Sew it on as if ——"

He hesitated a minute and got a first-class inspiration.

"Sew it on as if it was a button on your husband's coat that you told me about. Every two or three stitches look up to show us how happy you are. When you get it sewed, take the coat up this way and hug it. You look still happier at that. Then you walk over to the mantel, pick up the photograph of your boy that's there by that china dog and kiss it. I won't tell you how to do that. Remember who he is and do it your own way, only let us see your face. Then put back the picture slowly, go get the coat and start to the left as if you were going to hang it up in his room; but you hear steps on the stair outside and you know your boy has come home from work. We see that because your face lights up. Stand happy there till he comes in.

"You expect him to rush over to you as usual, but he's cast down; something has happened. You get a shock of fright. Walk over to him—slow; you're scared. Get your arms round him. He stiffens at first, then leans on you. He's crying himself now, but you ain't —not yet. You're brave because you don't know about this fight he's had with the foreman that's after your boy's sweetheart for no good purpose.

"Now go through it that far and see if you remember everything I told you. When we get down to the crying scene after the officer comes on, I'll rehearse you in that too, only for God's sake don't cry in the rehearsal! You'll go dry. Now then! Coat—button—sewing. Go on!"

Well, sir, I stood there trembling like a leaf while she went through what he'd told her like she'd been at it all her life—or rather like it was her dear Clyde's coat and her dear Clyde's photo and her dear Clyde that come in the door. Then he rehearsed her in the end of the scene where the cop comes on, and she got that too, though alarming him because she couldn't even rehearse it without crying. I could see this director was nervous himself by this time, thinking she was too good to be true. But he got her into the chair sewing again, all ready for the real work.

"Remember only three things," he says: "Don't look at this machine, move slowly when you move at all, and don't try to act. Now then! Camera!"

It was a historic occasion, all right. The lad at the camera begun to turn a crank and Vida begun to act like she wasn't acting at all. The director just give her a low word when she had to move. He didn't bark now. And say, that crying scene! Darned if I didn't near cry myself looking at her, and I heard this stone-faced director breathing mighty short when she had to stand there with her hands clenched and watch her boy go out the door with this cop.

Vida was too excited to sleep that night. She said the director had advised her privately not to make a contract just yet, because she would get better terms when she'd showed 'em what she could really do. For this picture she would get paid seventy-five dollars a week. A week, mind you, to a girl that had been thinking herself lucky to get twelve in New York.

She was very let down and happy, and cried a little bit out of working hours for me because it was all so wonderful, and her drowned boy might be resting on some river bottom at that very moment. I said it was a safe bet he was resting, wherever he was; but she didn't get it and I didn't say it twice.

And such was the beginning of Vida Sommers' glittering sob career in the movies. She's never had but one failure and they turned that into a success. It seems they tried her in one of these "Should a Wife Forgive?" pieces in which the wife did not forgive, for a wonder, and she made a horrible mess of it. She was fine in the suffering part, of course, only when it come to not forgiving at the end—well, she just didn't know how to not forgive. They worked with her one whole day, then had to change the ending. She's said to be very noble and womanly in it.

I went home next day, leaving her in pursuit of her art. But I got glowing letters from her about every week, she doing new pictures and her salary jumping because other film parties was naturally after so good a weeper. And the next year I run down to see her. She was a changed woman all right. She had a home or bungalow, a car, a fashionable dog, a Jap cook, a maid and real gowns for the first time in her life. But the changes was all outside. She was still the same Vida that wanted to mother every male human on earth. She never seemed to worry about girls and women; her idea is that they're able to look out for themselves, but that men are babies needing a mother's protection as long as they live.

And of course one of these men she had mothered down there had took a base advantage of her—this same ugly old grouch of a director. She locked the bedroom door and told me about it in horrified whispers the first night I got there. She said it might of been her fault, that he might of misunderstood something she had said about Clyde. And anyway she'd ought to of remembered that some men are beasts at heart.

Anyway, this infamous brute had come to the house one night and insulted her in the grossest manner, and it was all true about moving-picture directors having designs on unprotected females that work for 'em. Yielding to his lowest brute instincts he had thrown decency to the winds and made her such an evil proposition that she could hardly bear to put it in words. But she did. It seems that the scoundrel had listened to some studio gossip to the effect that she had divorced the husband who deserted her, and so he come right out and said he had been deeply in love with her ever since that first day on the train, and now that she was free, would she marry him?

Of course she was insulted to the limit and told him so in what would probably of made a gripping scene of a good woman spurning the advances of a moral leper. She overwhelmed him with scorn and horror for his foul words. How dared he say her Clyde had deserted her, or think she would ever divorce him! That showed what a vile mind he must have. She said he got awful meek and apologetic when he learned that she still clung to the memory of Clyde, who would one day fight his way back to her if he hadn't ended it all. She told him fully what a perfect man Clyde was, and she said at last the ugly old wretch just grinned weakly at her in a very painful way, like it hurt him, and said: "Oh, my dearest, you must try to forgive me. I didn't know—I didn't know half the truth." Then he patted her hand and patted her cheek and choked up and swallowed a couple of times, and says he:

"I was an old man dreaming, and dreams make fools of old men!"

Then he swallowed again and stumbled out through her garden where the orange blossoms had just come. She said he'd never been offensive since that time, barking as nasty to her as to any of the others when she was acting, so that no one would dream what a foul heart he had, except that he always kept a bunch of white roses in her dressing room. But she hadn't cared to make him trouble about that because maybe he was honestly trying to lead a better life.

Some entertainment Vida give me, telling this, setting on her bed under a light that showed up more lines than ever in her face. She was looking close to forty now—I guess them crying scenes had told on her, and her yearning for the lost Clyde—anyway she was the last woman on earth could of got herself insulted even if she had tried her prettiest, only she didn't know that. And she'd had her little thrill. We've all dreamed of how we'd some day turn down some impossible party who was overcome by our mere beauty.

I said I'd always known this director was an unspeakable scoundrel, because he insisted on calling me Mrs. Pettijohn.

Then we had a nice talk about Clyde. She'd had no word for a year now, the last being a picture card saying he would spend the winter in Egypt with some well-known capitalists that wouldn't take no for an answer. And did I believe he might now be wandering over the face of the earth, sick and worn, and trying to get back to her; didn't I think some day he would drag himself to her door, a mere wreck of his former self, to be soothed at last on her breast? That was why she kept a light burning in the front window of this here bungalow. He would know she had waited.

Well, I'd never said a word against Clyde except in conversation with myself, and I wasn't going to break out now. I did go so far as to hint that an article that had come out about her in this same magazine might draw Clyde back a little quicker than the light in the window. The article said her salary was enormous. I thought its rays might carry.

So I come home again and near a year later I get a telegram from Vida: "Happy at last—my own has come home to me." I threw up my hands and swore when I read this. The article had said her salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a week.

The next winter I run down to see the happy couple. Vida was now looking a good forty, but Clyde was actually looking younger than ever; not a line nor a wrinkle to show how he had grieved for her, and not a sign of writer's cramp from these three picture cards he had sent her in five years. She'd been afraid he'd come back worn to the bone.

But listen! By the time I got there Clyde was also drawing money. He'd felt a little hurt at first to find his wife a common actress, and asked to see her contract because you couldn't believe what you see in these magazines. Then he'd gone round the lot and got to be an actor himself. I gathered that he hadn't been well liked by the men at first, and two or three other directors, when Vida insisted he should have a chance to act, had put him into rough-house funny plays where he got thrown downstairs or had bricks fall on him, or got beat up by a willing ex-prizefighter, or a basket of eggs over his head, or custard pies in his perfect features, with bruises and sprains and broken bones and so forth—I believe the first week they broke everything but his contract.

Anyway, when he begun to think he wasn't meant for this art, who steps in but this same director that had made such a beast of himself with Vida? He puts Clyde into a play in which Vida is the mother and Clyde is the noble son that takes the crime on his shoulders to screen the brother of the girl he loves, and it was an awful hit. Naturally Vida was never so good before and Clyde proved to be another find. He can straighten up and look nobler when he's wrongfully accused of a crime than any still actor I ever see. He's got now to where they have to handle him with gloves or he'd leave 'em flat and go with another company. Vida wrote me only last week that they had a play for him where he's cast off on a desert island with a beautiful but haughty heiress, and they have to live there three months subsisting on edible foods which are found on all desert islands. But Clyde had refused the part because he would have to grow whiskers in this three months. He said he had to think of his public, which would resent this hideous desecration. He thought up a bully way to get out of it. He said he'd let the whiskers grow for a few scenes and then find a case of safety razors washed ashore, so he could shave himself just before the haughty millionaire's daughter confessed that she had loved him from the first and the excursion steamer come up to rescue 'em. I believe he now admits frankly that he wrote most of the play, or at least wrote the punch into it. A very happy couple they are, Clyde having only one vice, which is candy that threatens his waistline. Vida keeps a sharp watch on him, but he bribes people to sneak chocolate creams into his dressing room. The last night I was there he sung Good night, good night, beloved! so well that I choked up myself.

Of course women are crazy about him; but that don't bother Vida a little bit. She never wanted a husband anyway—only a son. And Clyde must have had something wake up in his brain them years he was away. He had a queer look in his eyes one night when he said to me—where Vida couldn't hear: "Yes, other women have loved me, but she—she knows me and loves me!" It's the only thing I ever heard him utter that would show he might be above a pet kitten in intellect.

And, of course, these letters he gets don't mean anything in his life but advertising—— Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you that his stage name is J. Harold Armytage. He thought it up himself. And the letters coming in by the bushel really make Vida proud. In her heart she's sorry for the poor fools because they can't have as much of dear Clyde as she has. She says she's never deserved her present happiness. I never know whether I agree with her or not.

She's a queer one. Darned if she don't make a person think sometimes—listening to her chatter—that there must be something kind of decent about human nature after all!

A "Simmons" Steel Bed, No. 1844. Until this advertisement was published no reader of The Saturday Evening Post ever saw a Steel Bed of such character and distinction.

A New Standard of Steel Bed Value

In beauty, Simmons modern Steel Beds surpass any other beds of any material; in variety of style and finish, sanitary qualities and durability, they excel all others; and, in cost, they are lower than any beds built of any material that *approach* them in artistic merit or class. When Simmons invented this new method of processing steel, it was more than an epoch-making discovery in metal working; it marked an entirely new era in steel bed construction. No longer restricted by mechanical limitations, Simmons Steel Beds, in graceful square tubing, attain every ideal of the furniture art of all time and offer styles of lasting dependability hitherto deemed impossible of expression in metal. In the charm of their unobtrusive finishes, they meet the demands of the most fastidiously exacting. Whether in delicate shades of plain color, rich lacquer effects, quaint hand-decorations, or in the wood-grain facsimiles of red or brown Mahogany, Circassian or American Walnut, Oak, or other woods, they sound an advanced keynote for chamber furnishing. Simmons Steel Beds are in the windows and on the floors of better furniture stores everywhere. Go and see them. The genuine have Simmons' name on the foot-rail, and from simplest types to those of supremest elegance, their prices are moderate.

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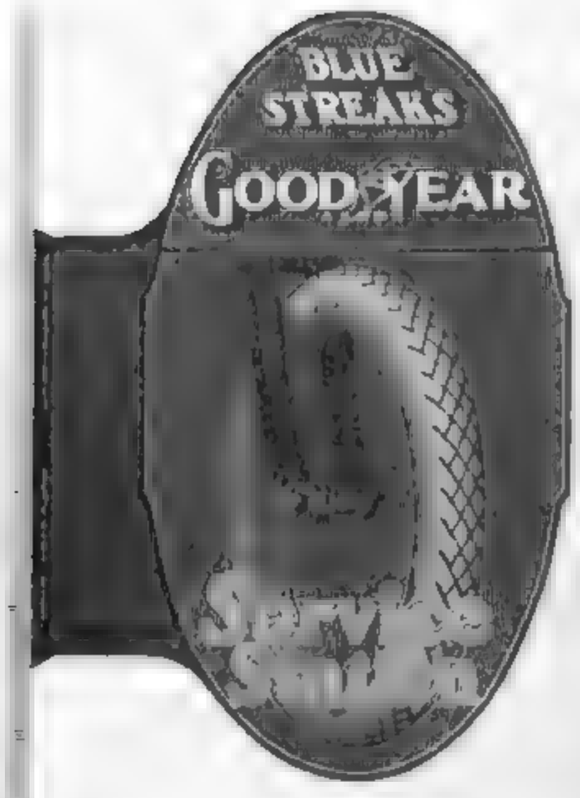

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THE EVOLUTION OF A BELASCO PLAY

(Continued from Page 14)

and actresses suitable to the various characters from the moment I made up my mind to accept the play. Applicants for parts come to my office in swarms, but generally they are members of the profession who are too familiarly known to the public, since I prefer, as far as possible, to develop my own actors. I ransack the varieties and the cheap stock companies and I both go to see the people and have them come to see me. If I happen to be producing a play for a star the organization of the company is somewhat simplified, but in any event I always choose my players with the greatest care. In making my selections I should much prefer to have an actor resemble the character he is to represent than have him depend upon disguise and the assumption of manners, for my motto has been to keep as close to nature as possible.

By the time I am ready to make my contracts my conception of every character is complete. Should the characters be English or German or Italian, I try to engage actors of those nationalities to impersonate them. When I was preparing the production of The Music Master I hunted for some of my people in the theaters of the East Side; in The Darling of the Gods I employed Japanese in some instances; in Marie-Odile my uhlans were real Germans. It is necessary, also, to be quite as careful in selecting supers as in engaging people for speaking rôles. Sometimes I have gathered together one hundred and fifty super candidates at one sitting, and from this number have chosen barely half a dozen. I study their features closely, with a view to their fitness, and I watch their manners and movements.

In the cases of players of speaking rôles the quality of the voice is a strong persuading factor in my calculations. If I happen to have selected an actor with a deep voice for a certain part I try to put him opposite an actress who has a highly pitched voice, for when the talk floats across the footlights it must blend as in a song. In casting a play for a star I am also careful to avoid temperamental people, for it must be the star who has the monopoly of temperamental qualities. Such small details as these are not ordinarily noticed by audiences; nevertheless, they are unconsciously felt in every artistic production of a drama.

Until my company is fully organized its members, of course, remain scattered. In due course of time—I usually allot about six weeks to rehearsals of a play which does not offer unusual difficulties—notices are sent out for the people to assemble. When they arrive at the theater I always make it a practice to be on hand to receive them. I want them to feel from the outset an intimate relationship to me and to one another. After a few moments spent in general conversation I then invite them to accompany me to the reading room, where they find a long, well-lighted table, surrounded by comfortable chairs.

The Actors Learn Their A B C

When we are all seated—I at the head of the table with the scene models beside me—I invariably give a few preliminary instructions. First of all I caution the members of the company not to discuss the play outside my theater. I impress upon them that the ultimate result of our effort will depend upon the spirit of coöperation which each brings to it and that the success of the whole is more important to me than any of its parts. I urge that they must not judge the value of their characters by the number of lines allotted to them to speak, but rather by the artistry which the characters permit. Above all, I ask them not to be selfish, but to assist one another, because, after all, they are only the component parts of a single picture.

My sermon preached and reiterated, I then read the play from beginning to end without interruptions or comment. This ceremony finished, the individual parts are distributed by the prompter. Luncheon is then served in the reading room and presently we return to the play, this time with the actors reading their own parts.

Talk about stage fright! The suffering of actors at a first public performance is nothing compared to what they undergo when, with no one but myself present, they first read their parts from the manuscript. Each character is closely analyzed as we proceed. Invariably our discussions bring out more of the psychology of the rôles than the author ever dreamed his play contained. When the reading is finished we indulge in a little general conversation—the pleasant social relationship of the members of a theatrical company is always important—and then the rehearsal is adjourned until the following morning.

Daily, at the same hour, ten-thirty o'clock, we assemble in the reading room. The actors have not memorized their parts, but are reading from the manuscripts. Each one is acquiring a better conception of his own rôle and noticing the gradual growth of the other characters. Meanwhile I study the individual actors, noting where values and deficiencies lie. I observe when they cannot sustain scenes or speeches—when they are not good listeners—and make up my mind what I am going to do when I get them on my stage.

The Value of Idiosyncrasies

During this week of preliminary readings I seldom fail to detect imperfections which have previously escaped me in the play itself. I follow the construction in an effort to find weak spots. There may be no carrying-over interest between episodes or scenes, and these must be corrected. I may say in this connection that I have rarely been opposed by my authors when changes in their manuscripts have been found necessary; they have generally been willing to yield to my judgment. So, whether it may be my own or another's play, I rewrite, transpose, change and cut until, at the end of the week, the manuscripts are so interlined that it is almost impossible to read them. In more than the average case the manuscripts must be retyped—plays, I repeat, are built, not written—and at this point we are ready for our first real rehearsal.

When I am satisfied that the members of the company have in their minds a clear conception of the play and its characters—up to this point they have been only reading and listening, not acting—I make it a rule to turn them over to my stage director, who supervises them during the first rehearsal on the stage. He, in the meantime, has been studying the play and listening to the readings and knows, roughly at least, what I am aiming to accomplish. I have always found it better to keep out of sight during the first experiments in the real acting, for when I am present the actors stand still and depend upon me for directions. I always caution the stage director to let them give him everything, that he must give them nothing. In this way they rely upon their own initiative and, so to speak, squeeze themselves dry. Their invention seems to grow when they know they can do as they please. With this confidence gained I take control of the play again and we go at it in earnest.

Now the period of hardest work has been reached. I have kept my people on the stage twenty hours at a stretch, making some of them read a single line perhaps fifty times, experimenting with little subtleties of intonation or gesture, and going over bits of business again and again. Infinite patience is needed to make others understand the soul of a character as the author or producer conceives it, and such patience, coupled with the knack of communicating his own ideas, must be possessed by every successful producer.

Peculiarities in the actors are also disclosed by these experiments. Some may be able to speak their lines more effectively while seated than while standing; some play better on the right side of the stage than on the left, or vice versa; one arrives at his best results deliberately, another by nervous energy; I have even known actors whose work varied according to whether they directly faced the audience or presented their profiles to it. Experience has taught me not to direct my players arbitrarily but to be guided by what they can best do. Their peculiarities are the results of temperament and personality, which the intelligent stage director should always attempt to preserve. I try to correct mannerisms when they are bad, for bad mannerisms are as destructive to good acting as weeds to a garden; but when mannerisms are indexes of personality they have a distinct value.

One of the most frequent errors of dramatic criticism is to condemn the peculiarities of manner, gesture and elocution which are really the distinguishing signs of histrionic ability. It is upon these personal oddities that the imitators and caricaturists of important players invariably seize. To caricature the late Henry Irving it was necessary only to exaggerate the hollow intonation of his delivery. In Joseph Jefferson's case it was his lisp and quavering utterance which were emphasized. Ellen Terry's freedom of movement made her acting easy to copy. The liquid speech and the peculiar poise of the head render it easy for such clever impersonators as Cecilia Loftus and Elsie Janis to suggest the manner of Ethel Barrymore, while other traits, inseparable from their personalities, make Maude Adams, Frances Starr and especially Mrs. Fiske shining marks for their humorous copyists.

All these idiosyncrasies in my actors I try to preserve when they are not so pronounced that they seem to be affectations, and I direct the actors so that such personal peculiarities will be put to effective uses. This is one of the reasons why I always work with the company before me. Of late there has sprung up a practice of organizing several companies—in some instances half a dozen—and sending them on tour in plays which happen to have met with unusual popularity in New York. There is a great commercial advantage in such a policy, for it permits the profits of a successful play to be gathered quickly and it simplifies the work of the producer, because invariably the secondary companies attempt no more than to imitate the methods of the original organization. For this reason it must inevitably result in bad art, so I am opposed to it. I have never directed a second company; if I did I fear I should change all the business of the play and possibly make alterations in the play itself. I should discover immediately that what one set of players could do most effectively in a certain manner, another set would have to do in a wholly different way, dependent upon the temperament, personality and technical equipment of each. When actors attempt only to imitate a model they become automatons, and the artistic finish of both the play and its performance is consequently sacrificed.

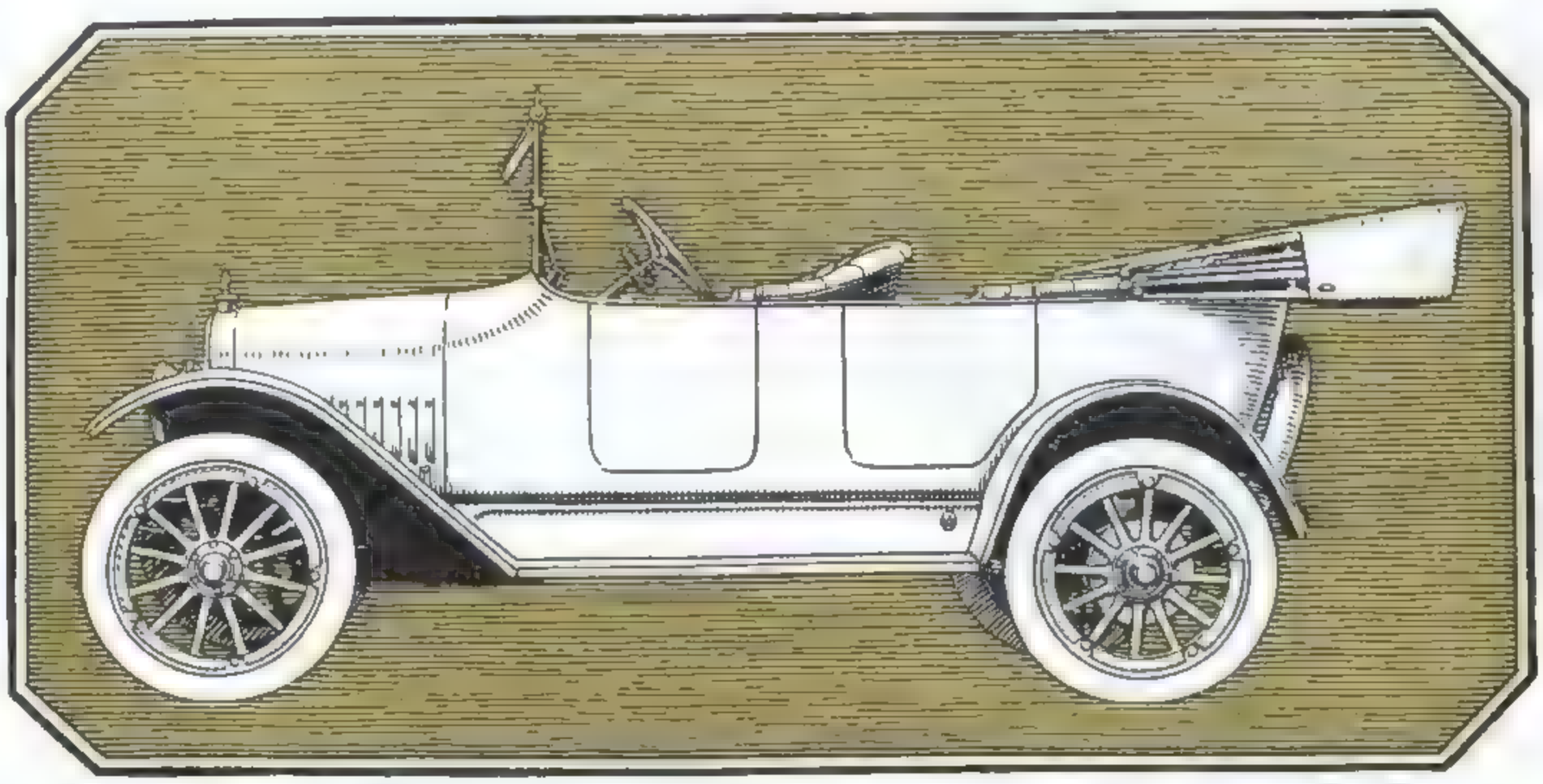
Plays Built, Not Written

So we go over the speeches time after time, generally spending a week or ten days on each act. During this period I have insisted that my actors avoid trying to memorize their rôles until their conception of them is fully formed and they are actually molded into the characters. Otherwise, with every word glibly at their tongues' end, they will presently begin to talk like parrots.

Again come the changes—the inevitable changes—in the play. Ways of improving it constantly suggest themselves. If it seems too heavy at a certain point, it must be lightened; if too tearful, laughter must be brought into it. Not a dozen but a hundred little touches are sometimes possible. If an excessively talkative scene threatens to tire an audience because of the babel of voices, the effect may be relieved by leaving the stage vacant momentarily in the scene which follows. Paradoxical as it may seem, nothing at times so much helps a play as a momentarily empty stage.

I change not only details in the play during rehearsals but also the lighting of the stage, for the reason that the spell produced by the light is an incalculable aid to the art of the actor. Light has a psychological effect which perhaps he is not able to understand or explain, but he feels it instantly and responds to it, and then the audience just as quickly responds to him. I have sometimes doubled the persuasiveness of a speech, not by changing a word written by the author or an intonation or gesture by the actor, but by increasing the value of the light in which the character stands. The secret is that it is much easier to appeal to the hearts of audiences through their senses than through their intellects. People go to the play to have their emotions stirred. When they respond they become a part of the play itself. We on the stage instantly feel this subtle influence, so they really give us more than we give them.

(Continued on Page 48)



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(Continued from Page 46)

The rehearsals up to this time have been held first on an empty stage and then, as the actors gradually gain in proficiency, with substitute scenery. Each act has been attacked singly, without proceeding to the next until the one in hand runs perfectly smoothly. Then comes the day when, still using the substitute scenery, all the acts are put together for the first time. At this consecutive rehearsal of the entire play I am very easy on my people, as it seems to require all their vitality and strength. But they grow into it quickly, for by this time I have drilled the company until the words of their parts have become like the ones they learned to lisp in childhood. If I have discovered words which they cannot pronounce well I have changed them; if, under stress of emotion, there are other words which they are likely to slur I find easier equivalents.

During all the time that rehearsals have been in progress—and perhaps for many weeks or even months before the first reading of the play to the company—other preparations for the production have been going on. Carpenters have been building the scenery in my shops, artists have been painting it at their studios, electricians have been making the paraphernalia for the lighting effects, property men have been manufacturing or buying the various objects needed in their department, and the costumers and wigmakers have been at work. All these adjuncts to the play have been timed to be ready when they are needed. At last comes the order to put them together. Then for three or four days my stage resembles a house in process of being furnished. Confusion reigns supreme, with carpenters putting on doorknobs, decorators hanging draperies, workmen laying carpets and rugs, and furniture men taking measurements.

Everything has been selected by me in advance. My explorations in search of stage equipment are really one of the most interesting parts of my work. I attend auction sales and haunt antique shops, hunting for the things I want. I rummage in stores in the richest as well as in the poorest sections of New York. Many of the properties must be especially made, and it has even happened that I have been compelled to send agents abroad to find exactly the things I need. For instance, I sent an agent to Bath, England, to buy all the principal properties for Sweet Kitty Bellairs. It was necessary also to send to Paris to obtain many of the objects which fitted into the period of Du Barry. I purchased the old Dutch furniture I used in The Return of Peter Grimm fully two years before I had put the finishing touches on the writing of that play, and most of the Oriental paraphernalia of The Darling of the Gods I imported direct from Japan.

Adapting Actors to Scenes

While the scenery and properties are being put together I lurk round with my notebook in hand, studying the stage, watching for defects in color harmonies and endeavoring to make all the scenes conform to the characteristics of the people who are supposed to inhabit them. However great the precaution I may have observed, I generally decide to make many more changes. Then, when the stage is furnished to my satisfaction, I bring my company up from the reading room and introduce them to the scenes and surroundings in which they are to live in the play.

There is a vast difference between rehearsing a company on an empty stage and in the fully equipped settings of a play. The change involves retracing many steps which have already been taken and undoing many things which seemingly have been done well; but I have been unable to discover a way to avoid it. Now we have the actual width and depth of the stage to guide us, and we are able to time, with mathematical exactness, entrances and exits and the movements of the actors from one place to another. When the characters are put into the permanent scenes the stage director must also consider them from a somewhat different point of view. The players must be adapted to the scene, not the scene to the players, for the effort should always be to lose the identity of the scene and intensify the identity of the characters. I have always been a strong advocate of stage settings which stimulate the imaginations of my audiences and at the same time adorn my plays, but first, last and always I try not to attract the eye when attention should be fixed upon the dialogue.

However carefully I have rehearsed my company I still find opportunities for beneficial changes. Necessity arises for shifting the positions of the actors. The various properties, each in its appointed place, help to suggest new business. Details which first seemed very effective to me suddenly lose their value. Since these alterations must inevitably occur, it is very unfair to actors to delay until the final rehearsal before putting them into the scenes in which the public is to see them and in which they are to be judged.

At last, when every little imperfection in the interpretations of the characters has been detected and perfected, I set apart one performance at which I try not to consider the acting but the play itself. I am on the lookout now for repetitions in the dialogue that may have escaped me, and unduly emphatic speeches and climaxes that have not been consistently approached. I keep a stenographer beside me taking down notes and suggestions, for I try not to interrupt the performance or interfere with the inspiration of the players. These final changes made, the company is bidden to become letter perfect in their rôles as they are now developed. This task of unlearning and learning again is one of the hardest that an actor is called upon to perform. It needs a trained mind to do it quickly and successfully.

How to Light the Stars

I make it a practice to allot one entire day for my people to attend to the details of their costumes. Innumerable little purchases and fixings must be made, especially by the women. I utilize this time making the final adjustment of my lights, for I have now decided upon the exact effects I require. It may take hours or perhaps a whole day and a night in a darkened theater, for the timing of lights is quite as important as the timing of the movements of the players. For instance, the transition from afternoon to sunset must create a perfect illusion or else, in its abruptness, it will become ridiculous. The perfect lighting of a stage can be accomplished only when the electricians become as familiar with the play as the actors themselves do. I may say that I fully appreciate how great is the assistance my productions have gained from these small-paid men. They work not mechanically but with their hearts and souls, for, once having comprehended the spirit of the play, they are as dexterous with the appliances for regulating the lights as are musicians with their instruments.

In arranging my final lighting effects I give special heed to the complexions and make-up of my people. I try especially to protect the appearance of the women. Every feature of a woman's face—nose, eyes, cheekbones, mouth, profile—helps to determine the intensity and color of the light that should be thrown upon it. Always I am an enemy of white lights, for their effect is to make the skin appear pasty. That is why the poor vaudeville girl always has an ordeal to pass through when she comes out on the stage to perform her little specialty.

At about this time, if all the costumes are ready, I hold what I call my dress parade. I have my actors dress exactly as they are to be seen in the play, with every detail of clothing—shoes, gloves, neckties, wigs, beards and cosmetics complete—and march them back and forth across the stage. It frequently happens that changes will be advisable in the appearance of some of them, and the time to decide such matters is now. I supply every detail of the wardrobe which actors wear on my stage, whether I am producing a costume drama or a modern comedy. In every respect the production and all that pertains to it must be in perfect harmony. I take pains to caution the players to make up with reference to the predominating tone of the lighting of the stage. In my own theaters the dressing rooms are equipped with rows of electric bulbs of every hue, so that the actors may gauge the exact effect of the pigments which they put on their faces. But when occasionally I have produced plays in houses other than my own, this important precaution has not been possible, and sometimes it has led to grave defects in the appearance of some of the characters.

When I produced The Heart of Wetona I gave careful instructions to William Courtleigh how I wanted him to disguise himself as the Comanche Indian chief, Quanna; but

invariably when he came out before the footlights his face presented a different effect from what I had intended. I was mystified for a time, but finally I asked him what was the color of the lights in his dressing room. He replied that they were white. That solved the mystery immediately, for under white lights he had been trying to contrive an effect which the audience was to see in a scene that was amber in the tone of its illumination. I thereupon gave orders to have amber lights placed round his dressing mirror, and from that time he found no further difficulty in making Quanna look like a real Indian chief.

The dress parade over, and the time for the dress rehearsals being at hand, I give my attention to a curtain rehearsal. One who is not familiar with the little touches, apart from the play itself, which aid the general effect of a dramatic production, may not realize how important it is to have the curtain work in harmony with the feeling of the scene upon which it falls. I have sometimes experimented with a curtain fifty times, raising or lowering it rapidly, slowly or at medium speed. The curtain men must be taught to feel the climaxes as keenly as the actors and to work in unison with them.

We are ready for the final dress rehearsals now. The production, which has been developing day by day for six weeks or more, has become as complete and its performance is as spontaneous as if it were being given before a crowded audience.

The stage is ordered cleared, the actors are sent to their dressing rooms to get themselves ready, and I take my place, with my scenic artist and others attached to my staff, in the front of the empty theater. The people are likely to be more nervous than on a real opening night, for they are conscious that they are to be subjected to concentrated criticism from which there is no appeal. In a crowded theater they are sure of pleasing at least a part of the audience; it is a different affair when they are trying to meet the approval of only one person. The introductory music, if there be music, is played, up goes the curtain and the performance begins.

I try not to interrupt if it can possibly be avoided, preferring to reserve my criticisms until the end. But if indefensible mistakes occur—if, for instance, a character on leaving a drawing-room forgets his hat or stick or gloves—I am cruel enough in my comments to make sure that the blunder will never occur again. It is too late now for praising, coaxing or cajoling. I go on the principle that the good things will take care of themselves but that not a single flaw must be left undetected. The dress rehearsal ended, I commend the company when I can, reprove them when I must, and generally discuss *tempo*, deportment and elocution—everything, in fact, that suggests itself to me. Then the curtain is lowered, the scene is struck, and we go over the play again and again until, so far as I can judge, nothing remains to be done.

You Never Can Tell About a Play

I have never been in favor of following the French system of holding public rehearsals, although the practice is gradually gaining vogue in this country. But at the final rehearsal I find it advantageous to invite a dozen or more people. Their presence not only helps my actors but also assists me. I watch the faces of these guests much more closely than I watch the performance, for their changing expressions enable me to gauge the effects upon them of each little episode or speech, and in this way I sometimes obtain ideas which have not occurred to me before.

Of late years dramatic producers, no matter how great their confidence in their methods or their certainty of success, rarely risk a first performance of their plays before a New York audience. There are several reasons which dictate this wise precaution. It is so easy to be misled by the kindly enthusiasm of a metropolitan first-night crowd. Such assemblages invariably contain, in large numbers, friends of the author, actors and management. Various reasons will enter to influence the verdict they may pass upon the play and its performance. I do not mean to imply that I distrust the opinion or taste of general audiences in New York on matters pertaining to dramatic work; on the contrary, I believe their views to be more catholic and substantial than those of any other audience in the world. But in the case of New York's typical first-night assemblage personal interests are sure to enter, and it is our business now to court candid judgment unbiased either pro or con.

There is an even more important consideration that dictates a preliminary tour for a play, before it settles down for the New York run which means so much for its subsequent fate elsewhere. It is an axiom of the profession of the theater, which has been proved by experience times without number, that only by performing it publicly can all the imperfections of a play be detected. Only by this practical process, also, is the actor able to judge his own work definitely and become conscious of its shortcomings. A score of professional play judges, whether they be experienced producers or experienced critics, may unanimously vote that a play is perfect, and still it may fall flat when acted before a paid audience. Or, on the other hand, an assemblage of the most liberal-minded producers and critics in the world may unanimously decide that the doom of a play is sealed, and it will be received by audiences with acclaim. It is this uncertainty which has made the profession of the dramatic author and the dramatic producer through all the centuries of the English-speaking theater so interesting and at the same time so precarious. They are destined always to match their best effort against the changing whim and taste of an inscrutable and arbitrary public, and they can never be sure of its outcome until that effort is judged in the forum of public opinion.

Getting Ready for New York

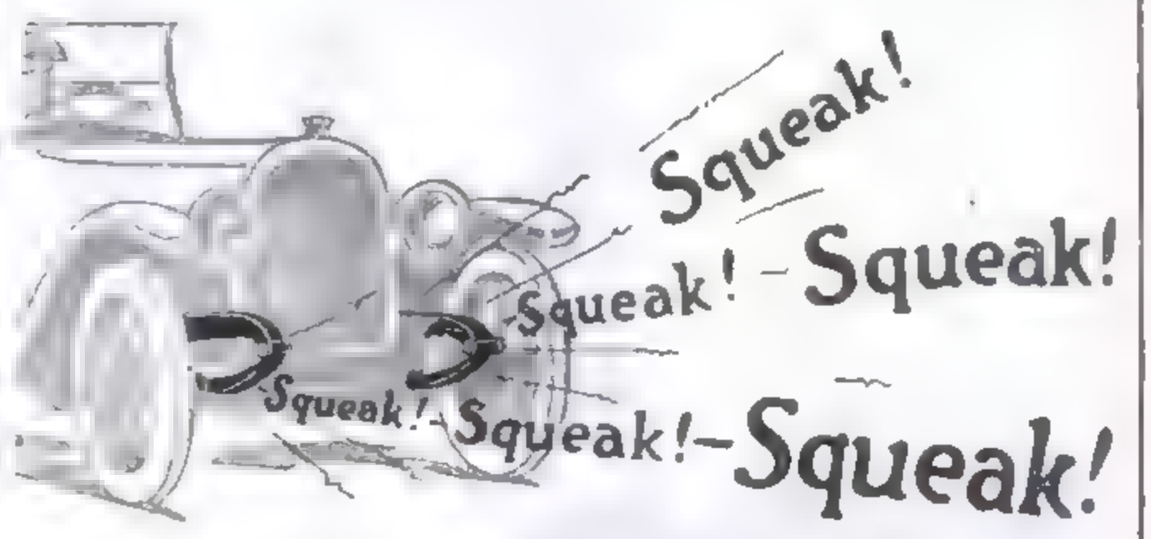
So we start out. I always aim to arrange for my companies a preliminary tour of from two to four weeks, and during that period the play is subjected to constant revision. The speeches which, in rehearsals, I thought would produce thrills may be received in silence. The situation which seemed so sure to compel tears may provoke smiles. In a dozen ways, perhaps, effects so carefully planned will be the exact opposite of what was intended. I do not need to sit in the audience or study the faces of the people, but, standing at the side of the stage, I can feel the audience's mood. The rustling of programs, coughing, the shuffling of feet—all these tell their story more plainly than words can express. Each means revision, blue-penciling or transposition.

With time pressing and under uncomfortable conditions the play is being altered again and new shadings are given to the interpretations of the characters. As soon as the regular performance is at an end and the theater is empty, we begin to rehearse. Parts of the play, here and there, are gone over again and again, and new methods are tried in the effort to achieve a desired effect. Sometimes these supplementary rehearsals are prolonged until the early morning hours, when my weary actors disperse to catch a little sleep before taking the train to the next city. But the date for our return has already been set and eventually we find ourselves back in New York.

If possible I avoid holding the first performance of a new play in my New York theaters on a Monday night. Much more satisfactory results are reached by giving the members of my company a day or two to rest and recover their equilibrium. Then comes the birth—the real birth—of the play.

On the opening night I go to the theater early. I visit my people in their dressing rooms, trying when possible to chat on subjects not connected with the play, but, when necessary, reminding them and cautioning them of little touches, here and there, in their work. They are all on their mettle, of course, and I know from our weeks of association and labor that they are as anxious for the success of the play as I am.

During the performance I never sit in the audience but stand in the entrances to the stage—watching, directing, trying to quiet nervousness and to inspire confidence. I constantly tell my people of reports that I have heard from the front of the theater, though really I have heard nothing, for I cut myself off completely from the first-night audience. While the performance is in progress I never reprove, no matter what occurs, but always encourage. My actors are nothing more than emotional children—creatures of impulse—and in this grueling test I treat them as such. At last the final curtain falls. The applause ends and we hear the audience leave the theater. We are conscious, at least, that we have done our best and we await the public's verdict.



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3-in-One prevents rust forming between the leaves—the cause of nearly all spring-breakage. Apply 3-in-One once a week, then the leaves will always slide freely and the springs ride easier. New springs lose their stiffness if 3-in-One is used.

End Magneto Troubles
by oiling your magneto (any make) with 3-in-One, the oil that never clogs a bearing or burns at any rate of speed. It lubricates the delicate bearings perfectly and works out every vestige of gum and dirt. Result—a fat, hot spark at just the right firing instant. Magneto manufacturers recommend 3-in-One

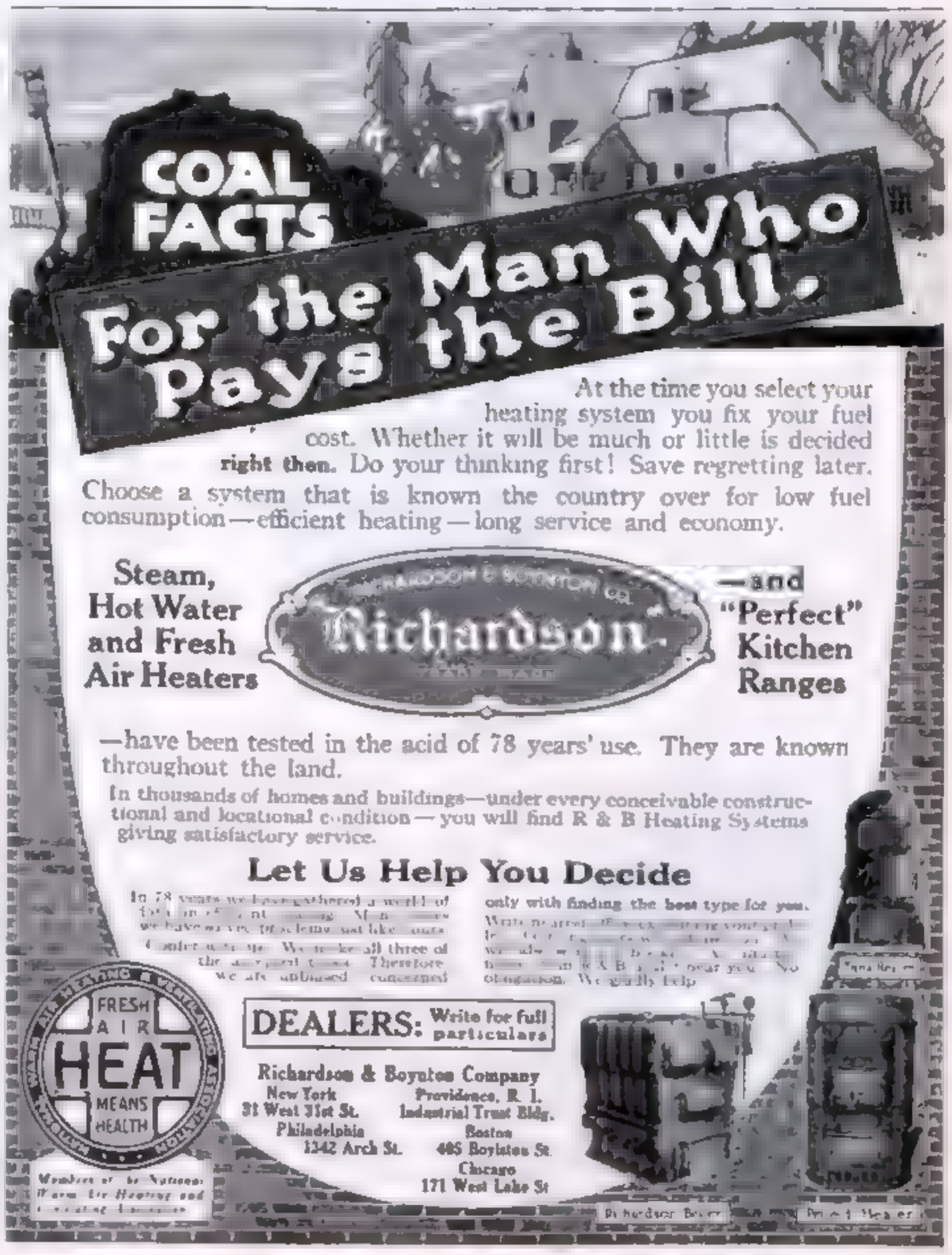
Ford Commutators
need 3-in-One. Makes cranking far easier. No dust or dirt can collect in the commutator when 3-in-One is used. The oil keeps it bright and clean. Every Ford owner should try this.

Keep Your Car Bright
by using 3-in-One on the varnished body surfaces. It beautifies the car and hardens the hard finish. Prevents rust on the metal parts. Put it on the polish on nickel parts. Brightens up the windshield. Preserves the upholstery and leather cushions.

The Handy Oil Can
full of 3-in-One, costs but 25c at all stores. Get a can for your car today

FREE Library of Complete 3-in-One and Special Automobile Circular.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 EUG. Broadway New York



At the time you select your heating system you fix your fuel cost. Whether it will be much or little is decided **right then.** Do your thinking first! Save regretting later. Choose a system that is known the country over for low fuel consumption—efficient heating—long service and economy.

Steam, Hot Water and Fresh Air Heaters

Richardson & Boynton

—and "Perfect" Kitchen Ranges

—have been tested in the acid of 78 years' use. They are known throughout the land.

In thousands of homes and buildings—under every conceivable constructional and locational condition—you will find R & B Heating Systems giving satisfactory service.

Let Us Help You Decide

In 78 years we have gathered a world of [illegible] We make all three of the [illegible] Therefore we are unbiased concerning only with finding the best type for you. Write us and [illegible] No obligation. We gladly help

FRESH AIR HEAT MEANS HEALTH

DEALERS: Write for full particulars

Richardson & Boynton Company
New York, 31 West 31st St.
Providence, R. I., Industrial Trust Bldg.
Philadelphia, 1342 Arch St.
Boston, 405 Boylston St.
Chicago, 171 West Lake St.

Rinex

PREHISTORIC man needed no foot protection. With the beginning of civilization and towns, the ancient Egyptians covered the soles of their feet with sandals made from strips of papyrus. Papyrus was light and comfortable to the foot, but worthless from every other standpoint.

With the Roman came metal boots; in the Middle Ages, wooden shoes or clogs. All that could be said for metal and wood was that they withstood wear.

For many years leather has been most generally used. But leather is growing scarcer and dearer every year. This means paying higher shoe prices or using poorer quality shoes—and soles.

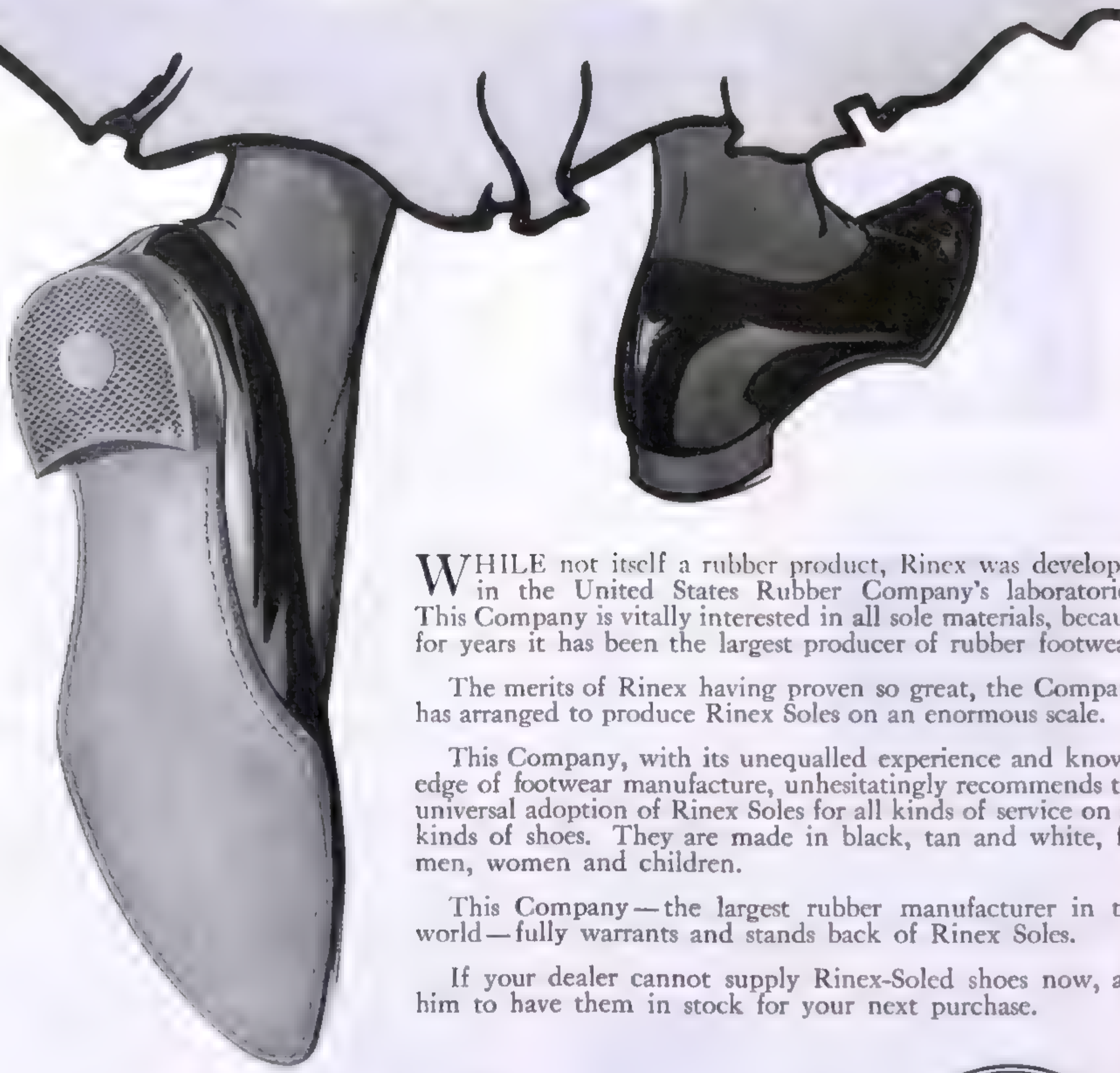
So We Produced RINEX Soles

—light and comfortable, like papyrus.
—wear-resisting, like metal and wood.
—tough like leather, but more flexible.
—waterproof, where leather is not.
—unlimited in supply, where leather is uncertain.
—always uniform in quality.

Rinex Soles excel in the combination of lightness, flexibility, comfort and wear. Rinex is a synthetic material, differing radically from rubber and leather.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Soles



WHILE not itself a rubber product, Rinex was developed in the United States Rubber Company's laboratories. This Company is vitally interested in all sole materials, because for years it has been the largest producer of rubber footwear.

The merits of Rinex having proven so great, the Company has arranged to produce Rinex Soles on an enormous scale.

This Company, with its unequalled experience and knowledge of footwear manufacture, unhesitatingly recommends the universal adoption of Rinex Soles for all kinds of service on all kinds of shoes. They are made in black, tan and white, for men, women and children.

This Company—the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—fully warrants and stands back of Rinex Soles.

If your dealer cannot supply Rinex-Soled shoes now, ask him to have them in stock for your next purchase.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department

1790 Broadway, New York City
60 High Street, Boston, Mass.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

The Play's The Thing

1600 Broadway, New York City

Have you seen that recent BLUEBIRD Photo-play—"Bettina Loved A Soldier"? If you haven't seen it—*SEE IT*—Then after you have *SEEN IT*, we request your written opinion on it. This is one of the many BLUEBIRD Plays that clearly explain the policy of BLUEBIRD you have read and are reading about every week in this publication. This is the kind of entertainment that millions of people *want* and *are getting* in BLUEBIRD Photo-plays, week after week, in all the *best* Theatres throughout the land.

Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo play—"Bettina Loved a Soldier"

We reject between 1500 to 2000 stories every month because they are *not good enough* for BLUEBIRD Photo-plays. This shows you how firmly rooted is our belief that "the play's the thing". We want you to *know* that when you see the sign of the BLUEBIRD in front of a theatre it means that this particular picture has been selected from hundreds. It means that every conceivable precaution has been taken to prevent you from *wasting* an afternoon or an evening on a weak, silly, unclean or unsatisfactory play. It is a positive assurance of a delightful *entertainment*. We intend to continue this policy so consistently that you will fall into the habit of saying to your friends, "You're always safe in paying money to see a BLUEBIRD picture. *If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good*".

Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo play—"Bettina Loved a Soldier"

The man who owns your favorite theatre used to think that *you* would not patronize his house unless he blatantly advertised the name of a star. He used to think you didn't care a rap about the *story*, the proper stage direction, the good acting and the careful casting. His idea was that all you cared about was the star, even if the story was an insult to your intelligence, the stage direction foolish, the acting miserable and the casting atrocious. So he fell into the habit of showing only those pictures in which a so-called star appeared—in fact it was anything to *get you into the theatre*. What happened *after* you got inside didn't concern him because he thought *you* didn't care.

We had to prove to him that "the play's the thing"; that what you want is the *finest kind of entertainment* you can get for your money; that you go to the theatre to *enjoy yourself* and not to see posing nor to be preached at. If this *is* what you want, you will help a good deal by telling the owner of the theatre that we are right. No matter how well we may have proved our case to him, one word from you will have more weight than many words from us. Will you ask him for BLUEBIRDS *today?* Other recent BLUEBIRD Productions—"Shoes"—"Broken Fetters"—"The Love Girl"—"Grasp of Greed"—"The Silent Battle"—"Love's Lariat"—"Little Eve Edgarton"—"The Girl of Lost Lake".

Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo-play—"Bettina Loved a Soldier"

"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS

(Continued from Page 17)

Labrador dogs run in individual traces. He was a dependable, capable leading dog, not a conspicuously brilliant beast, amazingly endowed. Out of harness, in private life, he was a coward and a cunning thief, with nothing to recommend him above the dogs of the coast, which are distinguished, indeed, for dishonesty and bloody treachery; but in harness, in active service, he was brisk, devoted, indefatigable, wise. For four years he had been the leader of Trapper Tom Cuff's team of ten; and in that time he had accumulated a store of experience—traveling the ice and the wilderness in a responsible office.

When David bade him go on he held to the direction into which he had already been beaten. Presently, however, discovering the absence of authority, he bore slyly to the right, as though to have his own way undetected; and then, as though sure that no punishment would follow a wider deviation, he turned openly and vigorously to the right, yelping and whimpering excitedly in the cloud of snow that concealed him.

David and Jonathan followed the slow, erratic course of the komatik, stumbling in its wake, keeping within touch of it, lending the dogs what strength they had. They were stupid with cold and exhaustion. They withdrew from the labor and misery of their situation to the refuge of memory and imagination. Their dull consciousness was not concerned with the wind and snow and ice. Conflict with these obstacles was reflex. They labored doggedly, grimly, incessantly, pushing and holding the komatik in the heave of the ice: but the incidents of the struggle made no impression beneath the surface of their dreams and were immediately forgotten—contrasting dreams of warmth and light and rest.

They did not definitely perceive even the approach of dusk; the failing light did not alarm them—they plodded forward, stupid, plastered with snow, bent, gasping. Nor, when the komatik came to a stop and the dogs collapsed on stationary ice, were they immediately aware of the significance of a sudden cessation of the wind. There was no wind—a mere fluttering breath of wind—and the ice was not in motion. But presently they understood.

David said:

"We're in the lee o' Bald Head. There's no wind. We must be close t' the cliff here."

"Must be close"

"Hole-in-the-Wall must be somewheres near. I reckon I can find it. Don't stray. I'll keep callin' t' you."

David vanished in the dark.

"Keep close, Davy!" Jonathan called.

A moment later David shouted:

"I've found it! We're off the mouth of it!"

Then they drove the dogs into the cave called Hole-in-the-Wall and made a fire with their birch billets.

In the wilderness a bloodguilty man, being armed, will not be taken alive and unhurt. His environment determines him. He is like a wild animal of the wilderness. He will fight at bay until he is killed or sorely wounded.

Having killed the factor of the Hudson Bay Company Post at Pepper Tickle, in revenge for discharge and a bruising hand-to-hand punishment—the deed he suffered for being evil—and being in flight down the coast from the consequences of the crime, the stranger who called himself Black was a dangerous man to interrupt and restrain. Fear and the necessities of flight from capture and death would easily urge him to dispose of obstacles without scrupulously hesitating over the means.

When, therefore, in the fair, still weather of the next day, the sky blue and the sun high, he emerged from Ragged Wood and drove down the south flank of Bald Head to the bowlders and stunted spruce on the low shore of the sea, there confronting David and Jonathan Cuff, who sprang from the ambush of a bowlder and bade him halt, their errand and resolution apparent, he conceived the death of both antagonists if he could not outwit them.

David and Jonathan were in danger. So, too, however, was Black. David had never before been wronged. Nobody had robbed or in any way oppressed him. Nor had he ever been cognizant of a crime from personal contact with it.

Newfoundland schooners fished the waters of Smokestack Arm in summer weather. The crews were simple, amiable fellows, who disputed occasionally, to be sure, and were known to have employed their fists in the adjustment of certain trifling differences of opinion; but there had never been a robber among them—never one man to wrong another in any grave way—never the need of police and a magistrate to compel an observance of the elemental law that obtained on the coast.

Acquainted with crime merely by hearsay, having no knowledge whatsoever of the protection of the law by means of its duly appointed officers, and now outraged by the first breach of his own rights, David had, in a primitive impulse to defend his own, taken the law in his own hands. He was as ready and as resolute to kill Black as Black could be to kill him.

Black laughed. It was like a bark.

"Where'd you little nippers come from?" said he. "You must have crossed the Arm. What's all this howdy-do? What d'ye want?"

David answered steadily:

"You knows what we wants. An' I'll trouble you t' hand it over."

"Put up the gun. You might ——"

"Hand it over!"

The crisp ring in David's voice startled Black. The demand snapped like a pistol shot. David stood within fifty feet of Black. He held the great, antique sealing gun in the manner of a man shooting from the hip. He was poised and steady and venomously alert. There was a shaft of death in his gray eye.

"Would you murder me?"

"No parley!"

Jonathan spoke gleefully.

"She's crammed t' the muzzle," said he, "with tenpenny nails an' chunks o' lead. He can't miss you."

David said to Jonathan:

"Count ten, b'y."

"One!" said Jonathan.

"What's this?" Black cried. "You won't ——"

"Two!" said Jonathan.

"I'll kill you," said David, "when he says 'ten.'"

"Three!" said Jonathan.

Black's rifle was strapped to the komatik. He reached for it in a swift movement.

"Back!" David shouted.

Black withdrew his hand.

"Four!" said Jonathan.

"Do that again," David threatened, "an' I'll break my bargain with you an' shoot you out o' hand."

"Five!" said Jonathan.

Black turned on Jonathan.

"Shut up, you little fool!" he roared. "Do you think you can scare a man like ——"

"Six!" said Jonathan.

For a moment, eye to eye with David, whose eyes were alight, Black pondered his situation.

"Seven!" said Jonathan. "Eight!"

"Wait a minute!" Black argued. "Let's talk this thing over. I'll offer you ——"

"Nine!" said Jonathan.

Black threw up his hands as David tightened his hold of the gun and braced himself for the shock of the explosion.

"You win!" he cried. "Don't kill me!"

Jonathan burst out laughing. Then he surveyed Black with the scorn of an untried courage.

"Bah!" said he. "I'm sorry you yielded."

David said:

"Take the fur from the komatik an' pass it t' the lad. If you so much as makes a move for the rifle I'll kill you where you stands."

Black disclosed the fur and advanced with it. Jonathan met him halfway.

"Here!" said Black. "Take it!"

After all, a boy is not a match for a man either in strength or in cunning. Let the boy be as resolute as you will, as keen and as quick, his wits are not experienced. It seemed to David that he commanded the situation—that Black was at his mercy and subject to his will. Jonathan was sure of it. He swaggered toward Black, grinning. And Black seemed to be broken and resigned. But he was neither. He was waiting.

It had occurred to Black, though neither to David nor to Jonathan, that Jonathan was advancing into the line of fire, and that a sealing gun, charged with slugs of lead and tenpenny nails, would kill both if it killed one.

When Jonathan extended his hand for the fur Black caught him by the wrist and

(Concluded on Page 54)

The High-Gear Performer on America's Hardest Hills

Boston—Corey Hill on high, 27 miles an hour at the top.

Cincinnati—Clifton Hill on high, 30 miles an hour at the top.

Kansas City—Hospital Hill on high, 38 miles an hour at the top.

Denver—Lookout Mountain on high all the way, reaching 7800 feet elevation.

IF YOU are looking for high-gear hill-climbing to prove power and performance—here are specific Hupmobile instances.

Our dealers report them from demonstrations.

If they sound extraordinary, permit us to remind you that to Hupmobile owners they will merely confirm their own every-day experiences.

Hills That are Play for the Hupmobile

Boston motorists regard the Beacon street side of Corey Hill as their worst climb. Few cars, even with a running start, hold high gear to the top.

C. E. Jeffery, Jr., says his favorite demonstration is to come down the hill, turn at the bottom, and at this slow speed start back on high. The car is usually traveling 27 miles an hour when it tops the rise.

On Commonwealth Hill, the ease with which the Hupmobile turns circles seldom fails to impress a buyer.

Hills encircle Cincinnati, and Clifton Avenue is one of the longest.

In demonstrating, Fred T. Larson drives the Hupmobile half way up at 30 miles; cuts the speed to 15 miles; and picks up again to 30 miles, finishing at that gait—without shifting gears.

Thousands of tourists know how the Lookout Mountain trip in Colorado tests the high-gear power and the cooling efficiency of motor cars.

High Gear All the Way on Lookout Mountain

Our Denver dealer regularly makes this trip—to Idaho Springs and return—without shifting gears or taking on water. The climb is 2300 feet; the greatest elevation 7800 feet.

Think what this means, when each 1,000-foot rise robs an automobile motor of about 3½ per cent of its efficiency.

Ten leading cars sold in Kansas City do not take Hospital Hill on high. The Hupmobile does; and W. C. Howard, our dealer there, says a hurricane must be blowing against the car any time it fails to clear the top at 38 miles an hour.

D. W. Drennan, Birmingham, Ala., has offered to present $100 to the person who points out, on any road in the state, a hill the Hupmobile cannot climb on high gear. He has not yet been asked to pay.

Omaha reports a brick-paved test hill, 20 per cent rise, a block long. The Hupmobile, carrying five passengers and registering seven miles an hour at the bottom, skims it on high gear.

S. R. Thomas, at Little Rock, Ark., recently sold three Hupmobiles to one man to replace eight-cylinder cars. The owner says they make the mountain drives easily on high—which the others would not do.

Is there any reason why Hupmobile owners should envy the performance of other types?

11,000 Owners Rate Efficiency at 99%

In other directions—pick-up, flexibility, smoothness and steadiness of the motor action—Hupmobile performance is equally good.

Eleven thousand owners give the car an efficiency rating of 99 per cent.

You begin to see now why 50 8/10 per cent of Hupmobile owners will have no other car. Why 24 2/10 per cent of our owners come from the ranks of those who have owned costlier cars and cars with more cylinders.

They prefer the Hupmobile, because it does all they expect of a car; and because the Hupmobile coupon service system has shown them the value, in dollars and cents, of expert, definite service.

This system assures them—without a penny of cost—skilled care for their cars each month, and eight monthly inspections of every unit of their cars. They pay with the coupons which we supply ***free of cost.***

The Hupmobile dealer will be glad to have you call on him for a performance test just a bit more severe than you have asked of any other car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Things You Should Know About the Hupmobile

Four-cylinder motor—extremely simple, reliable and compact.

High-speed type with balanced, light-weight moving parts.

Vibration reduced to a minimum.

Horizontal type automatic carburetor—no adjustments.

Multiple-disc, 17-plate clutch, in unit with motor and transmission.

Spiral bevel, full-floating rear axle.

Oversize brakes—one square inch braking surface to each 8 pounds of car weight.

Tires 10 per cent oversize for car weight.

Underslung rear springs, very long and flexible.

Windshield that keeps out the rain.

Improved headlight dimmers; special type tail light.

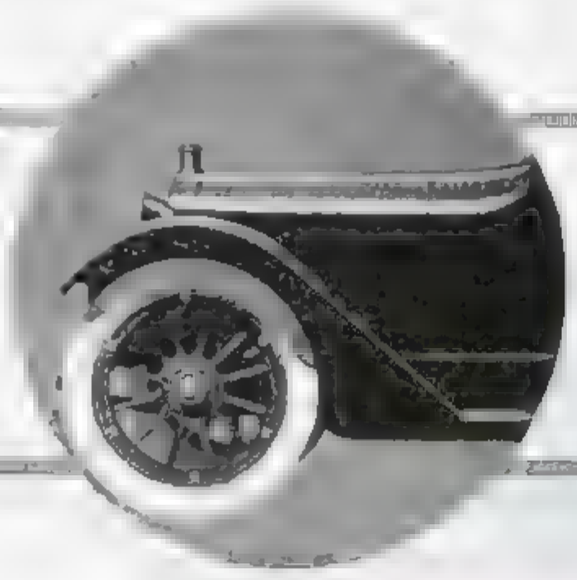
Wheelbase of 119 and 134 inches.

In the U. S.—f. o. b. Detroit
5 Pass. Touring Car $1185
Roadster $1185
7 Pass. Touring Car $1340

In Canada—f. o. b. Windsor
5-Pass. Touring Car $1650
Roadster $1650
7 Pass. Touring Car $1875

The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service.*

Hupmobile



BEAV BRVMMEL
a Single hair annoyed him

the razor were pulled out by the roots.

Brummel was famous for his grooming at a time when good grooming was the exception and defects were covered with patches and paint.

Today in any gathering of business men you will see the freshness of face and ruddiness of skin that are due to the tonic effect of a daily Gillette shave.

Just lather briskly, rub in well: use the Gillette with an angle stroke: dip the face in cool water and pat dry with a soft towel.

THAT greatest dandy of all times, Beau Brummel, set great value on the smoothness of his face. After shaving, his custom was to go over his face with a pair of nippers. Hairs that survived

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

Send two cents in stamps for the Gillette 1916 Baseball Blue Book. Dept. K

(Concluded from Page 52)

jerked him into his arms. Safe, then, from the blast of slugs in David's gun, he ignored David, carried the struggling little Jonathan to the komatik, possessed himself of his rifle, and turned, reclining against the komatik.

David had not stirred. He was beaten. And there was no recovery.

"Now," said Black to David, the while restraining Jonathan's struggles, "it's my turn to count. I'm going to count ten, my boy. That's what you did. If you're not out of sight by that time I'll kill you. One!"

David stood his ground.

"Two!"

Jonathan said:

"Go, Davy! He'll kill you!"

David stood, debating.

"Three!"

Something roused and distracted David's attention. He was not listening to Black. He released an ear from his hood.

"Four!" Black counted. "Five!"

David let the butt of his gun drop to the snow. His ear was cocked to the crest of Bald Head.

"You may shoot me," he said then; "but "

"Six!"

Jonathan, nearly gone mad with rage in the grip of Black's legs and left arm, and now exhausted and impotent, screamed to David with the spirit of a little berserker, the sense of his own jeopardy banished by fury and ignored:

"Shoot! Shoot!"

"Seven!"

"Don't mind me, Davy! Shoot! He means t' kill you! Shoot! Shoot!"

"Eight!"

David would not yield to the man. A high pride deterred him. He stood waiting. Force had never compelled him to obedient action. It had never before been applied to his will. His shoulders were squared and his chin was high. To rush Black with the long gun was not practical strategy. Black would throw Jonathan aside and drop David with his rifle before Jonathan could recover to interrupt him.

"Nine!"

"I dare ye!" said David.

Black snarled: "If I say 'ten' I'll kill you as you'd kill me. Mark me now! You're on the edge of death!"

"I dare ye!"

Two men and a team of dogs scrambled over the crest of Bald Head and tumbled down the brief hill. It was the end of Black's numerical exercise. He dropped Jonathan and turned to meet the new adversaries. Before he could lift his rifle Jonathan had gripped it, stock and barrel, and was wrestling for it. The delay was fatal to Black's defense. He could not shake Jonathan off.

A quiet voice called from the shelter of a bowlder:

"I can pick you off from here, Billy, without hurting the lad! Throw up your hands!"

Black threw up his hands.

A Seeker After Causes

BERT LESTON TAYLOR, the Chicago humorist, came East for his vacation. At Newport he took a ride on a sightseeing coach in company with a number of other visitors from the interior.

The coach rumbled by one of the most imposing villas in that community of imposing villas. Toward it the guide on the front seat waved an arm with an impressive gesture.

"That," he stated, "is Mrs. Blank's place"—naming one of the most distinguished leaders of America's smartest set. "It will not be open this season."

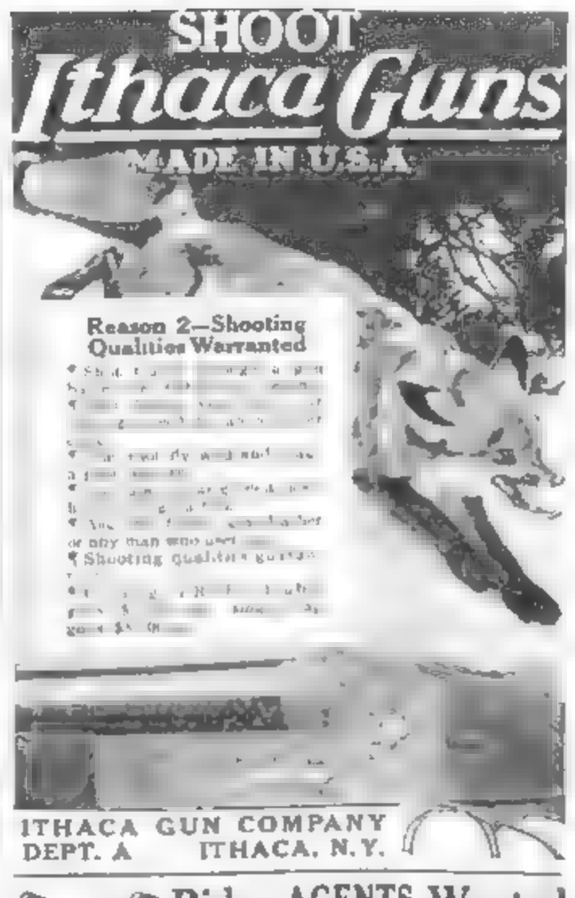
"What's the trouble?" inquired Taylor. "Couldn't she get the license renewed?"

All the Difference

A RESIDENT of a metropolis on the Pacific Coast had occasion to fill a sunken place in the lawn of his country home. Desiring expert advice before undertaking the venture, he looked up a friend of his who did a good deal of contract work in excavating and grading lines for the municipality.

"Say, Reilly," he inquired, "about how much would it cost to fill a hollow of such and such dimensions with stone?"

"Is it for you or is it for the city?" asked Reilly.



Rider AGENTS Wanted

In each town to ride and show a new 1917 "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our special offer on a sample to introduce. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free

94 STYLES

Do not buy

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

If you are a metal worker you probably know what this design

Your Boy's Allowance—
Let Us Pay It

The boys who sell the Curtis publications earn on the average 50 cents a week—a pretty good supply of spending money in return for two or three hours' work each week.

Of course, many of our boys earn much more. Most of them have bank accounts. All of them receive valuable merchandise prizes.

Most important, the boys who sell our publications profit by a thorough vocational training that equips them for good business positions.

Write for full particulars to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 554, Sales Division
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Make No Mistake
There Is Only One Wood Core Wall Board
Look for this name—

is printed every four feet on the surface of the *genuine*.

Compo-Board is our registered trademark name. It is *not* a generic name for wall board. It is a name for a particular *kind* of wall board—the *wood core* wall board—the strongest, stiffest, most durable, most satisfactory wall board.

So when you ask for *Compo-Board* look for the wood core and the name on the edge. This is a case where it *pays* to be *sure*.

Sold by dealers in strips four feet wide by one to eighteen feet long.

Compo-Board Company, 4303 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

What's Your Car Worth?

Suppose you wanted to sell your car. How much could you get for it?

You know yourself the value of a car is largely determined by its appearance. Keep your car cleaned and bright with

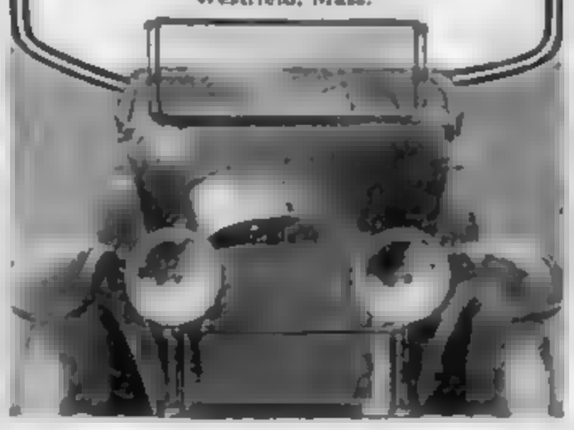
ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

and pocket the money you've been paying the garage man for soap-and-water cleaning.

ZIT is a harmless liquid that is sprayed on the car and rubbed off with a soft cheesecloth. [illegible] and polisher is ZIT. It [illegible]

If your dealer doesn't sell ZIT, send us his name and $1.25 and we will send the complete outfit by parcel post. Guaranteed [illegible]

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY
Westfield, Mass.



"—the Robbins & Myers Motor Keeps It Always On the Job"

"Mr. Brown, this electric-driven machine, with one girl, does more than five girls could do the old way. It gives sixty minutes of steady service every hour of every working day. Never has an 'off day'—the Robbins & Myers Motor keeps it always on the job."

Progressive office managers everywhere are replacing slow and expensive hand work with electric-driven machine work wherever possible. And in the aim for utmost efficiency and service they have learned that they can always depend upon the machine equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor.

A quality standard of manufacture must be matched with a quality standard of dependable service. For this reason, manufacturers of the leading motor-driven appliances for the office, home, store and factory have adopted Robbins & Myers Motors for their machines.

So, look for the name Robbins & Myers on the motor of the electrical device you buy, whether it be an automatic typewriter for the office or a vacuum cleaner for the home.

The name is always a sure guide to quality. The manufacturer who builds a high grade machine naturally selects the most reliable motor he can get to operate it.

For twenty years the name Robbins & Myers has guaranteed motor dependability. You will find it on motors of all sizes from 1/40 to 25 horse power—for operation on all direct and alternating current circuits.

If you are a manufacturer of a motor-driven machine, or an intending purchaser, you will find this name to be more than merely the sign of a good motor—you will find it to be a veritable guarantee of "on duty" service—year in and year out.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia Boston Rochester Cleveland
Cincinnati Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

More Facts Await You

Manufacturers of motor-driven machines—let our engineers co-operate in solving your motor problems and submit sample motors which you can test on your machines. No obligation involved.

Motor users—write for data on motors to suit your particular needs.

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A STANDARD MODEL
The Hudson Super-Six

We have now had some ten months of matchless experience with the Hudson Super-Six. First, on speedways—in official tests—where it proved its supremacy over any other stock car built. Then in hill-climbing, where it did what no other car has done. Then in endurance, which has never been approached. Then in the hands of 15,000 owners. As a result of that experience, we think we can safely bring you this assurance:

Never Out-of-Date

The Hudson Super-Six, in all probability, will never be out-of-date. We see no way to better it. It is so close to perfection that betterments must be slight.

We have ceased to make season models. This is not the Super-Six of 1916 or of 1917. It is the all-time Super-Six. We have ordered parts and materials to build 30,000 more like the 15,000 out.

Styles may change in bodies somewhat. That no man can tell. But in all essentials the present Super-Six seems the permanent monarch of Motordom.

Always the Car Ahead

The present owner of a Super-Six is always the man ahead. That is, if he cares to be. He keeps ahead without driving faster, because of his quick pick-up. And because of his hill-climbing power.

He is ruler of the road. He can do in any situation what no rival car can excel. And any friend who claims the best car must accept the Super-Six.

He has a long-lived car, as our endurance tests have shown. He has a car of great reliability, as proved in many an abusive test. He has a smooth-running car, a flexible, comfortable car.

The Luxury You Want

You will find in the Super-Six all the beauty and luxury you can ask for in any car.

You find grace and harmony in every part. The famous "stream-line" design—introduced by the Hudson—shows its latest development in the Super-Six.

No small part of the wonderful demand for the Super-Six is due to its dominating distinctiveness. Many critical buyers selected it because of its charm of appearance rather than for its admitted mechanical superiority.

So—to wonderful performance you add exceptional beauty. To power and flexibility you add the pride of ownership that comes with the possession of a car of such high repute.

Ask the Proud Owners

Ask the owners—they are all about you. There are 15,000 now. Most of them are old-time motorists. They know how cars compare.

Ask them if they would go back to a car with a lesser motor in it.

If not, follow their example. When you buy a fine car—a car to keep—get this top-place motor in it. Otherwise, the time will soon come when you'll wish to make a change. Let your Hudson dealer prove these facts to you.

Some Hudson Records

All made under American Automobile Association supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

78.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 5)

Here in our church the women and girls make a canvass at the end of every year to get what the pastor cannot get, enough to be able to make a good showing at Conference by paying all the assessments. I have scrimped and pinched, and done enough of this kind of mendicant service to entitle me to an Iron Cross. But the pastor gets all the credit. And he may be given a better charge the following year on the strength of it. It is all right, and no more than the duty we swore to perform when we joined the church. But it does seem to me that some of us are entitled at least to honorable mention in these Conference reports. This church holds the lid on its women good and tight, which doubtless makes us humble and diligent in its service. I never knew the Methodist women to get the best of the situation but once.

Some years ago the General Conference abolished our mission board, which controlled the funds paid only by the women for missions. We felt about that much as a farmer's wife feels when her husband takes the money she made off her own cotton patch to pay his taxes. And the church pacified us much as the same man pacifies his outraged wife by giving her a fifty-cent chromo for her Christmas present. Several women were elected to a certain board in the church, which in turn elected the editor of a conglomerate church paper. But three bishops and four connectional officers were on the same board, so that the men outnumbered the women. Naturally they had chosen the man they would elect as editor, and naturally he was not the one the women wanted.

The board met. I never hope to see another such spectacle. The bishops came in, strutting like hyperboles of infallible authority. I'm not blaming them for that manner; it is thrust upon them by the church. I am just saying how they looked. And the connectional officers who accompanied them were only politely less important. They bowed to us much as you have seen a preacher bow to the front end of his congregation before he enters the pulpit. Then they took their places round the table in the middle of the room.

The women occupied a row of chairs set back against the wall. We were all widows and we wore our weeds—long black veils on our bonnets—and the meek, long-suffering expression of our sex and condition. Every one of us had spent years in the back-aching service of the church, and this was the only reward we had ever received, the honor of sitting behind the board to which we had been elected. But you cannot trust the pale meekness of a church widow. That mourning-dove countenance may conceal the wisdom of seven serpents.

We had laid our plans and we waited patiently during the preliminary business of the morning session, only concerned to make it last entirely through the morning by poking our noses in with irrelevant questions which required time and patience to answer. The editor then must be elected during the afternoon session. Now it came to pass that each of the bishops had received an invitation to lunch at the home of some woman prominent in church work, which invitation he guilelessly accepted. But when a bishop yields his carnal mind to the consideration of just food, he can be as carnal as anybody, and he is literally in the toils of his Delilah hostess. On this occasion every Delilah served lunch late, and then she served as many courses as her ingenuity could devise by way of detaining her guest.

The bishops were in no hurry to return for the afternoon session. They trusted those Phœbe widows of the church and took for granted that the meeting would not be called until their return. Promptly at two o'clock we entered the room, and found just enough of the other male members waiting to make a quorum. I was the last woman to cross the threshold, and I locked the door behind me.

We called the meeting to order, stood flat-footed on our parliamentary rights, and nominated our candidate for editor. The men protested in vain for an hour's delay. They fought hard for the bishops. They implored us to wait and be guided by these great and good men. One of them rushed frantically round the room looking for a telephone. But by the grace of God there was no telephone; therefore, no way to warn the absent members of what was going forward. In spite of furious wrangling and scandalous insubordination on the part of the men, we had elected our candidate before three o'clock. When the bishops came puffing in ten minutes past the hour all was over.

As a Christian woman whose duty it is to protect the reputations of saints under certain grievous provocations, I refuse to describe the scene that followed. But this incident is now a matter of history in the Methodist Church, and with the exception of unimportant details may be verified by anyone mean enough to try it.

That was the first and only time I ever officiated in the broader affairs of our denomination. I really belong to no larger sphere than this church in Berton—a little old fat woman with a round face written all over with a script of fine wrinkles, with a noticeable chin, a slightly hooked nose, and a mouth which the years have pressed inward and downward at the corners. I wear a coronet-shaped black bonnet far back on my head and tied under my chin. I am always to be seen during Sabbath services looking up at the pastor from my seat behind the choir, as if I had heard him say that before. Always getting entirely down upon my knees when he says, "Let us pray." Always the one to rise halfway out of my seat to jog his memory if he forgets to announce that the Woman's Missionary Society will meet the following Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. Always singing every hymn whether the choir wants me to sing or not. The last one to come out of the church after services, taking the glass vase with me so that I may remember to fill it with flowers for the next service. Speaking to every one, slightly avoided by certain members because they think I have said something about them, which would have been the truth if I had said it. Always holding my own in spite of them, the world, the flesh and the devil. Asking Sally Peters why her mother is not at church to-day. Keeping my eye upon Mrs. Peters, who is an emotional Christian. Reminding Mrs. Parks that she must be sure to come to the missionary meeting on Thursday, and finally asking the pastor and his wife to go home with me for dinner.

I've done this, been this, so much that if I should go to church some Sunday, sit on the back bench, fail to kneel during prayers, ignore the collection basket, let the preacher forget his announcements, refuse to put the steeple on the choir singing with my high treble, and leave at the end of the service without speaking to a single soul—I say, if I, or any one of half a dozen faithful Dorcas women in this church, acted in such a manner, it would tear this town up by the roots! Sometimes I have been tempted to do it, as an old horse is tempted to jump a fence which he knows he cannot jump. I wish I could stay home on Sunday, and not try to remember the things others forget, or perform the services others neglect. It is a thankless job, and the only reward you earn, sometimes even among the church members, is the name of being a busybody. But I could no more neglect my church duties than my housekeeping. I have two homes—this little gray cottage with its spider-legged veranda, opposite the Methodist parsonage, which also has a spider-legged veranda, and this church across the street. I don't know yet, but I believe it will be easier for any mortal to become accustomed to the yoke of duty than it ever will be in Paradise to balance one's light and irresponsible incorruption upon a pair of wings. I accepted the Christian life as a yoke, and it has become my habit.

Some women were born to be church members, but I was not. I doubt if I ought to admit such a thing, but I believe religion is an acquired taste with me. I still long, not for the things of the world but for the world—that wide and elastic place where you change sometimes, where you say, even if it is prayer-meeting night, "I am going to the play this evening, or to the horse show, to see something or hear something which has to do with life and joy in this world, not the other one." It is wrong to feel this way, to weary in well-doing. I am not defending myself. I am just telling the truth. And I've seen the same truth in Mrs. Parks' eyes when she stared at me like a raw-boned angel at a meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, where we were the only members present, owing to the inclemency of the weather.

WALLACE & SMITH

MOTOR WEAVE

AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Motor Weave is ideal as well for lounging, camping and all outdoor uses.

A Sensible Saving In Automobile Robes

SOME savings are false economies. In the end they prove costly.

But MOTORWEAVE Woolen Automobile Robes, at the amazingly low price of $6.75 each, keep faith with the purchaser. They do not disappoint.

For durability, warmth and smart appearance they live up to the guarantee, and the price of $6.75 stands out as a saving to be remembered happily during many seasons of service.

MOTORWEAVE woolen fabric is a reinforced double-weave—what motorists have long sought. The long nap is soft and warm, there is body to the rugged texture, yet the robe is not the cumbersome, "slip down" kind. It stays tucked.

The patterns win ready approval. In design and variety of colors they are equal to the most costly robes, and you really wonder why you ever paid more.

MOTORWEAVE durability means many seasons of staunch service.

To be sure you are buying MOTORWEAVE, look for the guarantee. It is on every robe.

If your dealer does not stock MOTORWEAVE, send us his name and we will send you a handsome illustrated folder and will also see that you are supplied.

THE WALLACE & SMITH COMPANY

La Porte, Indiana

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Ask some friend who has gone to the front to tell you the general opinion of the car in army circles.

The story of its creditable performance in government service is something we would like you to hear from authoritative sources.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

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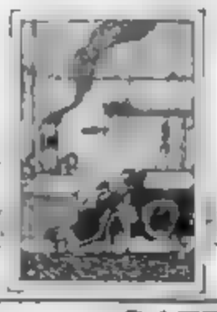

This symbolizes what is probably the greatest power in mechanics.

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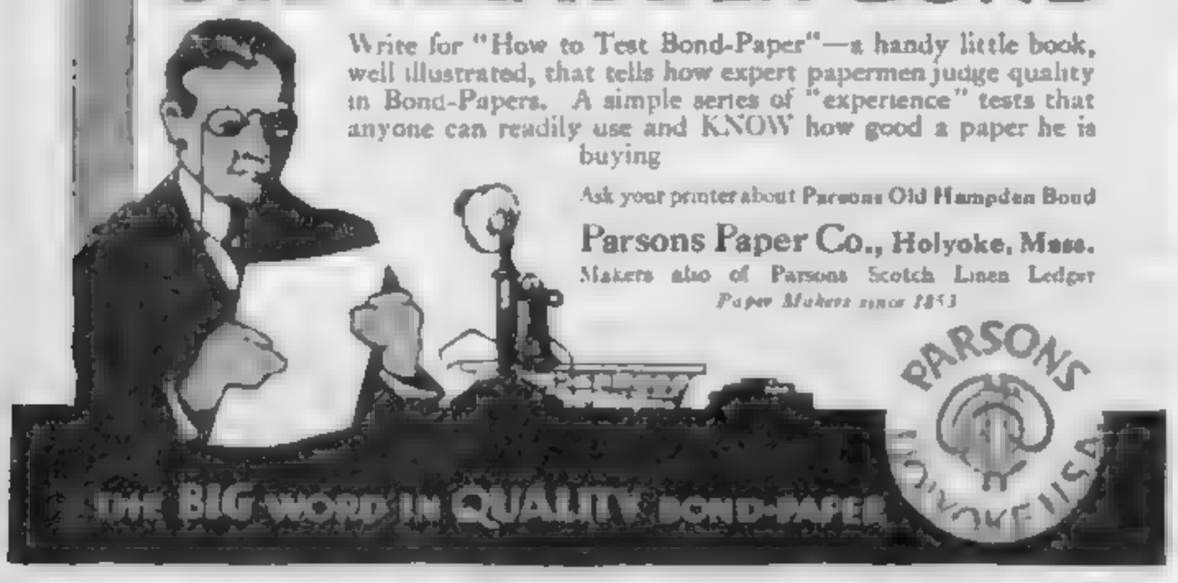

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Parsons Paper Co., Holyoke, Mass.

Makers also of Parsons Scotch Linen Ledger

Paper Makers since 1853

There is such a thing as a famine even in the vineyard of the Lord! For you cease to live, you merely exist automatically according to your creed and your duties. That is why we need and must have revivals occasionally. They are the only kind of diversion we get in the spiritual life. They stir up the community, excite interest and curiosity, take the screw off our emotions, energize our spiritual faculties, until we get down to the real business of plucking the motes out of our neighbors' eyes while they point accusingly at the beams in ours.

If there is one thing I believe in more strongly than in the Methodist doctrines of salvation, it is an old-fashioned Methodist revival. The first service is like a meeting of the grand jury, the pastor being the twelve men on the jury, the sheriff and the deputies. If he really knows the spiritual laws governing revivals his first sermon brings indictments against half the saints in the church. He shows by the gospel how slothful we have been all the year, how we have failed in love and charity. He singes our hypocrisies, which do accumulate upon the Christian character like moss upon old boards, he calls us stumbling-blocks to sinners. And at the end maybe he lifts his arms like doleful wings, and cries: "How long, how long, O Lord, wilt thy mercies endure to this faithless and perverse generation!"—meaning more particularly the stewards and the Dorcases in this church. We know he is telling the truth about us. The sinners watching with keen young eyes on the back bench know it too. And the judgment of a sinner is dangerous for a saint. The only way you can outwit that is to confess your transgressions, get up then and there and go to the altar for prayer. I cannot tell how often at the beginning of a revival I have seen the altar in this church black and blue with the kneeling figures of the prominent Christians. I have been among them a hundred times myself. It always did me good to have the opportunity now and then to be absolutely honest, admit before the people that I'm only a sinner, whose chief claim upon their confidence is that I'm maneuvering in the right direction.

I have heard and read many criticisms about revivals and penitents praying before altars for the remission of sins and the strength to live right. But I never have known a single man or woman who was willing and knew how to be honest with his own soul to make such criticisms. We move through this world according to symbols, illusions, ideals, every one of them designed to indicate something invisible in reality upon which no man can put his finger and say, "This is it." The most advanced scientist who deals in nothing but facts must predicate an atom somewhere in space which he cannot prove existed. The philosopher who founds his system of thought upon materialism cannot tell why a man has something in him which thinks and believes and remembers, that is not in the beast of the field. The Christian who believes in immortality and the power of God is not, to my way of thinking, more credulous than the materialist.

The point is that, having this queer something in us which looks backward into the unknown and forward into the unknown, we must have faith in something. You can squat upon the ground, feel of your stomach, and believe in the dirt and the elements of it which also make flesh. But Christians pay themselves the politeness of a better and equally reasonable faith. It is the substance of things hoped for and literally the evidence of things unseen. The materialist does the same thing. He cannot prove what he believes, either, beyond a few primitive experiments he makes with the elements about him—which somebody disproves shortly afterward!

Therefore, I say, let me choose an Almighty God, and let me believe that there is such a thing as sin and such a thing as righteousness, and let me kneel at an altar, which I admit is a symbolic idea, and pray, not because the Lord would fail to do His duty by me if I didn't pray, but because prayer is an instinct of religious faith, the same as snuffling in the dirt and squeezing germs is an instinct with a blind rationalist. I do not deny that he is a benefactor, but he is no more one than the saint who knows that religion is the science of the soul. Not as much, if you ask me. For what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, all the knowledge of the things in it, if he lose his own soul? I haven't a doubt that there is a cemetery beyond the gates of Paradise,

(Continued on Page 61)

"An everyday woman

and a very poor saleswoman at that." This is Mrs. Flora Herron's way of describing herself.

Three years ago she was faced by circumstances that required her to earn money—a good deal of money—quickly. She was, and still is, busy keeping house in Massachusetts, so of course she had only

A few spare moments

Today she knows how valuable each spare moment may be, for she has joined our staff of spare-time subscription workers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. In spite of her "poor" salesmanship and limited time, she has earned

$65.00 in a single month

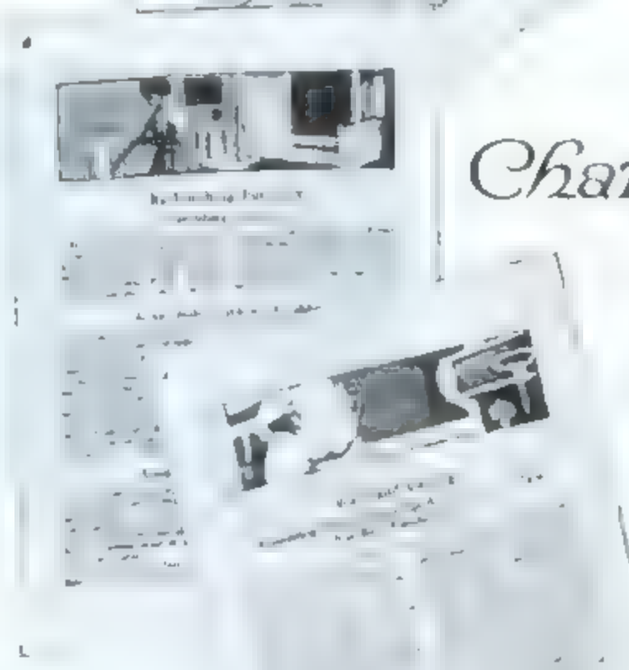
Does Mrs. Herron's story interest you? If so, you would enjoy "A New Market For Spare Hours," which tells how hundreds of busy homemakers have used their spare moments to earn $20.00 to $100.00 a month. It will be mailed on request. You assume no obligation by writing for it.

Agency Division, Box 552
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Floors

Woodwork

Chairs



The Walls

Send for the Acme books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." You will find these books sensible and helpful They tell you everything about painting inside the house—furniture, walls, woodwork everything from cellar to roof.

No one can fail to select the most tasteful combinations after reading these books. They are valuable as reference books and should be kept handy. They are sent, upon request, gratis.

Realize Your Ideal of a Beautiful Home

YOU and your family will spend three-fourths of your time in your home this winter. You will receive your friends there frequently. Surely it is worth while to give serious thought to decorating your constant surroundings.

Artistically decorated rooms, like good music and good books, are elevating and refining. Furthermore, a change in decorations now and then makes home more attractive to everybody and is a source of pride to the hostess.

A tastefully decorated home does not imply great expense. The numerous surfaces that are constantly becoming worn you can easily do over yourself; larger surfaces can be refinished by the painter—all with

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

There is an Acme Quality Paint for every need, but we especially recommend, for surfaces to be enameled, Acme Quality Enamels. They make woodwork, metalwork, bathrooms look delightfully new and sanitary. Acme Varno-Lac varnishes and stains in one operation, producing the appearance of expensive woods. Acme Quality No-Lustre is an oil paint. It gives a smooth surface to walls and is absolutely sanitary, while many wall coverings are not sanitary.

The time for painting is near at hand. Make your home inviting for the long indoor season.

Write today for the books and the nearest Acme dealer, then proceed to make your home as it is pictured in your mind. You'll find it surprisingly easy.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q **Detroit, Michigan**

Boston	St Louis	Toledo	Fort Worth	Lincoln	Portland
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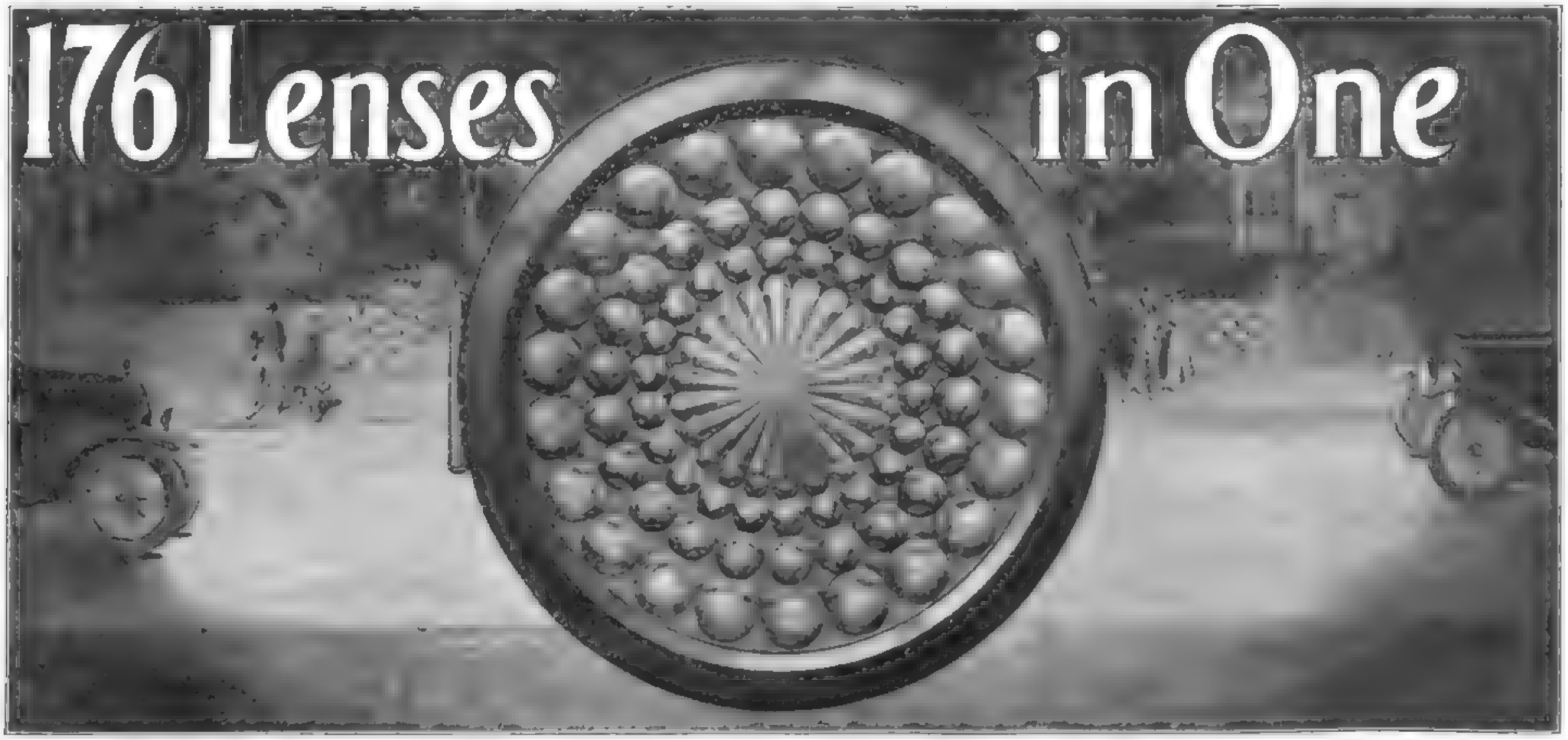


How Science Has Solved Night Driving

Ever since the automobile entered our lives, the one great drawback to motoring at night has been the lack of a satisfactory driving light. Glaring lights offend and cause disasters. Weak lights—such as dimmers produce—are just as bad. Science now has found the remedy—the Warner-Lenz for any auto lamp of any size.

MAN-MADE DAYLIGHT

Car makers, owners, police and pedestrians—all classes—say that this lens brings new joy and greater safety into night motoring.

It spreads out the rays of any auto-lamp (both sides of the car and ahead) in a broad, well-lighted path. This lights up bends and corners, 300 to 500 feet away, *and the road into which you are turning as you make the turn!*

Yet it does not dazzle or glare. For Science, in this one lens, has built 176 lenses. These reflect the rays in countless directions and thus end blinding glare.

But the Warner-Lenz retains the full strength of auto-lamps—it does not make them dangerously weak, as dimmers do.

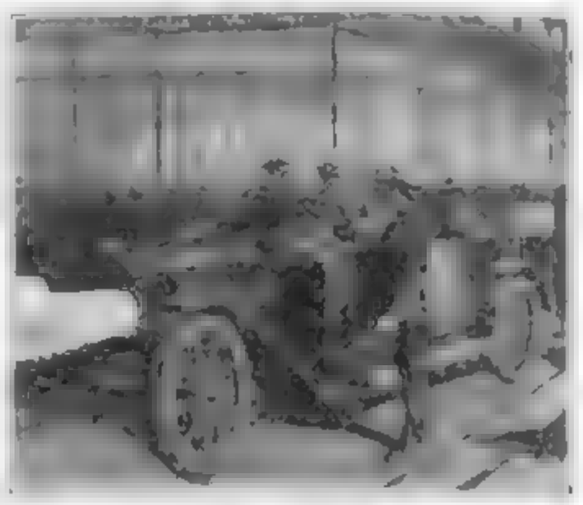
It penetrates fog, dust and smoke. Safety and comfort have come to tens of thousands of motorists who now use the Warner-Lenz. It's a Lens, not a lamp. *200,000 pairs have been sold in two months.*

TRIAL AT OUR RISK

Here is our offer: Buy a pair of any dealer, or send direct to us if your dealer can't supply you. Try these lenses in your own auto lamps. If you are not delighted we shall refund your money.

Don't court disaster any longer. Science gives you safety. Don't jeopardize those whom you meet by blinding drivers and pedestrians with your lights. Observe the laws and comply with motoring etiquette by using the Warner-Lenz in your headlights. Tear out the coupon printed below so you won't forget.

No more of this



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Prices of *Warner-Lenzes*
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[illegible] to 9, inclusive	$3.[illegible]
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Please Read These Directions Carefully

To make sure of getting exact size, take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark around it with a pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

Money-Back Coupon

THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

[illegible]

Name

City *State*

Name and model of car

Dealer's name

Address

(Continued from Page 58)

filled with the everlasting spiritual decomposition of men and women whom the Lord himself cannot raise from the dead, because they have destroyed the instinct of immortality.

For fifty years now it has been the same thing in our church here at Berton. The Georgia Conference meets every year in November. We usually get our old pastor back, or the new one comes somewhere round Thanksgiving. If it is the old one he looks chastened and says he is glad to be with us another year. If he is a new one he looks hopeful and tries not to show his disappointment at having been sent to one of the hardest, poorest circuits in Georgia. And we put our best foot foremost, with a fruit cake in one hand and a baked turkey in the other, when we welcome him and his family. Also, we endeavor to produce the proper deception by encouraging him to believe we do not deserve our reputation in the Conference for being a divided and difficult church, pursuing a sort of evangelical feud with all the rancor of outraged piety.

The week during which Conference is in session is one of suspense and excitement for Methodists in this town. Members who take little interest in the church all the year are wrought up the same as the rest of us about whether our old preacher will be returned or who the new one will be. We speculate wildly, owing, I suppose, to a natural gambling instinct which nothing seems to destroy, and to the fact that we do not often have the chance to speculate.

Meanwhile, the wife of our present pastor, waiting in the parsonage, is on pins and needles to hear whether her husband is to be moved to another appointment. She does not know whether to pack or not to pack. But secretly, nine times out of ten, she is gathering up her things on the sly and putting them in her trunks, either because she has a feeling that John will get a better appointment another year—and she knows he deserves it—or because the president of the Parsonage Aid Society has told her that she should not allow the children to climb up into the new parlor chairs and stamp on the very frail bottoms of them; or she is tired of walking a kind of tight rope stretched for the pastor's wife by two factions either in the church or in the Woman's Missionary Societies. She is exhausted with the struggles of keeping on friendly terms with both sides, and she knows in her heart that she has not succeeded. She knows that she has been criticized for not taking more interest in the flowers in the front yard, and maybe for not keeping the back yard clean where the children play, and for not planting a fall garden, and for letting the Aid Society know that she has only one biscuit pan and no flour bin at all. "What's become of all the biscuit pans we've bought for the parsonage stove anyhow, and why don't she buy a flour bin if she wants one?" and so forth, and so on. No one knows how the pastor's wife hears these comments, which are made behind her dingy little back, but she always does. And we always know it, because she is invariably absent from the next meeting of the Aid Society.

I make it a rule to call on our preacher's wife often during Conference week, partly because I know she is anxious and lonesome, and partly, I reckon, because I am just a woman, and crave to know what this other woman is doing under the circumstances. If the children meet me at the door looking guilty; if, when I go into the parlor, I miss a few little things like photographs and maybe a vase which belong to her, not to the parsonage, I know what she is doing—she is getting her things together, so she will be able to slam them into the boxes and trunks and be ready to move almost by the time John gets back from the Conference. For in the Methodist itineracy changes must be made as speedily as when the people cry "The king is dead! Long live the king!" One preacher hardly gets out of the parsonage door before the next preacher is on his way from the depot with his family and baggage.

But when our pastor's wife comes in to greet me, there is not on her face a trace of being ready to meet this emergency. She looks pale, tired, a trifle preoccupied. No, she was not doing anything much—just straightening up things somewhere in the house. No, she has not heard from John since he left. Oh, no, indeed, they do not expect to be moved. She and John like Berton so much and everybody has been so kind! All this time I can see her eyes glancing this way and that about the room to make sure she has not forgotten anything that is just her own. And her hands are trembling, maybe with nervousness from having worked so hard at this surreptitious packing.

Saint Paul had nothing on a Methodist preacher's wife when he said he had "no continuing city." They are the reservists behind the fighting line of the ministry, always ready to get up and march to the next trench, or maybe to retreat into one out of which they advanced years ago when John was young and strong and a power in the church. The winking, leering world may say what it pleases about politics in the church, I'll not deny that. But nothing except the grace of God and the love of man can hold a preacher to the cheerful, patient performance of his duties who was once the presiding elder of a big district, and who, still valiant, still concerned for the souls of the next generation, returns in his tired old age to the little one-horse circuit where he started. And only supernatural love for her husband as well as for the church keeps the worn-out wife of such a preacher from complaining, from telling how much better off they used to be when he was pastor of such and such a rich church in the city, and the congregation gave them a trip to the Holy Land. But never yet have I heard one of them do such a thing. She may look at you sometimes dimly, as if you were not there, as if for the moment she recalled a very bright place in the past, some occasion when her husband shone as he deserved to shine, but never herself. No one ever heard of a Methodist preacher's wife shining except in his reflected glory.

Much is said these days about what is the best kind of woman, whether it is the old-fashioned lady or the new-fashioned suffragist. If no candidate for near-perfection has been elected yet, some one should nominate the Methodist preacher's wife, who has been all round and up and down the world with him until they drift back in their old age to the backwoods circuit where they started—still poor, still patient, still loving and cheerful, full of faith, doddering along to their graves with their wings folded somewhere inside.

This church at Berton has been the place where more preachers started in the ministry, and from which more were superannuated, than almost any other in the Conference. We have done our best to welcome both kinds, and I reckon we have done a good deal toward trying their faith. Some of us dread the fledgling preacher. We have had a lot of adolescent theologues here to break into the ministry of God. And we have done it, but it has not been any too easy for them or for us.

A young preacher is almost violently sincere. He is energetic, always visits his people, which an older one often neglects. He usually studies hard, has no old sermons, does the best he can, but he just naturally doesn't know how. He knows his heavenly Father and where He is to be found, but I have yet to see one who knew his fellow man or where to find him when he got ready to fit the gospel on him. His sermon, however orthodox and thoughtful, is apt to be a sort of blank cartridge fired with explosive eloquence over the heads of the people. And he is nearly always the spiritual tintype of some other great preacher in the church under whose influence he has fallen. It takes him about two years to get indignantly down to common men and their common needs. And we usually have him these two years. But when he leaves us he is a wiser, chastened man, better fitted for the ministry, although he may not be so promising as a preacher. You must take some of the promise out of a man before he can become just a good pastor and a thoroughly consecrated minister who knows how to preach the gospel without wisdom of words.

I could write volumes about the young preachers we have had, and not tell half I know. Christianity is a rarefied atmosphere in which the sturdiest saint cannot always balance himself properly. But if you want to see a zigzag course in it, pay particular attention to a young Methodist itinerant on his first circuit, with his first wife and his first baby, and not a single sermon prepared with which to start his ministry. The wife always overestimates her husband's ability, which is her bounden duty. The baby is always taken violently ill cutting his stomach teeth and eyeteeth during the summer revival season, while the father is off conducting a protracted meeting at a country church. He cannot leave a congregation of half-warmed souls just as they are

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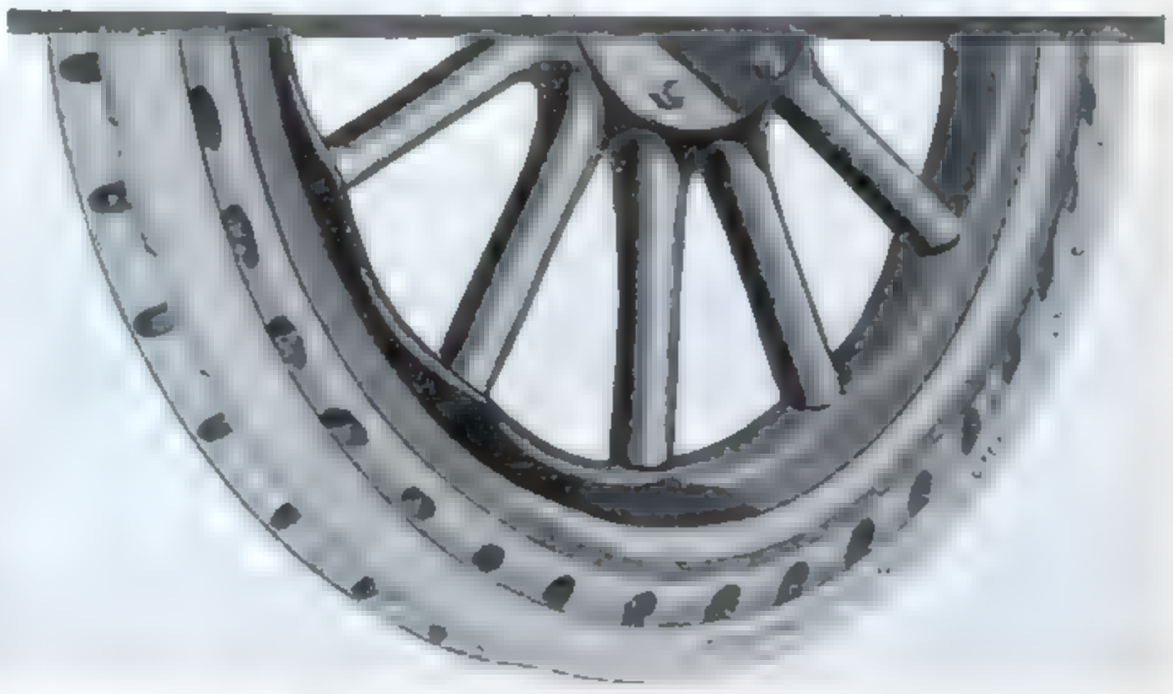

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beginning to repent and believe, to return home and help nurse the child. The only baby William and I ever had died, but I have helped pull many a preacher's baby through its second summer, while he was away from home and his young wife distracted with terror and grief.

Added to these persecutions of the natural affections, the inexperienced itinerant often complicates his ministry with more conscientious scruples than any man can live up to even in the spirit. I recall Brother Smalraven in this connection. He was a nice young man, with a large head, mournful eyes and a bad complexion. He took his Scripture lessons from Isaiah, and he had a terrible way of standing up before the people with some such text as this: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out," or if it was the right hand, "cut it off." I reckon if we had paid any attention to him he'd have had a maimed, left-eyed congregation. He did his best and his worst to practice what he preached. He was determined not only to live up to the gospel, but, what is harder to do, he wanted to live up to the Methodist Discipline, which among other things forbids us to do any work on Sunday that it is not absolutely necessary to perform.

Most women in the church have construed this command more according to their housewifely natures than according to the letter of the law. We clean the house, make the beds, sweep the floors and cook the best meals of the week on Sunday, especially if the preacher is coming home with us that day for dinner.

It took Brother Smalraven two years to live down the indignation he stirred among the Christian women during his first round of the churches in his circuit. He would eat nothing that was prepared on the Sabbath day. Sister Massengale, from the Bethlehem neighborhood, was so mad about the slight he put on her table that she came in to tell me about it with tears in her eyes.

"I stayed at home from church that day just to fix him a good dinner," she sniffed. "I had a dish of fried chicken at one end of the table and a baked ham at the other. There was four different vegetables, two kinds of pie and b'iled custard." She went on counting off the delicacies on her fingers. "And will you believe me, Sister Thompson, that man wouldn't tetch a single one of them dishes! He made his dinner off of cold salt-risen bread and water! And he looked at the other victuals as if he thought they were pizened! I never was so insulted in my life—and by my own pastor too!"

"You know the Methodist Discipline forbids members to work on Sunday. He wants us all to come to services instead of staying at home to cook," I explained, trying to soothe her.

"Well, he can attend to his own business, which is preaching on Sunday, and the hardest work he does all the week! The next time he fills his appointment at Bethlehem he can bring a cold snack with him, that's what he can do. I'll never ask him to my house again!" she said, getting up and waddling out to her buggy.

Late that afternoon, when I saw Brother Smalraven sitting on the parsonage porch, I beckoned him to come over. And I had it out with him.

"I am right about this thing, Sister Thompson, and I must hold to what I believe is right," he said.

"What are you here for?" I answered. "To teach these women how to go against their feelings and principles and pride, or to help and encourage them where you can in the Christian life? If you don't eat what they cook they won't take your gospel."

"It hurts my conscience to eat hot food on Sunday," he said, holding back.

"Well, if you are as self-sacrificing as you ought to be, you'd rather hurt your raw-boned conscience than the tender table feelings of good Christian women!" I said, knowing I had the better of the argument.

And, not being an incurable bigot, he knew it too. After that he took what was put before him and asked no questions. Now he is a power in the church and one of the heartiest eaters in the Georgia Conference.

Sometimes a young preacher will go to the other extreme and show the most artlessly immoral sense of morals. He will live as nice as a girl, pay his debts, bear and forbear like a saint, and still lack common honesty.

Years ago a young preacher named Beltem was sent to us. He was a tall, handsome man, with a joyous eye and what you might call a popular presence. He was so well liked in the town that on Sundays there were as many Baptists and Presbyterians as Methodists in the congregation. They boasted that his doctrines suited them. We were pleased, of course, to have the church filled at every service and to know we had a pastor who was so much admired. But every time he preached it made just the Methodists feel queer. There was something awful and unnatural in the ability of a young man to preach like that.

People talked a good deal. The Presbyterians said openly that Beltem had too broad a conception of the gospel to stay in the Methodist Church. The Baptists said he was a strictly doctrinal preacher, and they wondered how such a man ever came to get himself called in any church but their own. The Methodists had very little to say at all. But we all had our noses to the ground and our eyes on Beltem.

One day Sister Parks and I were sitting in the church, waiting for the other members of the Woman's Missionary Society.

"Brother Beltem is a fine preacher," she said, apropos of nothing.

"He preaches the best sermons I ever heard," I answered carefully.

She flirted her eye at me, and we sat there looking at each other, measuring each other's indiscretion in the matter of free speech. But we both had too much experience to trust each other with our suspicion.

William preached every third Sunday for the pastor at Rosewell, who was ill, which was the same Sunday that Beltem's appointment fell in Berton. So it was some time in March before William heard one of these grand sermons. I shall never forget that Sabbath day. Beltem took a Beatitude for his text, made crowns and wings out of it for the whole congregation. His manner was quiet, almost conversational, but he could not have improved his language if he had chosen his words out of a Paradise lexicon. His thoughts were so majestic you could see the cherubim marching with flaming swords beside them. At first William sat like one dumfounded, then he began to fidget. At last when Beltem got so het up he was fairly chanting his discourse, William's face turned red. I thought he was about to do something. Fortunately Beltem closed his sermon just in time

The moment we were back home William went to his bookcase and pulled out a volume of Phillips Brooks' sermons. There it was in plain print, every word of Beltem's discourse.

"But, William," I said, "he never was an Episcopalian until this morning. He's been a Baptist and a Presbyterian—everything but a Methodist! Where'd he get the other sermons?"

We found them all, some in Moody's book of sermons, two or three of Talmage's. Our people were no great readers in those days. Even if they had been I doubt if they would have chosen pulpit literature. So no one recognized the canned gospel we had been getting.

William went to call on Brother Beltem that evening. He did not return until near midnight.

"We'll have our own pastor for better or for worse after this," he said as he put out the light.

And we did. The next third Sunday Parker Beltem preached a poor little, runty sermon. But it was his own. And William shouted "Amen!" every chance he got, which encouraged the boy. As the year passed he improved until he did very well. But he has never risen in the Conference, still serving small churches according to his ability. I have always had a great respect for him.

These are only two of the twenty-nine pastors we had during these last thirty-five years. I served under them all until I became a sort of setting hen in the church. The preachers whooped and exhorted. The people sang "O Lord, revive us!" But nothing happened. We had passed into a kind of spiritual dotage. Even the devil forsook us, as if he were tired of tempting us into the same old transgressions. We settled down in our piety and feuds, and I never expected any change in these conditions. The fact that they were changed suddenly and completely inspired me to tell the tale I am about to write. What I have written is merely the background against which the events show. If any reader takes offense let him prefer charges against the pastor who finally shook up the dry bones of the Methodist saints in Berton. This narrative is not a book of Scriptures, but the biography of a preacher and his people.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DID CAVEMEN WEAR SPECTACLES?

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Nature designed eyes long before man invented artificial lighting. She designed them for use by day—expecting their owner to go to sleep when night came.

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When man invented artificial light, he went against Nature. He didn't fit the light to his eyes because he couldn't pick out the kind that would be best for them. He simply made a light to see by. And as Nature couldn't remake the eyes to fit both artificial lighting conditions by night and natural light by day, the result has been that for centuries we have been applying to our eyes a misfit in the shape of artificial light. That is why makers of spectacles do a thriving business.

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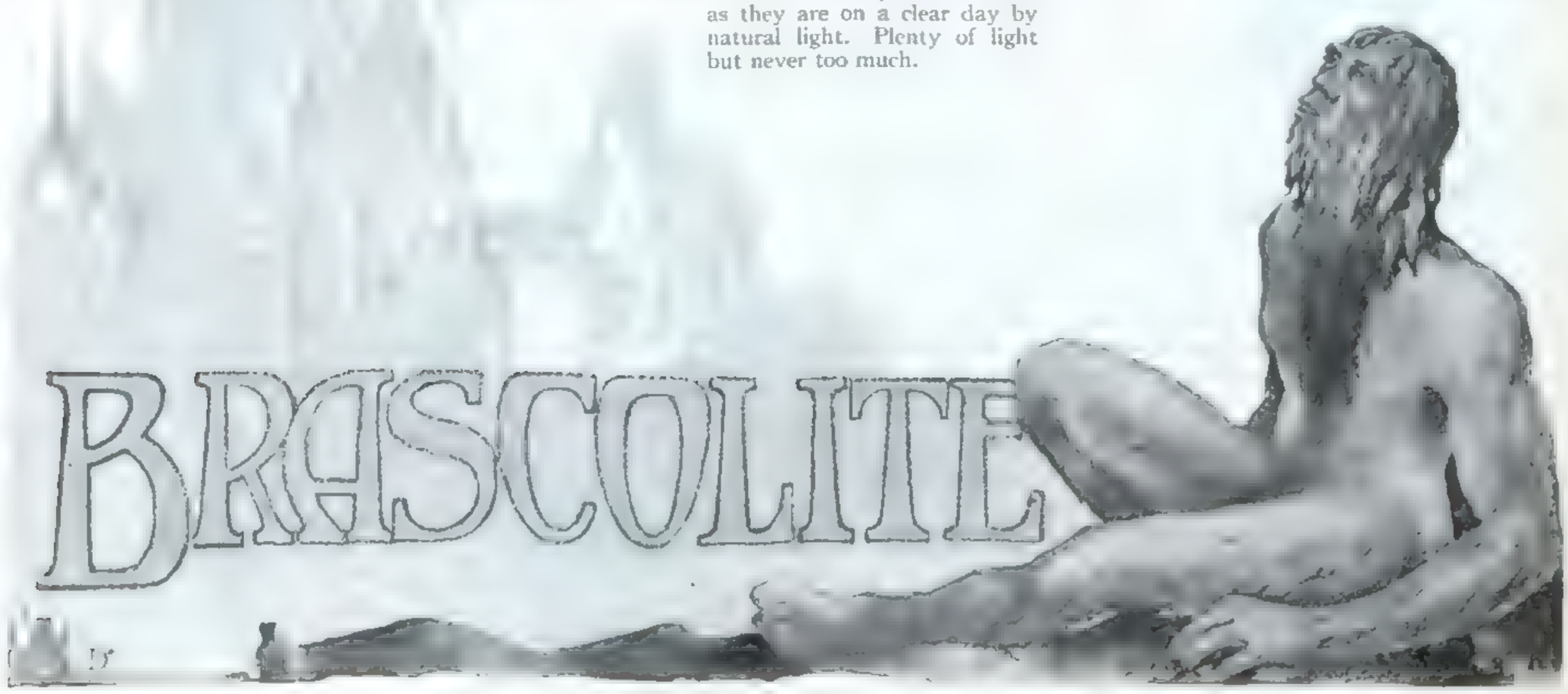

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THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 23

apt than at any other time to take with him an escort—especially if his interest or cupidity were aroused—for everyone would be exceedingly busy. And no fear about the interest and cupidity! The magic bone Kingozi had confided to Simba was a fragment of a Pleistocene fossil. Kingozi himself valued it highly; but he hoped and expected to get it back. It made excellent bait, which no scientist could resist. Of course there might be a second white man with Winkleman, but from the reported size of the latter's safari he thought not. All in all, Kingozi had great reliance in his magic.

At the end of fifteen minutes Simba came to report.

"All is ready, *bwana*," he said, "and we start now. But if *bwana* could let me take a lantern, which I have in my hand, we could travel also at night."

The lantern, as Kingozi well knew, was not for the purpose of casting light in the path, but as some slight measure of protection against lions.

"Let me have it," he ordered. It was passed into his hands, and proved to be one of the two oil lanterns kept for emergencies.

But Kingozi sent the headman for one of the candle lanterns in every-day use and a half dozen short candles.

"These are better," he said, "and *qua heri*, Simba. If you do these things well large *baksheeshi* for you all."

"*Qua heri, bwana*," said Simba, and was gone.

XXIV

TO THE bewilderment of the Leopard Woman the pace of the safari now slackened. Heretofore the marches had been stretched to the limit of endurance; now the day's journey was as leisurely as that of a sportsman's caravan. It started at daybreak, to be sure, but it ended at noon, unless exigencies of water required an hour or two additional. As a matter of fact, Kingozi knew that he had done everything possible. If Simba and his companions succeeded, then there was no immediate hurry; if they failed, hurry would be useless.

Bibi-ya-chui noticed the absence of two such prominent members of the safari as Simba and Mali-ya-bwana, of course; but readily accepted Kingozi's explanation that he had sent them "as messengers."

The little safari for the third time crawled its antlike way across the immensities of the veldt. Cazi Moto managed to keep them supplied with meat, but at an excessive expenditure of cartridges. As he used the Leopard Woman's rifle this did not so much matter, for she was abundantly supplied. At last the blue ranges rose before them. Each day's journey defined their outlines better. The foothills began to sketch themselves, to separate from the ranges, finally to surround the travelers with the low swells of broken country. Running water replaced the still water holes. Cazi Moto reported herds of goats in the distance. One evening several of the goatherds ventured into camp. They spoke no Swahili; but at the name M'tela they nodded vigorously, and at the mention of Kabilagani they pointed at their own breasts.

"I wish I had eyes!" cried Kingozi petulantly. "What kind of people are they?"

The Leopard Woman told him as best she could—tall, well-formed, copper in hue, of a pleasing expression, clad scantily in goat skins.

"Their ornaments? Their arms?" cried Kingozi with impatience.

"They are poor people," replied Bibi-ya-chui. "They have armlets of iron beaten out, and necklaces of shell fragments or bone. They carry spears with a short blade, broad like a leaf."

"Their armlets are not of wire? They have no cowrie shells?"

"No, it is beaten iron ——."

"Good!" cried Kingozi. "There has been little or no trading here!"

One of the goatherds went with them as guide to M'tela.

"Without doubt," Kingozi surmised, "others have run on to warn M'tela of our coming."

Their way led on a gentle, steady upgrade without steep climbs. The hills, at first only scattered low hummocks, became higher, more numerous, closed in on them until, before they knew it, they found themselves walking up the flat bed of a cañon between veritable mountains. The end of the view, the Leopard Woman said, was shut by a frowning, unbroken rampart, many thousands of feet high.

"Then we are due for a climb," sighed Kingozi. "These native tracks never hunt for a grade! When they want to go up, why up they go!"

But the head of the cañon, instead of stopping against the wall, bent sharply to the left. A saddle was disclosed.

Toward this the hard-beaten track led. Shortly it began to mount steeply, and shortly after it entered a high forest growing on the abrupt slopes. Here it was cool and mysterious, with green shadows, and the swing of rope vines, and the sudden remoteness of glimpsed skies. The earth was soft and moist underfoot, so the dampness of it rose to the nostrils. Vines and head-high bracken and feather growths covered the ground.

In every shallow ravine were groves of tree ferns forty feet tall. A silence dwelt there, a different silence from that of the veldt, at night compounded of a few simple elements, such as the faint, incessant drip of hidden waters and occasional loud, hollowly echoing noises such as the bark of a colobus or the scream of a hyrax. There were birds—rare, flashing, brilliant, furtive birds—but they said nothing.

Through this forest on edge the path led steeply upward. Sometimes it was almost perpendicular; sometimes it took an angle; sometimes—but rarely—it paused at a little ledge wide enough to rest nearly the whole safari at once.

For an hour and a half they climbed, then topped the rim of the escarpment and emerged from the forest at the same time. Immediately they were a thousand leagues from the Africa they knew. A gently rolling country stretched out before them with sweeps of green grass shoulder high, and compact groves of trees as though planted. For miles it undulated away until the very multitude of its low, peaceful hills shut in the horizon. Cattle grazed in the wide-flung hollows, and little herds of game; goats and sheep dotted the hills. The groves of trees were very green. Everything breathed of peace and plenty. Almost would one with proper childhood recollections listen for a church-going bell, search for spires and cottage roofs among the trees. Slim columns of smoke rose straight into the motionless air. The very sun seemed to have abated its African fierceness and to have become mild.

Some of these things Kingozi learned from Cazi Moto, some from the Leopard Woman, each after his kind.

About a half mile away a number of warriors in single file walked across the wide valley and disappeared in the forest to the left. They carried heavy spears and oval shields painted in various designs. A fillet bound a long ostrich plume slanted backward on each side the head; and as they walked forward in the rather teetery fashion of the savage dandy these plumes waved up and down in rhythm.

"M'tela," said the *shenzi* goatherd, waving his hand abroad.

They camped at the edge of a pleasant grove near running water. The donkey that the Leopard Woman rode fell to the tall, lush grasses with a thankfulness beyond all expression. All the safari were in high spirits. They saw *potio* in sight again; and, immediately, long grass for beds.

Visitors came in shortly, a dozen armed men, like the warriors seen earlier in the day, and a dignified older man who spoke a sufficient Swahili. Kingozi received these in a friendly fashion, did not permit them to sit, but at once began to cross-question them. The Leopard Woman emerged from her tent.

"Stay where you are," Kingozi called to her in decided tones. "You must in this permit me to judge of expediencies. I forbid you to hold any communication with these people. I hope you will not make it necessary for me to take measures to see that my wishes are carried out."

She showed no irritation, not even at the "forbid"; but smiled quietly, and without reply returned to her tent.

"Yes," said the old man, "this is M'tela's country, these are M'tela's people." He disclaimed having been sent by M'tela.

At this point Kingozi, apparently losing all interest, dismissed them into the hands of Cazi Moto. The latter, previously instructed, took his guests to his own camp.

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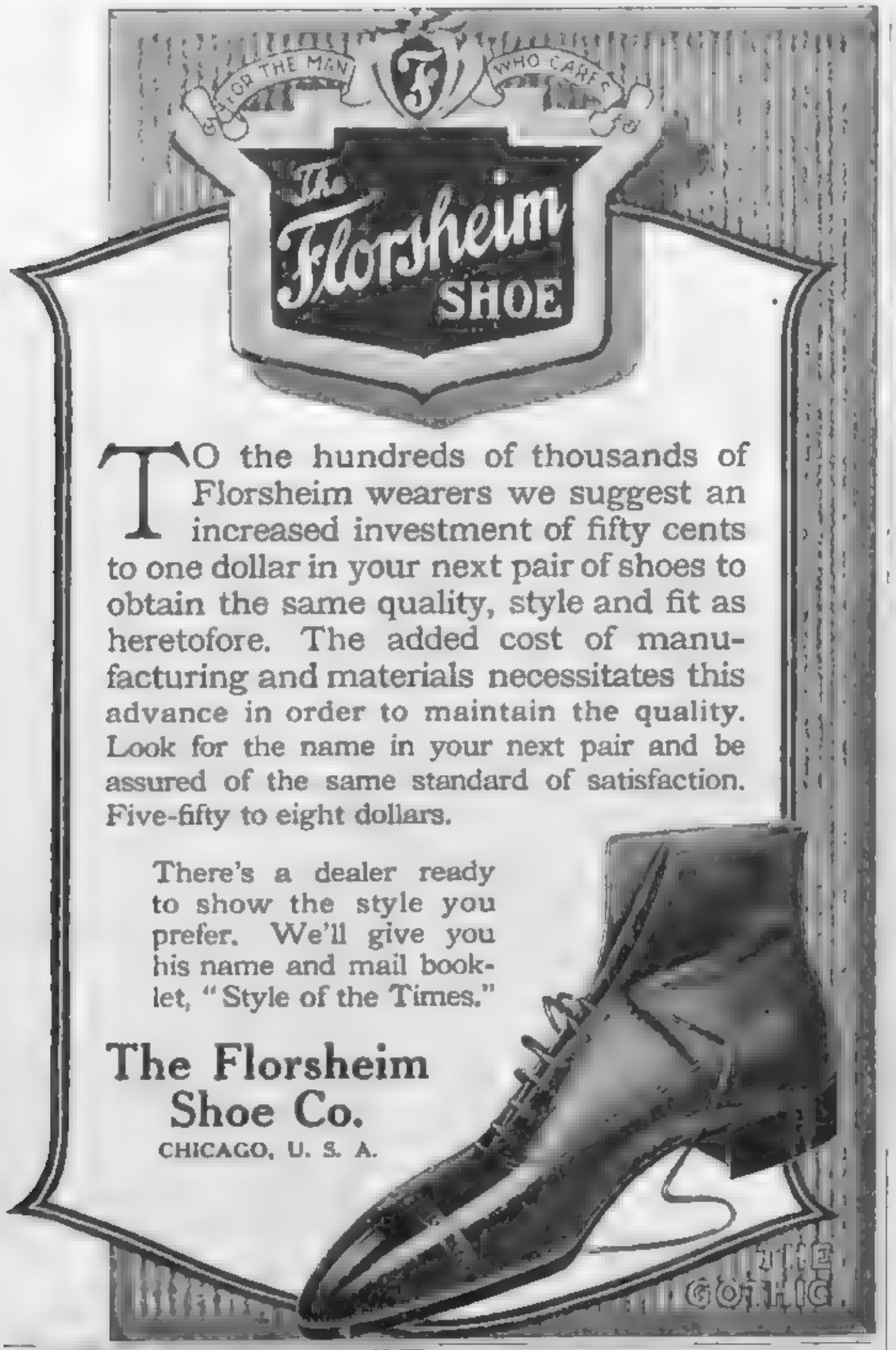
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There he distributed roast meat, one *balauri* of coffee to the old man, and many tales, some of them true. These people had never before laid eyes on a white man, but naturally, at this late date in African history, all had heard more or less of the phenomenon. Cazi Moto found that the distinction between *Inglishee* and *Duyche* was known. He left a general impression that Kingozi was the favorite son of the king, come from sheer friendship and curiosity to see M'tela, whose fame was universal. For two hours the warriors squatted or walked about camp examining with carefully concealed curiosity its various activities and strange belongings. Then all disappeared. No more people appeared that day.

Kingozi knew well enough that this was a spying party sent directly from M'tela's court; and that, pending its report, nothing more was to be done. Cazi Moto's detailed description of what had been said and done cheered his master wonderfully. By all the signs the simplest of the white man's wonders were brand-new to the visitors; *ergo* Winkleman could not have arrived. If he were not yet at M'tela's court the chances seemed good that Simba and the magic bone had succeeded.

Nothing at present could be done. Kingozi sent Cazi Moto out to kill an abundance of game. The little headman returned later to report the extraordinary luck of two zebras to two cartridges—at thirty yards, to be sure!—and that after each kill very many *shenzis* gathered to examine the bullet wound, the gun and the distance. They were immensely excited, not at all awestricken, entirely friendly. There was no indication of any desire to rob the hunters. Evidently, Kingozi reflected, they were familiar with firearms by hearsay and were deeply interested at this first-hand experience.

The safari remained encamped at this spot all the next day and the day succeeding. Natives came into camp, at first only the men, hesitatingly; then the women. A brisk little trade sprang up for yams, bananas, *m'wembe* meal, eggs and milk. No shrewder bargainer exists than your African safari man, and these soon discovered that beads and wire possessed great purchasing power in this unsophisticated country. The bartering had to be done in sign language, as Swahili seemed to be unknown; and no man in the safari understood this unknown tongue. Kingozi sat in state before his tent, smoking his pipe—which he still enjoyed in spite of his blindness—and awaiting events in that vast patience so necessary to the successful African traveler. Occasionally a group of the chatting natives would drift toward his throne, would fall into awestricken silence, would stare, would drift away again; but none addressed him. The Leopard Woman, obeying rules that Kingozi had managed to convey as very strict, held apart. Only in the evening, after the lion-fearing visitors had all departed, did they sit together sociably by the fire. The nights at this elevation were cool—cold even they seemed to the heat-seasoned travelers.

There was not much conversation. Kingozi was lost in a deep brooding, which she respected. The occasion was serious, and both knew it. During the moment of decision the man's duty and principle were the most important matters in the world. Once the decision was irrevocably made, however, these things fell below the horizon. There loomed only the thought of perpetual blindness. Kingozi faced it bravely; but such a fact requires adjustment, and in these hours of waiting the adjustments were being made.

Only once or twice did the Leopard Woman utter the thoughts that continually possessed her.

"It seems so foolish!" she complained to him. "You are making yourself blind for always; and you are going to be a prisoner for long! If you would go back you would not be captured and held by Winkleman when you reach M'tela!"

But such expostulations she knew to be vain, even as she uttered them.

At about nine o'clock of the third day Cazi Moto reported a file of warriors, many warriors "like the leaves of grass!" armed with spears and shields, wearing black ostrich plumes, debouching from the grove a mile across the way. At the same instant the Leopard Woman, her alarm causing her to violate her instructions, came to Kingozi's camp.

"They attack us!" she cried. "They come in thousands! How can we resist so many—and you blind! Tell me what I shall do!"

"There is no danger," Kingozi reassured her. "This is undoubtedly an escort. No natives ever attack at this hour of the day. Their time is just at first dawn."

She sighed with relief. Then a new thought struck her.

"But if they had wished to attack—at dawn—we have had no extra guards, we have not fortified! What would prevent their killing us all?"

"Not a thing," replied Kingozi calmly. "We are too weak for resistance. That is a chance we had to take. Now please go back to your tent. Cazi Moto, strike camp and get ready to safari."

The warriors of M'tela debouched on the open plain, seemingly without end. The sun glinted from their upraised, polished spears; their ostrich plumes swayed gently as though a wind ruffled a field of somber grain tassels; the anklets and leg bracelets clashed softly together to produce in the aggregate a rhythmic marching cadence. Their front was nearly a quarter of a mile in width. Rank after rank in succession appeared—literally thousands. Drums roared and throbbed; and the blowing of innumerable trumpets, fashioned mostly from the horns of oryx and sing-sing, added to the martial ensemble.

The members of the safari were gathered in little knots, staring wide-eyed with apprehension. Upon them descended the zealous Cazi Moto. Even his *kiboko* had difficulty in breaking up the groups, in setting the men at the commonplace occupations of breaking camp. Yet that must be done, in all decent dignity; and at length it was done.

The first ranks were now fairly at the outskirts of camp; the last had but just left the woods. The plains were literally covered with spearmen. A magnificent sight! They came to a halt; raised their spears horizontally above their heads; the horns and drums redoubled their din; a mighty concerted shout rent the air. Then abruptly fell dead silence.

From the front rank a tall, impressive savage stepped forward, pacing with dignified stride. He walked directly to Kingozi's chair.

"*Jambo, bwana!*" He uttered his greeting in deep chest tones that rumbled like distant thunder.

"*Jambo, n'ympara,*" reponded Kingozi in a mild tone. By his use of the word *n'ympara*—headman—he indicated his perfect understanding of the fact that this man, for all his magnificence, for all the strength of his escort, was not M'tela himself, but only one of M'tela's ministers.

"*Jambo, bwana m'kubwa!*" rolled the latter.

"*Jambo,*" replied Kingozi.

"*Jambo, bwana m'kubwa-sana!*"

"*Jambo.*"

Having thus climbed by easy steps to the superlative greeting, the minister finally uttered his real message. As befitted his undoubted position in court, he spoke excellent Swahili.

"I am come to take you to the *manyatta* of M'tela," he announced.

"That is well," replied Kingozi calmly. "In one hour we shall go."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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POLIOMYELITIS

(Continued from Page 20)

epidemic will long to take their part in athletics, in military drill, in dancing, and the like, and will not be able to do so; or they will be forced to find something to do in lieu of the employment their playmates seek in the shops and factories; or they will go forth suffering under their handicap at casual labor. They constitute and will constitute an important national problem.

A few years ago such an epidemic left so many cripples among the children of Iowa that a free hospital was established for the purpose of giving them gratuitous treatment. This is a splendid beneficence. I hope other states will follow in Iowa's footsteps, if, as I believe, Iowa was the first state to undertake this work. It will be a blessing not only to the children suffering deformities, as a sequel of infantile paralysis, but to many others with curable malformations.

Infantile paralysis is a disease, I am told, which affects the spinal cord. It permanently cripples people by its distortion of the limbs, especially the feet and legs, usually injuring one side more than the other. In former years such malformations were not always, if ever, traced to their cause. In my case it was soon discovered, as my baby feet grew, that I had clumsy and bunched-up feet; but not until I was twelve or fourteen years old was it recognized that they were deformed, and then nobody thought of my "stroke of paralysis" when a baby as having anything to do with the deformity. I now know that my natural type of foot is long and slender; and my children have inherited from me feet of that shape. I learned, when I was a good chunk of a boy, by trying to walk through water on my heels, that something was wrong with my ankles. I could not turn up my toes. This, according to a jocular friend of mine, practically insures me long life.

There are many cases of clubfeet that, instead of being congenital deformities, have been caused by infantile paralysis. I do not know whether congenital clubfoot is an inheritable peculiarity; but I should be afraid of it. It may be, therefore, that the two kinds of clubfeet, for eugenic reasons, should be carefully distinguished by persons afflicted with them, and by their associates.

I do not think that people suffering from the after effects of infantile paralysis—or their parents in the case of children—should be downcast or depressed by a considerable degree of enfeeblement and crippling during the child's early years. So far as I am concerned, when I recovered I recovered completely—that is, my general health and basic vitality were in no way impaired. Actual muscular strength I lacked, but I gradually developed even this; though I never did acquire activity—especially in the legs. I grew rapidly and possessed an exceptional ability to rally from weariness.

What I Owe to Paralysis

At the age of ten or twelve I began to work in the field, plowing, harrowing, and the like; and the end of a long day would find me almost completely exhausted. A night's sleep, however, would restore me and I was always as fresh as a daisy in the morning. Walking in soft ground, however, or any long walk was painful to me, and I have sat down on my harrow and wept with the agony of my crippled feet—my father not being even aware that they were crippled. Almost every child who has recovered from infantile paralysis will grow up with feet of a more or less abnormal shape. These feet should be carefully studied, and well-fitting, specially made footwear should be provided. If this had been done in my case it would have been worth a great deal to me.

Poliomyelitis attacks the nervous system, and the question arises as to whether or not it reduces mental capacity or causes nervousness. In my case it has done nothing of the sort, and I believe the judgment of physicians is that no anxiety need be felt by parents on this point. I am quite sure the disease and its effects did me indirectly a great deal of good. I should probably have been very much devoted to the physical things of life, a tremendously hard-working farmer, if I had not had infantile paralysis. Lord Byron was driven into poetry and became a great figure in literature by reason of the humiliation caused him by his clubfoot. I have lived a life that I like to regard as intellectual, and such success as I have won in life has been intellectual success.

I believe I owe this tendency to infantile paralysis. It did not in the slightest degree, so far as I can see, impair my intellectual vigor; in fact, by the time I was six years old I discovered that, though I could not run or play or win in any competition of strength or skill, though I was obliged to ride a horse in a straight line in order to keep from falling off at the turns—and when once off the horse I could not possibly mount without climbing a fence—I could excel every boy and girl in the neighborhood in all sorts of intellectual exercises. So I became the fair-haired wonder of the countryside in my school work.

I began going to school when I was four years and a half old. I remember very well the thrill it gave me, on lining up before the schoolmistress in company with two or three other little yokels, to find that here at last was something I could do as well as any of them. I could tell *m* from *n*, and I could solve the mysterious difference between *p* and *q*, not only as quickly as any of the rest but actually more quickly. The result was that I became fanatically devoted to the alphabet. I almost literally ate it up. The thrill of having found something I actually could do, the gaining of a tiny morsel of distinction—I, even I—this filled me with the joy of conquest.

Finding My Feet Mentally

Through some peculiar adjustment of school terms—making up for lost time or something of the sort—I had a steady six months' grind, beginning in May, when I was four and a half. Such was the inspiration to me of having found something at which I was not a dreadful duffer, at which I did not fall over my feet and tumble down, and fall off my horse at the turns, that I actually mastered the printed page in those six months. I was reading in the fifth reader, spouting the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, and the like, at the age of five years and six months, and knew as much geography as most public-school pupils ever learn. I may almost say that I could at that time read any English book.

I do not believe I should have made such rapid progress if I had not possessed a dubious advantage in my physical disability. By the time I was ten years old I believe I had read every book within six miles of my home, from cover to cover—except the Bible and Shakspere. At the age of sixteen I began to teach school; by the time I was twenty-five, except for a little eccentricity in my gait, I was apparently normal in physique. I belong to a large family, of which I am the healthiest member. At the age of fifty-five I am stronger than ever before in my life. I can play thirty-six holes of golf in the broiling-hot sun and come home feeling perfectly fit. At the age of seventeen a walk of similar length would have exhausted me.

In my particular field of intellectual work I believe there are few men in the country who can outdo me. I do not boast of the quality of the work, but speak of my capacity for rapid and sustained effort up to the limit of my abilities in quantity. I have grown stronger with the advancing years, and my acquaintance with a number of victims of infantile paralysis convinces me of the following facts: Recovery from the disease is apparently slow; the vital organs, however, are not affected, as a rule; the heart, the lungs, the digestive organs, the kidneys and the brain are untouched in quality and tone. The system, therefore, through the years of adolescence, maturity and middle age, constantly is tending to approach normality. My message to the victim of poliomyelitis, and the parents and friends of the victim, is one of hope and cheer.

Any such physical disadvantage is likely, however, to affect profoundly the person's career, and plans should be made by parents and guardians accordingly. In my case I like to believe that infantile paralysis robbed the United States of a very accomplished army officer. I wanted to go to West Point and at the age of seventeen presented myself to take part in a competitive examination for the appointment from my district. The examination was both mental and physical. When I appeared the other boys who knew me threw up their hands, and soon the word was passed down the line that the white-haired rube with the funny-looking feet was a holy terror, could spell any word in the English language, and could handle alligation alternate with one hand

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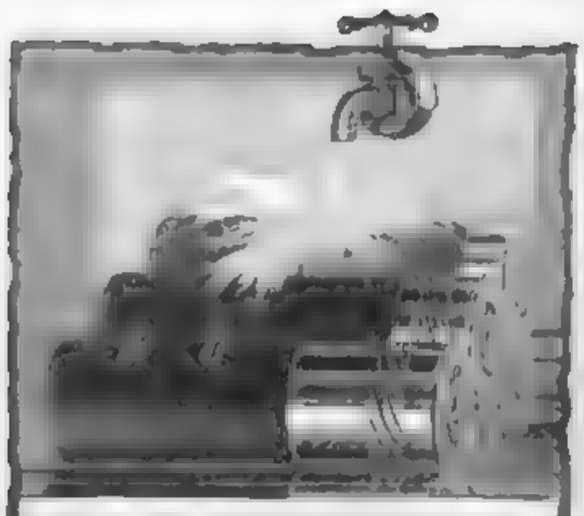

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and give the specific gravity of any known substance with the other.

As a matter of fact, I held at that time a first-grade teacher's certificate, with an average proficiency in the branches in which I had been examined of over ninety-nine per cent. I felt rather calm in my mind; and the other boys, if they had known their Goldberg, would have shouted: "It's all wrong, Napoleon; it's all wrong!"

First, however, we were sent to a board of physicians for examination—and there the country slipped a cog on preparedness.

"I can't pass you," said the doctor in chief.

"What's the reason?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "you have, among other defects, stiff ankles, crooked toes, short right leg, underdeveloped right leg and an unsymmetrical chest."

"That may be," said I; "but I have a chest expansion of four inches and a half, and I can bind half of what a six-foot harvester will reap in heavy grain with four horses on it."

"That may be," replied the doctor; "but you can't march. Stand aside!"

Detective Work in Science

Looking back over my life, I think that infantile paralysis did me a good turn then also. Not that I am in favor of infantile paralysis. Far from it! It is a very serious disorder, though, as a rule, even in epidemics, it does not attack more than one person in a thousand of the population. In its endemic or sporadic appearance it is a rather rare disease. There have been repeated epidemics of it in recent years, spreading rapidly and irregularly over wide areas, covering a large part of the world. These epidemics run a rather rapid course in any given community, like a fire in shavings or straw, which expires by virtue of burning up all its fuel. It is evidently a disease that is very actively infectious, but it is a fire for which few people are fuel.

And here we face again the Great Poliomyelitis Mystery. Why, if it spreads so rapidly, does it attack apparently less than one person in a thousand in a community? I am writing about it as an experienced layman, but I think I really know approximately as much about the disease as the doctors do. A great deal has been said about preventive measures, but mighty little has been done. This is not the fault of the medical profession. It is making the most strenuous and well-directed efforts to master the disease, and I have no doubt it will master it eventually; but the task takes time.

Finding the cure for an infectious disease is really the most fascinating sort of detective work. Benjamin Franklin, had he devoted himself to it, would have been a great detective; almost any man who has the ability to become a great detective would make a splendid epidemiologist. Franklin, therefore, would have been successful either as a detective or an epidemiologist, because he knew how to reason from cause to effect. In Franklin's day people were supposed to take cold through exposure to the weather, and Franklin was the only man of his time, so far as I know, who knew better than this.

"I am convinced," he once wrote—I am quoting from memory—"that colds are not derived from any exposure to the elements or the vicissitudes of the weather. I have observed that hunters and trappers, while traveling and camping in the forest and mountains, no matter how inclement or severe the weather may be, never suffer from colds. I have also noted the fact that when they come into the cities with their pelts, and associate with their fellow human beings, they are quite as susceptible to colds as anyone else. It seems clear to me, therefore, that colds are caught through the breathing of the noxious effluvia of crowds."

Now this is a wonderful piece of scientific detective work. In Franklin's day nobody knew anything about germs. If Franklin could have used the word microbes, bacteria or germs, instead of "noxious effluvia," he would have stated accurately in the eighteenth century the medical knowledge of the twentieth century with reference to colds.

A similar piece of detective work was performed by an English country doctor named Budd, about fifty years ago, with reference to typhoid fever. He studied the disease very carefully during a long life of active rural practice; and physicians tell me that no better or clearer statement of the causes of typhoid, or its method of transmission and the proper steps for controlling it, has ever been made than that of Doctor Budd—saving and excepting the fact that he did not know anything about the *Bacillus typhosus*. He knew there was an active infective agent, and he trailed this agent from place to place and from case to case in a very remarkable way, considered from a purely detective point of view.

The infantile-paralysis germ seems to be a harder criminal to trace. How was the germ brought to me, for instance? Why is it that children to whom the germs are actually and demonstrably brought do not, in a majority of cases, apparently take the disease?

Here is a recent instance within my own knowledge. The child of an acquaintance of mine was ill, feverish, restless, but not apparently dangerously ill, and there was no observable sign of any communicable disease. Three of his little cousins, all under ten years of age and, therefore, at a period of life when children are most susceptible, played with the sick child, slept in the same room with him, and passed days associating with him in the unrestricted intimacy of childhood. None of these children took the disease, though the one actually ill had it rather severely, and was seriously crippled by it.

What would a detective say as to the meaning of these facts? First, he would look them over. Here is an agency that seizes upon children and young people, kills some of them, cripples others, endangers all upon whom it seizes. It is a disease that nobody can take except by getting it from another person. Yet in thousands of instances the children thrown into most intimate contact with the disease are not themselves attacked; but a block away, two blocks away, a mile away, or skipping the next farm to a point five miles away, another child will be seized, who apparently has had no chance whatever of coming into contact with it. The detective may say, under these conditions, that the disease is carried by some insect or animal, or by people who do not know they are carrying it.

Now the only animal, so far as I know, that can be so infected with infantile paralysis as to make it an available subject for experimentation is the monkey. Rats, rabbits and guinea pigs are the animals that usually get it in the neck at the hands of the experimenters; but I believe none of them can be infected with poliomyelitis. Monkeys can be; hence it would be well for monkeys to roost high while the doctors are at work on this disease.

Trying It on the Monkeys

Experiments with monkeys have already shown that the virus of this disease is discharged from persons suffering from it through excretions of the respiratory and digestive tracts. Probably we get the disease ordinarily by breathing it. Monkeys have been infected by applying the virus to the mucous membrane of the nose. The infection of monkeys through the stomach and bowels, or through the agency of biting insects, has not been much of a success, though I believe all these things have been done.

The Great Poliomyelitis Mystery is a mystery not only because of the leaps and bounds and omissions and exceptions in the spread of the disease but also because of the fact that children under ten are much more apt to be attacked than older persons. Adults do sometimes take it, but in some epidemics the entire adult population has shown itself to be immune.

A detective would ask himself this question: "Is not the immunity that adults enjoy in some way connected with the mystery of the manner of the transmission of the disease?" He would also remember these facts: Infantile paralysis must be severe enough to produce certain unmistakable symptoms or it will not be correctly diagnosed. The average physician is not familiar with it. May we not assume that the disease is spread by persons in the community who have it in a form so mild that no physician is called in for its treatment, or if they are seen by a physician it is not recognized as infantile paralysis?

Take my own case: I was feverish for a day or two, but no more so than thousands of babies are at this moment who have neither poliomyelitis nor any other disease serious enough to warrant the calling in of a physician. With me, however, the disease progressed to complete paralysis. I have been informed that every muscle in my body—including all my limbs—was paralyzed except those of the head, neck and face, and that I remained in this paralyzed condition for several weeks.

Assuming, however, that the disease exists and passes from place to place in a form so mild that no such terrific symptoms supervene, or even any very serious ones, then the whole mystery disappears. It seems probable, applying these detective rules, that a few of us are extraordinarily susceptible to the ravages of the disease; that with us it develops into the scourge which has the country terrified at this writing; and that we take it from our more fortunate associates who have it without knowing it. As for the adults, they do not take it often because they may have had it without knowing it and thus become immune.

Free Transportation for Germs

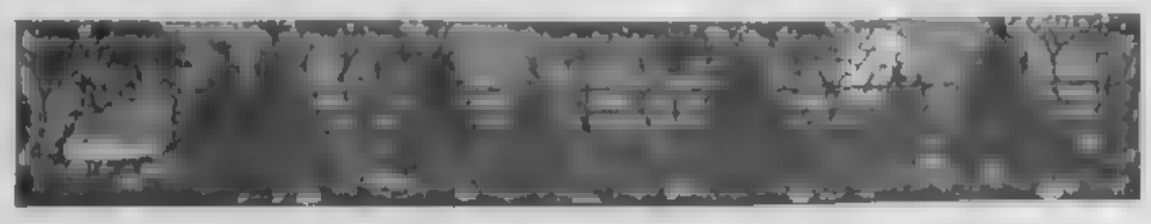
It is, of course, possible that some healthy people are carriers of the disease, just as there are persons who are typhoid carriers. The typhoid carrier is unconsciously giving off typhoid germs all the time. He and the germs have established a horrible and sinister association in which the germs agree that if the typhoid carrier will furnish the transportation for them they will not make him sick. It is not only possible but probable that there are carriers of infantile paralysis who do the same thing.

I think, however, that the detective ability of the medical world will bring the profession gradually to the belief that in epidemics of this terrible disease a vast number of people have it, especially children, and probably some others who do not know they are ill or feel only slight indispositions. And they are now going about the country, attending school, going to Sunday school and church, riding in street cars, and mingling generally with their fellows—hundreds of thousands of children, and some grown-ups who have infantile paralysis. Once in a while the germs find a person, like myself, who is extremely susceptible to their poison, and then the case is one in which the prognosis is grave.

I have often wondered whether the disease, or rather the susceptibility to it, is not hereditary; but I have never read anything on the subject. I know this, however—that my mother had what was called a stroke of paralysis at the age of nineteen or twenty, from which she recovered except for a slight lameness in one leg and a little weakness of one arm. I have no doubt that her case was one of infantile paralysis—the same disease which I had in a very severe form at the age of three.

I happen to know a man who is a hopeless cripple through the deformation of his feet by infantile paralysis, who informs me that his mother in her childhood had the disease and was crippled by it. It seems quite reasonable to suppose that this susceptibility to a specific infection is a hereditary peculiarity; and sometime, I suspect, a bulge-browed scientist will win recognition in his profession by establishing the fact. Far be it from me, however, to say that infantile paralysis is a hereditary disease. If I were put on the witness stand and questioned upon oath I should have to swear that in my opinion almost everybody has infantile paralysis in childhood; that most persons pass through the disease without knowing it, because it becomes readily recognizable in only the severe cases; that here and there is a person who, through some hereditary peculiarity or perhaps by some accident of temperament, furnishes the medium in which these germs can proliferate and do their worst—and that worst is terrible!

At the same time I wish to reiterate that when children recover, even though pretty badly crippled by it, they still possess the capacity to live happy, useful and mighty efficient lives, and even to hold their own in many fields of manual labor and athletic sports. One of these days the doctors and their monkey friends will furnish us with a serum, vaccine or antitoxin by which poliomyelitis can be controlled. So much faith have I in preventive medicine.



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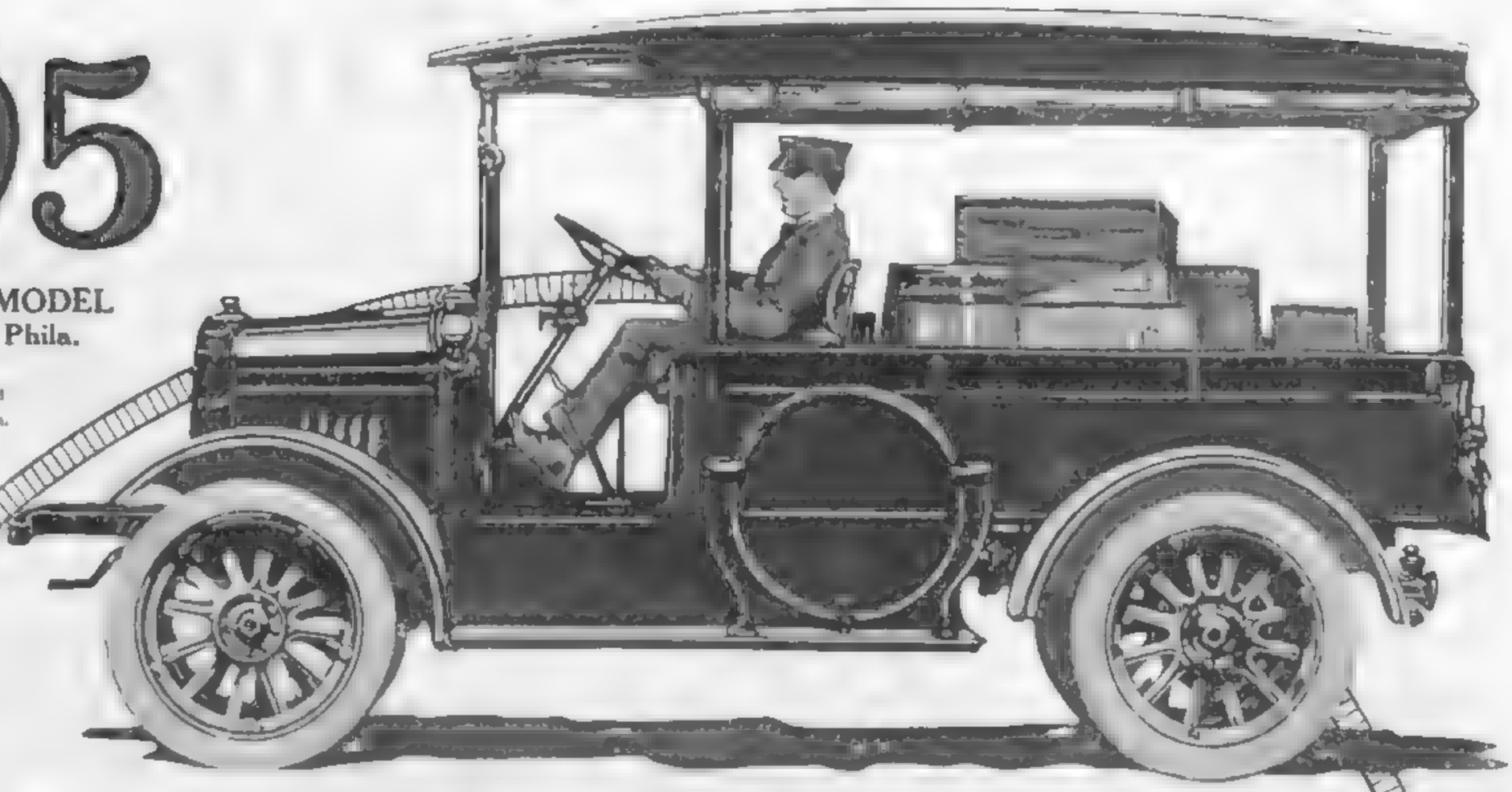

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Odds and Ends From the Open

IF NECESSITY be the mother of invention, civilization, par consequence, as we say in Chicago, may be called the mother of sameness. We town dwellers need to invent very little, because we have everything handed to us ready made, in books or on a plate. When we get out-of-doors we find a different world, and one full of bits of knowledge not always useful but sometimes at least curious.

For instance, do you know how an owl kills a hen at night? Probably not. You ask: "Mr. Bones, how is it that an owl kills a hen at night?" I myself never knew until this winter, when a negro market hunter told me.

It takes a big owl to kill a full-grown domestic hen; but not even a big owl ever jumps down directly upon a grown chicken when he attempts to carry it off. He can see at night, and his feathered wings enable him to move in absolute silence; so he does a little scouting before he makes his deliberate assault. He knows where the chickens roost round any farm—sometimes up in the trees, sometimes on a perch pole in the yard or in the henneries. When he has found a pole full of chickens Mr. Owl does not at once jump down upon the back of any one of them. On the contrary, he goes at the matter very cautiously and cunningly.

Quietly he drops into place among the chickens on the roost, preferably in some vacant place close to the end of the pole. Having done so, he begins to hunch along and nudge his chosen victim, pushing her gently toward the end of the pole. The stupid, sleepy hen does not seem to understand what this big feathered companion means. Perhaps she clucks and objects a little; but sleepily she makes room and sidles along inch by inch toward the end of the pole. All at once the marauder gives a big push and over goes the hen, flapping and squawking, toward the ground. It is while she is in the air that the owl pounces down and strikes his talons into the back of his prey. After that it is all over.

I asked my informant where he learned this about owls and hens, and he said he had heard of it more than once in his neighborhood, where a good many owls lived in the woods, and that he had once seen the thing done, just as it had been described to him. So I think there may be some truth in the story.

Did you ever, in your salt-water fishing, make the acquaintance of that creature known as the redfish? Perhaps your boatman will tell you you can always know a redfish by the black spot at the root of his tail. Indeed, a great many wiseacres will tell you that a redfish always has one spot there, and no more. Yet if you continue your own fishing you will learn that sometimes Nature works with an inexact hand, after all. Indeed, Nature never does anything twice exactly the same even to the making of two blades of grass exactly similar. Sometimes she will put five, six, eight or even eleven spots on one side of a redfish; and these spots will not be in the least symmetrically placed as to location or number, compared with those on the opposite side of the body. Wherefore, when anyone tells you you can always tell a redfish by the single spot on his tail you may accept the information in only a qualified degree.

Fish That Change Their Spots

Speaking of spots, if you have ever fished much in Southern waters you will have become familiar with the sea trout, a close relative of the Northern weakfish or squeteague, and a clear silvery fish with numbers of dark round spots on the body. These spots are a permanent part of the coloration of the sea trout and will always be present in that species—that is to say, the spots are permanent except when they are not. If anyone wants to bet you that a sea trout always will show these spots, take him on to any extent you like—and then show him the exception.

One evening I was in the kitchen of a Southern cook when she was preparing a pile of sea trout, freshly taken. It was the custom of this cook to scale these trout, then clean them by running the blade of the knife up and down before she took off the cutlets from the backbone. She had piled up several of the fish after scaling them, and as I looked at the pile I was much startled to observe that some of them had spots and some had not, though I could have sworn that every one of them had spots at the time they were placed on the table. When I remarked on this the cook laughed at me and showed me how it was done.

"Look here," she said. "If you scale a trout down toward his tail all his spots show, even when the scales are off. The color seems to lie close down to the skin or on the little scales that never do come off. Now if you run the knifeblade from his tail toward his head all the spots disappear. Smooth him down again toward his tail and out they come, plain as ever. Do you see?"

How to Skin a Black Bass

The thing was entirely plain in demonstration, though I never did learn exactly how the coloration is put on. It resembles those curious advertising signs you see along the railroads that spell one thing as you approach them and another thing when you get on the other side. But it is plain enough that a sea trout may or may not be spotted.

The man who told me about the owl's hunting methods also showed me how to clean a black bass, though he admitted he himself had learned this from a Northern gentleman. As a matter of fact, the Southern boatmen will not all eat the black bass—or green trout, as they call it in that country—because of the rank musky smell and taste, and the occasional muddy flavor of the bass at certain seasons of the year.

The guide explained to me that the odor of the bass seemed to lie in the slime under the scales, which was a difficult thing to remove. He always scaled his bass as close as he could, and then put them under the surface of the water and finished the job by scraping the fish vigorously up and down under the water. When he had finished this operation the skin was red and no longer white, was quite free of all slime, and minus the musky odor that bass sometimes possess.

"It is because you scale him under the water," said the guide. "That takes away every bit of it and leaves him clean and sweet."

This was a trick in preparing fish worth remembering; but it was my pleasure to show this same boatman yet another trick, which to my mind is much the superior of his in the way of getting bass ready to cook. In fact, neither a pickerel nor a bass ought ever to be eaten with the skin on. The entire skin, and not merely the scales, should be removed.

I now, therefore, took a bass and told the boatman I would prepare it just as we would a muskrat. With the sharp thin blade of a knife I cut quite through the skin from the throat up to the shoulder, just back of the bony ridge that lies behind the gills. From the middle of the back of the neck I ran a cut along the back clear to the root of the tail, and repeated this on the opposite side of the big back fin. Then, lower down, about two-thirds down the body, but not in the middle of the belly, I ran another longitudinal cut on each side, taking pains to put the point of the knifeblade in at the shoulder and then rip it back, just as you would the skin of a fur-bearing animal, not cutting the flesh underneath any more than necessary.

I had a pair of pliers in my fishing kit, of course, and now with these I took hold of the corner of the skin on top of the shoulder and pulled back and down. The entire skin on that side of the fish came off absolutely clean and with no trouble—the skin of a bass is quite tough. Repeating this on the opposite side, I had my fish lying before me almost ready to eat. I cut off and threw away the lower or belly part of the fish; and then, flattening the blade of the knife along the backbone at the root of the tail, I began to dissect out the cutlets, leaving them absolutely boneless. This is not difficult to do—you must cut close up to the backbone and then follow the

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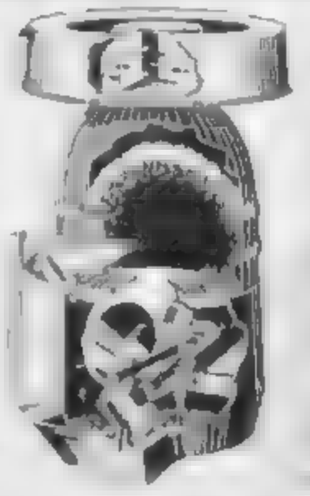

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And he has. In a few hours of spare time last month he earned $25.00, and it looks now as if he'd pass that mark this month.

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ribs out, leaving no meat on the ribs and no ribs in the meat.

"Well," said my boatman when I had finished this work on the pound-and-a-half bass, "not very much left, is there?"

Not very much, indeed—only a couple of pieces of meat as wide as your three fingers and perhaps six or eight inches long; but really that was all of the bass you would have eaten had you put him in the frying pan entire. When you get a broiled bass in the restaurant you buy mostly fins, bones and mouth, not fish.

I found it necessary to show my boatman how to cook these loins of black bass even after they had been prepared—that is to say, to have the broiling fire low and clean, or else to have the frying pan full of butter or fat so screeching hot that it bubbles round the edges. Any fish is ruined by being put in cold grease and then warmed up. Skin your bass and put it in screeching hot butter, and you will find that it is seared at once and all the sweetness of the fish is retained.

I do not doubt that many other outdoor men have prepared bass in this way. I first learned the thing from a friend in Minnesota, who assured me he could make pickerel good to eat—a thing I did not believe. We skinned our pickerel and removed the loin cutlets as described above, and then broiled them over a fire of ironwood coals. Even a pickerel can be made fairly decent to eat in that way—and, as I believe, in no other.

The frying pan is a very common article of furniture in some parts of the South and in some parts of the North as well. Very probably you have seen its use ruin a nice bunch of birds before now. Perhaps your cook has placed your quails in the oven and dried them out little by little until they were more like chips than birds. There is no use in displaying any temper over these misdeeds, because it is very simple to show anyone how to broil birds, even in the parlor at the open fireplace—or on top of the cookstove when the lids have all been taken off.

Of course you need to have hardwood if you can get it—pitch pine will do, but is by no means desirable. Of course, also, you must have coals enough to furnish good strong heat. The less flame and smoke you have, the better.

Prepare your own jacksnipe and quail if you want most to enjoy them. Do not pick the birds, but skin them; then open up the back, as you would that of a spring chicken. Take your folding wire broiler—the sort that has a clip to hold the two handles together—and put your birds within the two halves. You can cook four, six or even eight at a time if you wish. Be sure they are clamped tight between the two halves of the broiler. Put your pepper and salt on your birds while they are still raw, and use plenty of both condiments, because much will burn off in the cooking.

Showing the Cook How

Now go to your fireplace and pull together the grandfather andirons until the horizontal bars are close enough together to hold the edges of your broiler. Poke up the coals between the irons and go at your work. If you have a thousand-dollar Saraband rug close to the fireplace it is just as well to lay a Sunday supplement, or something of the sort, over the rug, because this broiling is extraordinarily greasy work, as more than one man has discovered.

Get your birds close down to the coals, so that they will begin to sizzle and frizzle. Once in a while turn over your broiler, so that they may cook on both sides—the thorough heating of the breastbone goes a long way toward cooking the flesh in the thicker parts of the body.

Your birds will be approaching the end of the operation when you can stick the tine of a fork easily into the breast. Up to this time do not put any butter or bacon strips on the birds. This addition of a little grease is what causes the nice brown color on a broiled bird, but you do not want to start that too early.

When your birds are almost done—a little dry and perhaps whitish-looking still—take off your double broiler, rest the end on the Saraband rug, and open it. Then take from your nice clean plate of bacon strips, which you have put on the Elizabethan chair close at hand, a couple of pieces of bacon for each bird—each of a size about two inches by three and not cut very thick. Put these strips on top of each bird on one side; reverse the broiler, and repeat softly on the opposite side. Fasten your clamp and go back to the fire again.

Now your bacon will very quickly begin to sizzle and sputter. Under its heat the birds will take on a pleasant brown color very soon. You can use butter instead, if you prefer, and the same result as to color will ensue. The average taste, especially when quails, toward the end of the shooting season, are getting rather oldish and pretty tough, will not object to the addition of the bacon flavor, provided the bacon itself be of the best quality.

In this way you can cook quails, jacksnipes, grouse or prairie chickens in your own fireplace. It makes quite a fine party, and anyone who watches the birds gradually browning is sure to have a good appetite by the time they are done. All this implies that you have that greatest of all comforts in your own house—an open fire in an open fireplace—and are not obliged to be content with the gas-log abomination.

The Fate of Fallen Horns

It is such a fire as this, with something cooking on it, that seems to dispose the human being toward reflection. Many a bit of wisdom you will hear round the camp fire—indeed, it may happen even at the cooking fire of a city home. You would not expect to learn much from a somber and discreet butler in a home of wealth, perhaps. But you never can tell where these things are apt to start. Even out of the mouth of a butler may come wisdom, as I had occasion to learn just the other evening.

Of course we all know the deer family—that is to say, white-tailed and black-tailed deer, elks, caribou and moose—shed their horns each year. An antelope also sheds its horns, though many of our ablest scientists long denied that fact. But what becomes of all these shed horns? Did you ever see a dropped antler in the woods in all your life? I have sometimes seen a shed elk antler, but I do not recall that I ever saw a shed deer horn in all my travels. I once saw an elk running with only one horn; and once, to my unspeakable horror and undying regret, I killed a bull moose that was standing in a thicket, which proved to have no horns at all—he having shed them prematurely that winter. But I never found the horns of that moose.

What becomes of the horns? Scientists tell us that squirrels and porcupines eat them, and perhaps you have seen red squirrels gnaw the ends off your elk or deer antlers when you left your mounted heads in your camp or lodge over winter. But it would take a large sized squirrel to eat up an entire set of moose antlers, and there are not porcupines enough to eat up all the elk antlers—indeed, in much of the elk range there may be no porcupines at all.

The substance of the horn is tough. It does not rot away under the elements—indeed, elk and moose horns perhaps fifty or a hundred years of age have been found under bogs and in swamps and marshes. What becomes of all these shed horns?

Now this butler, venturing to volunteer a little knowledge during an occasion when the talk fell upon some of these topics, gave what may be at least a partial solution of this old and mooted question. The butler himself was a young Irishman and at times had had to do with the estates of persons of quality.

"I was riding by Phœnix Park, in Dublin, one day, with Lady —— ——," said he, "and I saw some of the deer in the park. One of the bucks was knocking his head against a tree. I saw the horn fall off. The stag gave a sort of bellow or roar then, and stood still. Then I saw two female deer come up. They began to eat the fallen horn, one eating at each end of it. Lady —— —— and myself both saw this. They told me afterward that it was quite usual, and that the deer themselves ate up most or all of the fallen horns there in the park, where a great many deer were kept."

Though I have knocked round in the open quite a bit from time to time, I never heard of this. Singularly enough, within a week after hearing this dictum of the butler, I saw in print, in a sportsman's journal of this country, the following statement:

"The shed horns are eaten by rats, mice, squirrels, and even by the deer themselves. There is supposed to be some virtue in deer horns which aids digestive or other functions; and it may be that from this quality are derived the old superstitions regarding the beneficial effect of a dose of pulverized deer horn."

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